HUMANIZING EDUCATION

(*A Preface To A Realistic Education*)

by

SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

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DEDICATION

To the Memory

of

G. Stanley Hall

the most vitally human

of

America's Psychologists

a brilliant and inspiring

Pioneer of

The New Education

Acknowledgments are hereby gratefully made to the following Periodicals (some of which are now in the Land Where Our Dead Dreams Go) in which various of the Analyses included under "Humanising Education" appeared between 1914 and 1924:

The Psychoanalytic Review, School and Society, The World Tomorrow, The American Teacher, The Birth Control Review, Unity, The Modern Quarterly, The Journal of Sexology and Psychanalysis, The Medical Review of Reviews, The New York Call, The American Labor Monthly, Critic and Guide, Know Thyself, The Public, Rational Living, Humanity and Its Problems, The Ethical Culture Magazine ("The Standard"), etc.

The main thesis of this volume is simple and lucid, to wit, that critical-mindedness spells enlightenment while credulity spells superstition; that America, speaking educationally, is persuaded that critical-mindedness is a crime against good manners; that the capacity for self-delusion is *the* overshadowing defect of the human mind, nowhere more in evidence than in optimism-haunted America; that the gulf between education and enlightenment grows more vast; that the pursuit of knowledge somehow manages to ignore the pursuit of wisdom; that facts are mistaken for comprehension and information mistaken for insight; that, in short, our education stresses credulity, subtle superstition, make-believe, self-dupery and as valiantly evades and cunningly taboos critical-mindedness, skeptic enlightenment, disillusion (which is the beginning of wisdom), self-knowledge. For a people who make a fetish of education, how little enlightened we are!

What is it our education lacks? To speak bluntly: Intellectual Honesty. Only this and nothing more! Truth, that is, an insight into evil, disillusion, skepticism, contradiction, limitation, pretence, simply and quite literally frightens us. Our attitude toward knowledge is disingenuous, our hospitality toward enlightenment insincere. Culturally, we are a nation of good-natured savage simpletons. We never arrive at maturity. We do not know how to grow up. Infantilism characterizes our intellectual level, our spiritual stature. Intellectual chewing-gum satisfies our appetite for knowledge and wisdom. Artists-in-Bunk fascinate us. Sincerity, penetration, satire, irony, disillusion, candor, *truth*, cannot thrive in a milieu saturated as ours so flagrantly is with *make-believe*. Pretence, nothing but pretence!

As James Harvey Robinson quite unceremoniously states the case against our make-believe education: "How indeed can a teacher be expected to explain to the sons and daughters of business men, politicians, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen—all pledged to the maintenance of the sources of their livelihood—the actual nature of business enterprise as

now practiced, the prevailing methods of legislative bodies and courts, and the conduct of foreign affairs? Think of a teacher in the public schools recounting the more illuminating facts about the municipal government under which he lives, with due attention to graft and jobs! So, courses in government, political economy, sociology, and ethics confine themselves to inoffensive generalizations, harmless details of organization, and the commonplaces of routine morality, for only in that way can they escape being controversial. Teachers are rarely able or inclined to explain our social life and its presuppositions with sufficient insight and honesty to produce any very important results. Even if they are tempted to tell the essential facts they dare not do so, for fear of losing their places, amid the applause of all the righteously minded. *For we sedulously inculcate in the coming generation exactly the same illusions and the same ill-placed confidence in existing institutions and prevailing notions that have brought the world to the pass in which we find it.*" (my italics).

The great desideratum is the disintegration of the religion of credulity, and, to supplant it, the drastic cultivation of critical-mindedness: an educational renascence sprung from courage and clarity. "Humanizing Education" is a modest contribution toward that devoutly-to-be-desired renascence!

Education as a branch of Social Science, a social science fructified by a realistic psychology,—for which recent "tendencies" like dynamic psychology, psychoanalysis, behaviorism, are happily laying the foundation, quite effectively,—is the only kind of education that can be significant, humanistic, vital. What passes for education among the pedagogues (of high and low degree) is neither educative nor enlightening, being merely either a sterile statistical summary of local instances unrelated to the larger cultural (i. e. social) factors *or* an equally sterile pseudo-scientific analysis of methods and modes of teaching and of learning about as vitally related to the profounder realities of environmental situation, personality, temperament, imagination, insight, inspiration, prejudices and pretences, the

variety and idiosyncrasy of human nature as, let us say, an erudite dry-as-dust study of syntax is related to a love of literature, poetic appreciation, creative mood, the "divine fire"! Is grammar literature?

Our educators (of major and minor importance) are essentially pedagogues, grammarians, worshippers of minutiae, splendid specialists in detail and routineer absorptions, *who mistake quantitative report for qualitative insight*, amazingly unaware of the sterility of an education that evades the dynamic social situation, that abstracts human nature from its cultural setting, that divorces mind from that larger realistic background we call life. The conjunction of Education *and Life* is somehow not congenial to our so-called educators. Pivotal and incisive realities like class cleavage, the pursuit of power, of profit, of prestige, the overwhelming importance of the rôle of evil in civilization, the nature of pretence, the egotisms and aspirations and frustrations of humans, the incalculable and crucial significance of sex (unceasingly from the cradle to the grave!), the never-ending baffling play of irrational impulse and mood and desire, the enormous relevance of sub-intellectual behavior (the so-called unconscious), the increasing dominance of 'abnormal' and 'pathological' patterns of behavior among the younger generation,—these pivotal and incisive realities elude, somehow, the cloistered vigilance of our self-styled educators. Do they, too, perhaps, suffer from infantilism?

The fear of reality, or more accurately, the fear of *realization*, is the distinguishing mark of *homo sapiens*. The fear of realization! Mythology, religion, philosophy, art, literature, morals, manners, education, to what divine purpose? Essentially to help humans escape the burden of reality, the painful and momentous *truth about life*: life's disharmonies, evils, frustrations, delusions, limitations, ironies. *To escape realization*: that's the beginning, middle and end of man's breast-fed desire-and-goal on this earth! An infantile desire, a self-defeating goal. It is precisely the aim of a genuine, i. e. a realistic, education to teach and discipline and prepare human beings for that courage and clarity, lacking which they cannot confront reality honestly and

thoughtfully, i. e. maturely; possessing which, they can endure, even welcome realization, consciously, philosophically, as the only ultimately meaningful initiation into knowledge-and-wisdom: the analytic and undiluted truth about life. A philosophy of Education that evades the problems of Realization is foredoomed to sterility, futility, sheer make-believe, infantilism. Our traditional and conventional education does not rise beyond the level of pretence, of make-believe. As Dr. Ernest Jones sagely remarks: "We are beginning to see man not as the smooth self-acting agent he pretends to be, but as he really is,—a creature only dimly conscious of the various influences that mould his thought and action, *and blindly resisting with all the means at his command the forces that are making for a higher and fuller consciousness.*" (my italics).

The older way of wisdom, based on the logic of taboo, looked upon the good life as evasion and concealment, that is, as resistance to "temptation": life is evil and therefore to be shunned. The newer way of wisdom, based on the logic of candor, looks upon the good life as expression and participation, that is, as non-resistance to "temptation": life is *living* (experiencing both good and evil) and therefore to be indulged. An educational philosophy that is not to be infantile, immature, sterile, unadventurous, flat, stale and unprofitable, must reckon courageously with the newer wisdom that ousts the logic of taboo (the fear of knowing what there is to be known) and keenly embraces temptation, i. e. *experience.*

Is it not of deep significance that during the very years—since the outbreak of the Great War—in which America has achieved an unparalleled power and prosperity among the nations of the earth—America's coming-of-age, imperialistically!; that precisely during these dazzling years of the ascendancy of optimism-haunted America we should behold the simultaneous emergence of a maturing homespun literature that bespeaks a dark disquiet, a deep disharmony, a sullen disenchantment, a menacing emptiness in the soul of self-adoring America? To recall but a few penetrating names—Dreiser, Masters, O'Neill, Glaspell, Anderson,

Lewis—is to be reminded most impressively of the dark reality that stretches ominously between truth and make-believe! Our education has not absorbed—because it dare not confront—the *realities* which our true interpreters, the poets and dramatists and novelists and critics, graphically present for our mind's awakening, for our *realization*. Thus education becomes the apologist for realities that are no longer real, for dreams that are veritably nightmares, (like Imperialism!) for beliefs that are false, for philosophies that are insincere. Our education is infantile. How should it be otherwise? As C. E. Ayres, philosopher and psychologist and wit, playfully remarks: "If we are not to be perpetually miseducated, someone has got to take the trouble to tell us the truth."

This volume of analyses honors as sources of inspiration such radical-minded Educators as Francisco Ferrer, Maria Montessori, Boris Sidis, William James, G. Stanley Hall, Bertrand Russell, Sigmund Freud, James Harvey Robinson and America's two most enlightening social philosophers, Thorstein Veblen, incomparable analyst, and John Dewey, of whom it may be said that as an educator he is a great philosopher and as a philosopher, he is a great educator.

Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

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The problem of The New Education is briefly this: How to make unscientific minds scientific and scientific minds philosophic.

Disillusionment:

The Dawn of Wisdom

There is no widespread discontent with our present educational methods and their elaborate futility; but it seems to me that we are rather rarely willing to face the fundamental difficulty, for it is obviously so very hard to overcome. *We do not dare to be honest enough to tell boys and girls and young men and women what would be most useful to them in an age of imperative social reconstruction.* (my italics).

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

In all stages of education the influence of superstition is disastrous. A certain percentage of children have the habit of thinking; one of the aims of education is to cure them of this habit. Inconvenient questions are met with "hush, hush," or with punishment. Collective emotion is used to instil certain kinds of belief, more particularly nationalistic kinds. Capitalists, militarists, and ecclesiastics co-operate in education, because all depend for their power upon the prevalence of emotionalsm and the rarity of critical judgment. With the aid of human nature, education succeeds in increasing and intensifying these propensities of the average man.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The best educator is the one who knows how to stimulate.

PIERRE JANET

Philosophy recovers itself when it ceases to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method, cultivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men.

JOHN DEWEY

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.

"THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS"

The chief wonder of education is that it does not ruin everybody concerned in it, teachers and taught.

"THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS"

To have a philosophy is to have a point of view that goes to the bottom of things, that questions, evaluates, that refuses to be put off with mere sound and fury. I have sometimes wondered what all the teaching of philosophy is for anyhow.. I have come pretty much to the conclusion that it is just for that —to make people rebels; to make them refuse to accept without question what is handed out to them; to make them hold the pistol of inquiry at everything that comes along and cry: "Hands up!"

The pity of American life is that so few of us are willing to cast our lot for the high adventure of criticism. We plod along quietly and comfortably, growing fat as we put on years, and, at intervals, shaking our sides with grateful cachination at the inane foolery that is doled out to us. We have no zest for ideas; no grip on big truths; we are too lazy or too tired to dig into the authentic underground of life.

Philosophy—why philosophy is for the adventurer, for the soul unafraid; for the spirit ever on the search for the bigger and yet bigger truth. I wonder how many in that audience had ever had even the first thrill of that great adventuring.

I write with some warmth of feeling, because I believe most fervently that the reason why our American life is dull and undramatic and all too utterly drab is that there is little in it of the spirit of philosophy, little of the spirit of venturesome search, little of the willingness to go forth and find the greater and the more commanding truths.

To see an ordinary New York audience should be an inspiration to a teacher. It should fill him with a sense of what life ought not to be. It should give him new stimulus to get into the play-a-day and the work-a-day lives of his students something of the more genuine, the more truly human. I am not one who believes that all philosophy emanates from the professor's chair. Very often the title of the chair he occupies is about all the philosophy there is in him. Philosophy is simply a grip on life-values; and it exists wherever there are minds a bit more serious, a bit more courageous, a bit more dead honest with themselves and the world than is true of the ordinary run of minds. Were there more of that type of mind in our schools and in our homes there would be smaller audiences at many a "Broadway success."

H. A. Overstreet

There is one other thing I want to say. Why is it that teachers who have not had to live by the labor of their hands nor suffered the privations and difficulties of many of the members of the trades unions—have found it necessary in the time of need and extremity to turn for active support, not to manufacturers' associations and bankers' associations and lawyers' associations, and the so-called respectable elements of the community, but have had to turn to these bodies of organized labor? I think that is cause for shame and humiliation on the part of the so-called respectable classes; but, I think on the other hand, it is a source of pride and self-respect for the members of these labor unions and is a reason why every teacher should feel proud to be affiliated with the labor unions.

JOHN DEWEY

Ignorance means more than the inability to think straight which is so diligently fostered under our present ways of education. It means also a want of knowledge of the basic facts which people need to think with.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY
("The Revolt of Modern Youth")

It is doubtful if any race of men has ever been more gullible or more abjectly superstitious than we, or required debunking more imperatively.

C. E. AYRES.

PRELUDE

Need radicals be told that Education is the most inclusive of all the arts, and, profoundly viewed, comprises within its purview every human aspiration toward richer, intenser, sincerer Self-Realization? Though definitions are by their very nature a kind of conservative check upon insight, we may risk the definition that Education is at bottom a philosophy of self-realization: self-realization embracing every aspiration toward emancipation from the tyranny of instinct, impulse, habit, custom, prejudice, imitation and, most insidious tyranny of all, *self-delusion*. Education, courageously critical, is the great emancipator.

The profoundest reverence of which mankind is capable is reverence for Thought. He will indeed have missed the whole meaning of spirituality who has not caught the inspiration and purpose of thought.

"Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence; yet it bears itself proudly, as unmoved as if it were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man."

In these penetrating and moving sentences, the most inspiring of our educators, Bertrand Russell, has immortalized the Credo of every revolutionary educator.

Problems more thought-provoking than have ever hitherto challenged the concentrated knowledge, wisdom and hope of man are demanding attention and subtle appraisal. Human perfectibility is the shining goal that from afar beckons to timid man to pit his faith against the obstreperous sordid reality, to experiment heroically, to marshal his unspent self-inspired energies for days of struggle and the ultimate liberation, to labor to realize the age-old dream

of the brotherhood of toiling men, though, in consequence the whole elaborately corrupt semi-civilization of the exploiting classes—theologic, educational, economic—collapse in the culminating and crucial conflict of the modern man versus his medieval master. This is the high theme of a truly liberating education, the intellectual preliminary to those studies and experiments in revision and reconstruction upon which we radicals base our faith in a drastically improved work-a-day world.

Life as the provocative and inspiring raw material of education: education as the rationalizing and emancipatory guide through life: the intimate alliance of education and life promises revolutionary and therefore splendid and illuminating achievements for The New Age—The Age of Emancipation!

What has our educational system to contribute to The New Age?"*

*"Experience is not something to which the organism is passively subjected. In response to stimulation it reaches out actively to meet the exciting agent; but it does more than this, it is constantly seeking new contacts. And this restless search for food, mates and other desirables for the satisfaction of inner cravings leads up to higher manifestations in curiosity, the unquenchable impulse towards scientific discovery, and the divine fire of creative artistic genius. *The evolutionary factor here is more than self-preservation; it is self-realization and fulfillment.*" (my italics)

It may be worth while noting that Max Eastman, in a brilliant Article in the Journal of Philosophy (1917), also developed this point of view in contradistinction to the crude-mechanistic viewpoint of the animal-minded behaviorists.

INFANTILISM IN EDUCATION

No profession offers so few opportunities for the exercise of mature intelligence as does the profession of teaching

The subject matter of Law is intricate and subtle, challenging the cunningest insights of the student and practitioner of the law. The subject matter of Medicine is at least pseudo-scientific and elaborate, requiring a certain sophistication and mastery of technique even in its humblest devotees. The subject matter of Engineering is deeply technical and detailed, imposing upon students the hard necessity of accurate information and a more than ordinary degree of intellectual efficiency.

The profession of teaching requires but a low degree of intellectual efficiency, never challenges the deeper insights of the teaching mind, is utterly devoid of that complex of sophistication and maturity so essential to adequate mental growth, in short, cultivates a mental attitude that is closely akin to the infantile. The teacher is a grown-up child.

The old-fashioned popular feeling that teaching is more appropriate to women than to men is based upon a certain sub-stratum of clever common sense. Her long training in mental stultification has, unfortunately, equipped woman with those capacities for child appeal which underlie the happy relation of teacher and pupil. It is no accident that, for example, out of about 22,000 teachers employed in New York City, 18,000 or thereabouts are women.

Men have been trained to believe that their minds are better adapted to those vocations in which sharpness and clash of intelligence and subtlety and intellectual stress and strain are the media of achievement and worth.

Men teachers are always self-conscious because they do not feel perfectly at home in the "mollycoddle's profession." These uneasy males are forever planning and scheming to quit teaching, and to enter professions more worthy of their male mettle. They suffer in an environment that is inevitably over-feminized.

Some of the elements of the situation are possibly beyond

remedy. Those who undertake to teach children are compelled by the necessities of the relation to be like unto children again. In an atmosphere literally dripping with make-believe, the chances of escape from the debilitating influence of infantilism are mostly non-existent. The teacher, by simple act of pre-logical sympathy, enters into the fairy-land of the child mind, and often fails to emerge, so debauching is the experience of make-believe.

Not only does the subject matter of the early years reinforce the deeply ingrained myth-building tendency of the human mind, but the moral compulsion under which the teacher labors to assume a purity and innocency and simplicity of heart and mind (always for the sake of the little darlings), which of their own accord tend to enfeeble the adult sense of reality, is itself the deepest source of infantilism among the pedagogues.

Little children, being incapable of critical thought, love to think of their teachers as the living embodiments of those characters in the fairy tales and in the myths which, to their romantic minds, are more real than reality. The grotesque attributes of goodness and service and miraculous accomplishment so frequently ascribed by the little dears to their all-too-human teachers make a very lasting impression—upon the teacher mind.

One may venture to assert with some sense of assurance that the average mature pedagogue seriously believes herself the personification of those mythological attributes with which her little scholars in their fairy-tale days endowed her. The world of make-believe gradually becomes the world of every-day reality to the childish teacher. Why wonder that teachers are proverbially thought of as the containers of an illimitable credulity?

The wholesome contact and clash of mature minds so characteristic of life at its deepest is a type of experience outside the pale of the familiar pedagogic pursuit. The departmentalizing of the schools adds another element of oversimplification to the educational situation. Overspecialized petty departments are set up, each compartment-tight,

each self-complacent and uppish, all hostile to intellectual cross-fertilization.

The curriculum is devised by intellectually exhausted old ladies and old men, whose almost indecent enjoyment of second childhood is revealed in the courses of study and in the babyish methods of pedagogy accompanying the meaningless curriculum. Teachers accept this colorless program of education, and, like half-hearted servant girls, proceed to realize it in practice with a minimum amount of enthusiasm, with a maximum amount of irrelevancy and enjoyable tomfoolery.

What imaginable incentive for the cultivation of original insight or the reflections appropriate to maturity is there in our educational system? All elements converge upon the cult of the infantile—the child-pupil, the child-teacher, the childish curriculum, the atmosphere of make-believe, the childish supervision, the vogue of pretense, fairyland idealism, the necessity of white lies, myth-building—in fine, undisguised and unmitigated infantilism.

The teacher is incorrigibly pompous: the vanity of the humorless child. The teacher is unbelievably simple-minded: the intellectual level of little children. The teacher is a worshipper of illusion: the moral level of little children. The teacher is gossipy-minded: after the manner of the prattling child. The teacher is the little child spoiled by a ludicrous heavy-mindedness.

What to do? To begin with, no teacher should be permitted to teach more than two hours a day under conditions that make for a maximum of orginal efficiency and unhampered self-direction for teacher and pupil alike. It should be part of the teacher's scholarly duty to devote a goodly portion of the day to sincere research and group conference under the inspiration of great books and great teachers. The ideal of an interwoven insight into the whole complex field of human thought and conduct should be cultivated as the ideal most worthy of the teaching profession.

There is no good reason why the greater portion of the day should not be devoted—teachers and pupils alike par-

ticipating wherever advisable—to a first-hand study of several cross-sections of the population and their problems of life at home and in industry. Teachers have no right to remain aloof, ignorantly aloof from the significant movements of the age in which we live. The possibilities of deepening educational theory and practice by vitalizing the curriculum and by releasing the pent-up energies of teacher and pupil, and most important of all, by focusing attention upon the vital recreative quality of the complex life surrounding the modern schoolhouse, are as numerous as they are inspiring.

There is altogether too much teaching, talking, and lecturing and too little studying, thinking and clarifying.

Throughout her career, the teacher should be so little burdened with class work as to be in the intellectual mood for scholarship and original participation in life's great activities.

Discipline as now conceived and practised in our public schools must be unceremoniously scrapped as an outworn and irrelevant mode of procedure.

The laboratory, in the very broadest sense, must become the center of interest for the young mind, the clearing house for a frank and fearless exchange of ideas.

The world of make-believe, originating as it does essentially in an order of perceptions that are non-scientific and non-philosophical, must be replaced by a world of reality built out of the analytical impulses of teacher and child.

Infantilism in education represents the overexploitation of the emotional nature of the child and of the teacher. That emotional nature feeds the superstitious and unanalytic bias of the badly-informed mind.

The world in which we live is so desperately real that we may no longer dawdle away our limited life's intellectual heritage in the debilitating educational amusements that go by the name of "mental discipline." Fairy tales, mythologies, superstitions, pretenses, illusions and delusions, the whole fascinating round of intellectual dissipation and

moral tomfoolery must be brutally brushed aside as beneath contempt.

The educational situation is in dire need of drastic revaluation.

Can't we gather a few wise suggestions for The Great Re-Vision from the revolutionary world in which we are learning to repose our deepest faith?

WHAT AILS OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM?

The spiritual bankruptcy of our school system is the appalling, the deeply disheartening fact of our day and generation. The great war has revealed our educational system as a vast prussianized enterprise, quantitatively impressive, qualitatively moribund. That liberating freedom of thought which Bertrand Russell celebrates as the supreme merit of education, the free man's precious inheritance, is as alien to the conception of our reigning schoolmen as is intellectual honesty to the traditional diplomat. A bureaucracy by its very nature is primarily interested in power, prejudice and prestige. Incidentally, it may bestow a lip homage upon the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. But only incidentally. Its true objectives are the glorification of the strategist at the top and the subordination of the disinterested mass at the bottom.

The cleavage between the upper and lower layers of the educational hierarchy is as complete as pseudo-democratic pretences of reciprocal good-fellowship will permit. The amiable myth still holds fairy sway to the effect that the most cordial reciprocity flows from level to level at the dictation of the mystic law of identic interests! And yet the teachers-in-ordinary find it necessary to exclude from intimate membership those grades of superiors whose self-interested ideals are utterly at variance with their own. Similarly, the superiors in the system never commit the brotherly indiscretion of including within their organizations those underfolk whom they are daily called upon to treat as servile assistants, mere dumb drudges, eager acquiescent underlings. In truth, both teachers and pupils are envisaged as instruments, as malleable tools, to be fashioned to the high purposes and self-interested ambitions of the directing few.

The board of education, the board of examiners, the board of superintendents, what human bond ties them to the teaching body? Those tight little bureaucracies move and have their being in smug microcosms of their undisputed own. They are centers of authority and fear, not in any imaginable sense centers of suggestion, inspiration or even en-

hanced efficiency. They do not emulate the fine example of great doctors to whom the humbler practitioners may repair for instruction, wisdom, fellowship, inspiration. Between the common run of pedagogues and their domineering superiors a professional conflict of interests and ideals wages lustily.

The educational pyramid is aflame with discontent. The teacher as a living personality is simply ruled out of existence by the repressive mandate of officialdom. The pupil as a creative spark is prematurely smothered by the reams of red tape which an unimaginative bureaucracy orders wrapped about his brightly original intelligence. Who will write the modern Odyssey of students' wanderings betwixt the jagged coasts of Scylla and Charybdis—regents' examinations and mid-term tests? What beneficent expert accountant will undertake to calculate the dead human waste entailed in giving marks, reports, tests, examinations, quizzes, term after term, year after year, under conditions that conduce to a startling absence of thought, a vital lack rendered the more ludicrous by the self-complacent apologetics of petty officials who vehemently maintain intact their sublime faith in the thought value of such memoriter cram contests!

Pity the suppressed pedagogue. Pity the repressed pupil. In both instances the conscience of the unique individual is shut-to by official peremptory fiat. The human soul has no breathing space amid so circumscribed a habitat. System overshadows personality. Conformity ousts originality. Obedience usurps the place of reflection. Conscience yields to habit. By the very instrumentalities created with infinite labor and love and pain by its own manifold ingenuity, life is wickedly frustrated. The tragedy of contemporary education lies in the well-nigh complete supersession of man by mechanism. Imagine poor pedagogue daily engrossed in the mind-awakening intricacies of clerical routine; home-work (sweat-shop system!); plans and red-ink devices for assuaging the hearts of supervisors; physical disciplinings at all hours—soul-stirring gymnastics and cultural backgrounds of masters of arts and doctors of

philosophy! Incredible? Yes, but touchingly true, nevertheless.

The reign of automatism in the sphere of education is the all-pervading evil of evils in our wonderfully mechanized society. Only to those who are non-participants will it come as a stunning revelation to be told in sober truth that the most undemocratic institution in our land is the school system. Think of a school system in which a faithful and admittedly efficient teacher may be dismissed "for cause," the specific nature of the cause to be decided upon experimentally at the "trial" and definitively after the dismissal. The decision as to the true significance of the concept "cause" rests initially with a committee of four members of the Board of Education (of the City of New York) and ultimately with a self-perpetuating committee of one administrator at Albany. The baggy concept "cause" may shelter such congenial bed-fellows as whim, race prejudice, ignorance, passion, malice, self-righteousness, any lazy vindictive impulse, what not, any one of which may dutifully be called upon to render fealty to superior officers eager to oust an undesired teacher. The only permissible appeal from an unjust decision lies to one official superior whose every instinctive and acquired reaction will inevitably coincide with the published verdict of the committee of official superiors in the "lower court." The teacher is never tried by a jury of his peers. Does our knowledge of group "consciousness of kind" encourage us to expect that a subordinate pedagogue will be awarded a just decree if, as a direct consequence, his immediate official superiors will feel themselves diminished and humiliated?

In a very important case not long since decided by the Board of Education (December, 1917), the learned counsel for the board summed up his case with the menacing reminder to the trial committee that a verdict in favor of the teacher-defendants would have but one meaning: it would imply an authoritative censure of the conduct of the several official superiors who had brought the charges; which censure made known to the teaching body would inevitably undermine the high authority of said superior officials and

enfeeble their prestige in the system. To the entire procedure of the prosecution John Dewey applied the powerfully apt term, "the inquisition." The spirit that animates the reigning bureaucracy is the spirit of grand inquisitors.

The problem is essentially a spiritual-intellectual one. Has the teacher the courage to shift his loyalty from persons to ideas, from symbols to realities, from dogmas to truth, from mechanism to life? Nothing less pervasive than a spiritual revolution will avail to endow the teacher with that courage of conviction which is the first prerequisite to great and farseeing reconstruction. The initial noble assault must be undertaken against the insidious fake fellowship of superiors-inferiors. No other profession can parallel the vicious system whereby a self-perpetuating coterie of bureaucrats can play fast and loose with the destinies of more than 20,000 educated men and women by the simple device of "ratings."

The younger teacher is effectually prevented from expressing himself deeply, sincerely, courageously, for exquisitely suspended over his nonconformist head dangles the sword of Damocles; the fear of the rating that leadeth to oblivion and the waters of bitterness. The older pedagogue, habituated to self-effacement, is no longer in the mood for courageous vision or penetrating utterance, or, if happily in the mood, is dissuaded from the precarious pursuit of idealism by the certain knowledge that his promotion ("superior merit"), or that beloved increase of salary, will be withheld.

As at present constituted, our school system simply does not offer to the mind on fire the slightest stimulus to contribute its promethean enthusiasm to the collective welfare. Stupidity, conformity, insincerity—these devitalizing habitudes are the ethical by-products of an educational management dedicated to the worship of power, prejudice and prestige.

Powerful liberating impulses are stirring the souls of thwarted underlings everywhere. Only the proud pedagogue remains blissfully ignorant, a self-complacent fulfiller of wills alien to his own, of aims external to his own. The

brisk and brillant strides toward the democratic realization of basic self-government being made by his comrades in industry have not appreciably quickened his paces. He cannot be budged out of his familiar routines. The slave is infatuated with his regularly assigned servilities. No one has yet written with utter candor of the humiliating subordination which is the lot of the rank-and-file teacher—under the reigning bureaucracy. A teacher's lot is not—well, is not —a happy one!

Moral courage is the *sine qua non*. All other desirable changes will follow as a matter of premeditated course. There will inevitably take place a serious devolution of authority, as a fine consequence of which the particular neighborhood (the most interesting cross-section of cosmopolitan life) will become the creative educational unit on the basis of whose cultural and social needs the curriculum, atmosphere, aims and special contribution of the school will be colorfully fashioned. The teachers, the pupils, the neighborhood social workers, the parents, will constitute the social forces of direction, control, interlocking management.

Out of the self-disciplined enthusiasms and self-propelled visions of these factors and forces, harmoniously linked, will arise a vital education, a Socratic enterprise, a *modus vivendi* founded in insight and promising emancipation. The caste-tainted infectious rule of officialdom, bureaucratically biased, will have been rendered nugatory from disuse.. So wholesome and radical a transformation in school management will bring in its train a host of suggestions looking to the thorough humanization of educator and educand and the intermediating curriculum. The center of gravity will be shifted—and wisely, too—from book-worminess to life and its work-a-day significances.

The half-forgotten ideal of human perfectibility will inspire anew the wills and consciences of co-operative "common" folk earnestly preoccupied with the vitally sincere pursuit of self-education. The school of the revitalized future will be the common heritage and honest experimental ground of the people in an ampler and in a more sincere

and affirmatively self-conscious sense than has ever been true or possible hitherto.

The coercive state is being subjected to drastic analysis and comprehensive revision. The stereotyped church is being shaken up and remodeled nearer to the humane heart's desiring. Nor is Janus-faced, convention-jacketed morality longer able to evade its share of guilt and responsibility for our deprived life. Why, then, is it fitting or necessary that our educational system should be looked upon as an institution beyond the secular pale of just, albeit penetrating and relentless, criticism?

Do the teachers understand the deep import for educational values of Woodrow Wilson's doctrine so trenchantly enunciated in these sentences: "Gentlemen, the select classes of mankind are no longer the governors of mankind. The fortunes of mankind are now in the hands of the plain people of the whole world....."

The coming to self-consciousness of the plain people in our school system will mark the spiritual triumph of democracy. How long, oh pedagogues, how long!

AUTOMATISM IN EDUCATION

(Being the full confession of an Examiner.)

Confession has never been my hobby. The success of an examiner depends upon the pose of inscrutability. But for once, under these extraordinary auspices, I shall consent to reveal the whole truth about my unenviable position.

If an examiner were omniscient—you'll pardon me for suggesting anything so extravagant—he could not possibly accomplish the work set him by our top-heavy educational system. Just think of it! Mathematics, English, French, German, Music, Biology, History, Bookkeeping, Drawing, Chemistry, Physics, Stenography, Latin, Greek, Spanish, common branches, uncommon branches, physical sciences, social sciences, the arts—not Comte, Spencer and Darwin rolled into one Great Being could adequately or intelligently stand sponsor for so many departments of Knowledge.

But I, a mere humble Examiner, with no startling originality, no famous books to my credit, no conspicuous scholarship, I am expected to be a Pan-Sophist. If vanity were not deeper than intellectual honesty, no fair-minded person would volunteer to do (!) the impossible. But pretence, repeated and familiarized, becomes one's second nature, and a modest man will gradually adopt the pose of omniscience because it pays to appear all wise. Hence the examiner's habituation to the pose of inscrutability.

The world of mediocrity is awe-inspired by silence majestical. In a commonplace world, looking wise is almost as convincing as being wise. A fallible examiner, conscious of a thousand defects, must support a devout aspect of perfection, and take his chances of not being found out. Precarious existence!

To be more specific: Not only must an examiner pretend to omniscience: that merry masquerading pleaseth one's vanity; he is supposed to be endowed with the powers of white Magic and Clairvoyance.

The days of the palm-readers, astrologers, phrenologists-by-intuition, clairvoyants, telepathists, are not numbered in

the land of the godly. Far from it. Intuition is the short-cut to Wisdom. Intuition is intellectual laziness erected into a philosophy of faith. Mental laziness is necessarily prevalent in a world too busy to stop to think, and to reflect. What we don't know we apprehend by intuition. An Examiner is a transcendental intuitionalist! He knows without analyzing, he apperceives without observing, he understands without reasoning, he judges without reflecting.

If this revelation of the truth shocks you, please listen to this bit of tell-tale evidence. The most important part of any examination, from our intuitionalist standpoint, is the "Personality" test. Now, frankly, are there three unacquainted persons in the whole wide world who can agree upon a "rating" for Personality? Why, what is Personality? Is it something static or dynamic? If dynamic, at what particular stage of its unfoldment shall Personality be appraised? Does Personality shine in clothes or in character? If in character, how can the unfamiliar observer detect its presence or absence?

What relation has Personality to the observer's own conventional prejudices and provincialism? Is the Personality test to gain validity, for example, from an appraisal of any one or more of the following attributes?

(a) An indefinable something
(b) Good breeding
(c) Self-poise
(d) Gentlemanly carriage
(e) Magnetic power
(f) Charm
(g) Polish of culture
(h) Pleasing first impressions
(i) Dignified address
(j) A man who knows his place
(k) Feeling of reserve force
(l) Quiet and unassuming manner
(m) Record of achievements.....?

What is this mysterious and misty something called Personality? To my knowledge as examiner, no scholar or educator or publicist has ever analyzed that mystic entity!

And yet we examiners—for, whatever you think of us, don't think us fools—continue to mar or mold the destinies of thousands of men and women, about whose inner lives we know absolutely nothing.

On the unprovable assumption that we can estimate, judge and accurately mark Personality, we commit an unforgivable sin against the dictates of conscience. Why do we proceed on so unreasonable a presupposition?

The explanation will give some simple-minded folk pain, but the truth will out; at least if there be people clever or honest enough to state it. Since this is to be an unmitigated exposé of "inside facts", let nothing relevant or illuminating be concealed. As an examiner fond of introspection, I may be relied upon to speak the unvarnished truth.

We employ the Personality test as a weeder-out of non-conformists. Efficiency—that is, unquestioning obedience to official superiors—depends upon a smooth routine. Smooth routine depends upon willing routineers. Willing routineers are the conscript army of the faithful. The faithful are recruited from among the meek Conformists.

The ideal we consciously have in mind is the meek conformist, for upon him we depend for the smooth systematization of pet policies. How do we manage so successfully to weed out non-conformists—that is, persons who can, and do, think for themselves—and to weed in meek conformists? The answer is amazingly simple. No matter what excellence a candidate may attain in the written examination; no matter what excellence he may achieve in the oral test (as far as knowledge can epitomize excellence); no matter how deep and sincere his love of teaching; we reserve the precious right to mar his destiny and his natural ambition, if we find his Personality "deficient".

Inasmuch as Personality is as various, as changing, as indeterminate a concept as goodness or wickedness itself, we arrogate to ourselves a marvelous prerogative; as a Court of Last Resort (plaintiff, judge and jury, sitting like a holy trinity), we interpret Personality arbitrarily to fit in with our ideal of the meek conformist.

Hence, within the limits of examiner's omniscience, we weed out unconventional persons, unique individualities, eccentric thinkers, frank talkers, dissentients in general; and we weed in quietists, kow-towers, conventionally dressed and conventionally mannered and conventionally subordinate personalities. We make mistakes, to be sure. However, we can easily rectify our misjudgments by later and recurrent checks upon "Personality". If a lion in sheep's garb is hunted down, or a thinker in gentleman's dress, it is easy to oust him by marking his Personality down.

The constant aim throughout is to reduce our vast educational system to a smooth-working mechanism. Obedience, quietism, conventionality, agreement, are the guarantors of "efficiency".

Automatism in education—the greatest mechanical efficiency with the least human friction—is the ideal. The Personality Test is the imminent threat to oust non-conformists. Why marvel that the educational system of America turns out countless "educated" persons whose one ambition in life is to advance not one step farther than their socially myopic "superiors"?

Education deliberately hampers originality—deliberately!

A great secret transpires. The examiner, who is coerced by his position of super-dignity to assume the pose of omniscience and to play the clairvoyant to a credulous public —he is supposed to read your soul or Personality within seven minutes or so, depending upon his Vision—is really in no need of ample Knowledge or Wisdom or Insight.

His task is shockingly simple. He must be of all sweet accord with his superior, and prove his loyalty by weeding out non-conformists. That task is not onerous. Thinking is minimal; obedience maximal. The machine works beautifully.

BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM IN EDUCATION

(The Superintendent-in-Chief Confesses)

My problems are numerous, my perplexities overwhelming. As the controller of a vast system, I have two fruitful options: Either to act the benevolent despot or to play the benevolent democrat. Either role taxes to the utmost one's capacity and one's patience. The joy of undivided power is intoxicating. Temperamentally, all powerful persons incline to tyranny, though they never speak of their control so brutally. They call it superiority, leadership, diplomacy. Observe how irresistible is the temptation to aspire to dictatorship in a system so huge and impersonal that no human bonds span the gaps between superior and inferior.

There is a human law of responsibility which reads: Human beings are responsible only to those who can grant reciprocal advantages for favors received. Inferiors, by their very position, must be ignored by their superiors. Not until inferiors can bestow or withhold privileges do they invoke the response of genuine responsibility.

Men who can seriously profit or seriously suffer by their reciprocal relationships know the debts of responsibility periodically due from borrower to lender, from temporary insolvent to solvent. The law of responsibility is the law of mutual advantages.

Only a brilliant humanitarian can be expected to exhibit toward official inferiors as tender and thoughtful a solicitude as he perforce must manifest toward his scheming equals. Brilliant humanitarians do not flourish in school systems. Neither brilliancy nor humanitarianism is at home in our educational barracks.

Hence it comes about that the head of a school system is immeasurably more concerned about the opinions and desires of his intimate coterie of fellow-manipulators than he is with the equally imperious and valid desires of the teaching body, too remote from the centers of authority to be interesting. But, as chief, one must at least appear to be impartial and vitally concerned. What to do?

Benevolent despots solve the dilemma by politely ignoring their inferiors in all matters requiring judgment, power, prestige, exceptional ability, unique knowledge, and by pretending to need their assistance in the solution of the "moral" problems of education. Isn't it noticeable that teachers are forever being harangued on the meaningless themes of duty, loyalty, self-sacrifice, self-education, "higher" consideration and never enlightened on the strategic problems of power, administration, collective efficiency, aspiration, the rights to think and agitate and revise?

In short, to be perilously blunt, benevolent autocrats wield *power*, but encourage their subordinates to be content with their own lofty *influence*. The compromise between substance and shadow works admirably. The few do as they please; the many talk (and usually, not as they please, either).

The essence of successful power is to get people to believe in you even when you don't believe in them. The situation is not a lovely one though it does operate quite well in practice. Now and then, clever or disgruntled subordinates—usually the latter, blurt out unpleasant and well-known facts; they suffer accordingly. We can generally count upon clever teachers to aspire to higher posts; aspiration ties the tongue of the would-be-agitator or truth-teller! And muck-raking is easily scotched.

Unreflective loyalty is the *sine qua non* of benevolent despotism. That's why our "democratic" school system will forgive any breach of excellence except the violation of the ethic of clan loyalty.

Despotism flourishes because, firstly, superiors have uncensored power; secondly, superiors rarely meet or take counsel with inferiors; thirdly, unreflective loyalty is rewarded with such inexpensive badges of goodwill as marks, flattery, cinch jobs, lickspittle assistancy, small pompous promotions; fourthly, the mass of subordinates are coddled into believing in their lofty mission, for the fulfillment of which they are allowed no self-dependence, nor any exercise of originality at all; fifthly, the common run of underlings

is proverbially timid, and even cowardly. What more ironic spectacle than the sight of dear little teacher expounding, with thumping enthusiasm, the glorious lessons of the American Revolution, of American independence, lessons in emancipation the dear little teacher hasn't the intellectual grit or the moral self-determination to accept at their face value and to put into powerful practice? Sixthly, the pretence is skillfully exploited that all the interests of the "system" are in reality harmonious and co-operative. This pretence bolsters up the fake idealism of the persecuting superior, who will tolerate no personal "disloyalty".

I have thus far frankly exposed the superior-inferior misalliance which rules our school system. In my honest exposé, I have constantly assumed the necessity of benevolent despotism. Suppose we experiment with the other option: benevolent democratism. What may we say in its behalf? Let us see.

The first article of a democratic faith, unless it be a pure sham, is the socialization of power. A leader must be willing to submit his plans and policies to those whom he may neither respect for great knowledge, nor trust for broad, good sense. Yet, if he be a genuine democrat, he will be willing to foster the myth, even if it be only that, that the subordinate many are worth while consulting anent the affairs of profundity.

I tell to those of you who have never been possessed of great power or of superior opportunity that the most difficult achievement on this earth for men of power is to learn to share that power amicably and honorably with other claimants. The whole history of civilization, sociologically speaking, is the story of power seeking by all means, foul and fair, to frustrate the socialization of its prerogatives.

Let us not be forever hoodwinked. Let us clearly realize that the love of supervising and of controlling the destiny of others who are moved like puppets by wills stronger than their own, is deeper than tolerance or reason or the passion for justice. The love of power is the love of life itself. Power is life. It is more than that. Power is life made ex-

citing and interesting and apparently worth while. The will-to-power is the key to the meaning of human history.

Now comes your democracy and rudely commands: "Give up some of this power. We trust no longer in your infallibility. We don't feel safe under your dictatorship. You don't even know our interests, let alone sincerely care for them. What do you know about us and our human desires? Haven't we the same deep need as you for power and prestige and distinction and special privilege? Unless we curtail your superiorities and appropriate for ourselves the vast power, hitherto in our credulity and blindness forfeited to you, we cannot attain our heart's desires. Our eyes are opening. We, too, want a place amongst the constellations. Yield your glory to us. We desire to know the delights of sovereignty."

The latter-day demands of democracy shatter the most sacred assumptions of Superiority. Do you underlings expect Superiority to yield to this half-awakened claimant without murmur or blow? Benevolent democracy shines in theory, but rusts in practice. Men aren't capable of dividing their power with those who are far removed from them in position and viewpoint. That's why the first need of a true democracy, as I am well aware, is the collective enthronement of the ordinary citizens, in order that they may demand a hearing in the Councils of the Mighty and be assured of obtaining it through their pooled numerical strength, if they lack other insignia of power.

When teachers in the ranks can unite and present a collective front to their official superiors, one hates to think of the formidable power their union and unanimity will afford them.

Benevolent democracy will arrive when official superiors shall have been replaced by comrades in equality, chosen from the common run of teachers and wholly responsible to the teacher citizenry. That day is sure to come. Its arrival may be hastened or delayed by the teachers themselves.

As a benevolent despot, trained and taught in the older, more rigid disciplines of Superiority, I cannot subscribe to

this disrespectful democracy of inferiors. However, I have the intellectual acumen to interpret the signs of change, which are as clear as daylight to those who are not spiritually color-blind. Great changes are preparing everywhere.

Whether these changes, bringing in their tumultuous wake the socialization of power, the dethronement of autocratic superiors, the greater equalization of all salaries, the restoration of unfettered freedom of teaching and of criticism, will beget their own peculiar problems of disharmony, we need not at present discuss. The school system cannot escape the contagion of revolutionary change.

The most-far-reaching change will undoubtedly be the abolition of the hideously undemocratic and galling superior-inferior relationship and the substitution therefor of a democracy of comrades.....

(The testimony of our second star witness, washed in the holy water of immunity, having been faithfully rendered, let us call upon another witness, equally honest, equally self-revealing, an atypical principal).

AN ATYPICAL PRINCIPAL UNBOSOMS

In the ossified hierarchy of educationalism I am the most tragi-comic figure (figurehead, if you will). My holy functions are clerical, though not in the religious sense. I don't know exactly what honorable purpose I am supposed to serve. I take orders and give them. I mark and remark. I originate nothing. I inspire nobody. I am not conscious of large liberating social aims, though on appropriate occasions I pretend to be. I am not even interested in stirring social problems. I pretend to scholarship, but I have none. I am so preoccupied with the routine of administration and sheer externals that I find little time for favorite recreations and no time or disposition for keeping abreast of modern scholarship.

I talk virtue day in and day out, but sadly I confess that I have read very few books on Sociology or Anthropology or Economics or Philosophy. Nor have I ever deeply analyzed the social forces that corrupt our American life.

I am a great success with my teachers, for they know even less than I do, though at first blush such a statement will sound like a wild exaggeration. I coax or flatter or wheedle or bully them into respecting me. I snap the whip of Marks above their heads, and they learn to dance to my syncopated music.

I exact obedience by punishing and humiliating eccentric originality. Naturally my superiors act no more generously than I do. My teachers fear me. I fear my superiors. My superiors fear their superiors. And so on up the mount of glory!

Oh, if a Principal could only see his mind's reflection in the mirror of truth, he would flee to a monastery to expiate his sins of omission. But Principals are notoriously afflicted with ophthalmia. They can't see their own manifest shortcomings. Why should they? Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly—to be ignorant!

I happen to be a Principal with a conscience. I know how very little I accomplish. Whatever originality does

flourish in the school system flourishes in spite of the official killjoys. What do we Principals know about child nature? What do we know about defective children? What do we know about child geniuses? We usually class them with defectives, too. What do we know of the personal life of our children, of their struggles at home, their poverty, their dreams, their discouragements, their thwarted ambitions, their daily drudge environments? What do we *know?*

We hold monthly conferences so intolerably wearisome and pointless that the sermons of superannuated priests seem by contrast inspiring. Why are our conferences so deadening, so stuffy, so sterile? For the simplest of reasons. *We haven't the courage to discuss the vital problems of our day and generation.*

We haven't the courage to defy our meddling and antiquated superiors whose hostility to the fundamentals of sincere democracy has brought the school system to its present unbelievably low level. If we were men of vision and courage, we would use these conferences as laboratory periods for the frank discussion of every issue that troubles the consciences and minds of the common run of men. Especially would we seek light and wisdom on the eternally vital subjects of economic equality, the sex life of boys and girls, the deep problems of evil, the history of exploitation, the analysis of class struggles in society, the profound meanings of evolution, the function of revolution in accelerating progress—in short, no theme relevant to the philosophy of amelioration of the common lot would escape our sincere analysis. The school as the laboratory of an informal philosophy of everyday life: that strikes one, in sympathy with modern aspiration, as a worthy ideal in democratic education.

A principal might become a promoter of social enlightenment if he acquired a sociologic insight into our nation's maladjustments, and bravely took a thinker's part in the momentous discussions of a world in revolutionary ferment. As a disillusioned principal, I have to admit that our educational system does not seriously concern itself with the problems or the technique of fruitful thinking.

Principals are woeful ignoramuses. Their clerkships do not challenge their finer energies to intellectual exertion. Routine, more routine, bluff and show, pretense and hauteur, polished exterior and dismal interior, frigid smiles and rigid good manners, puerile aversion to social responsibility, a barren "impartiality" on all living questions, as though life were a series of yeas and nays—what can we await from little busybodies parading incognito as Principals?

Pity the Principal; he can't honestly tell you why he has been promoted to glory and ineptitude. We Principals all suffer from mental ankylosis.

Suppose I, as a radical educator, disciple of Montessori, exhorted my fellow-principals to adopt as their guiding ideals her two doctrines of complete individuality and of complete freedom, what response would they evince? How strange these words would sound to puppet-principals:

"Each person manifests in a unique way the mysterious life force and attains to the most complete realization of his own possibilities by following the direction given by his individual impulses. That the individual in maturing his powers and becoming adapted to social life through education develops best in the absence of conventional restrictions on his individuality."

Principals are so accustomed, through sheer mental laziness, to taking the school system as it is for granted that they would eschew as impertinent, or, at best, as theoretical and visionary, the central principle of progressive education as enunciated, for example, by William Boyd, the English lecturer on education:

"Montessori's problem is the standing problem of democratic education. With political institutions like ours, requiring for their successful working an intelligent populace, it is intolerable that the children who are to be the citizens of the future should continue to be educated under conditions that tend to discourage initiative and to minimize individuality."

It may sound blasphemous to the orthodox, but it is the plainest truth that a majority of principals have no philosophy of education at all. Why, the very endurance test which is imposed upon the candidate for the principality has no conceivable relation to the human aspect or impli-

cations of education. None whatever. The most astounding dullard,—so far as an educational insight into the vexing problems of our social life is concerned—may come out with flying colors as a principal-elect. Another willing routineer has been added to the long procession of machine men dedicated to the inspiring mission of turning out (excellent phrase!) certified parrots, monkeys, dogs, oxen, asses, —but never, oh, never, vivacious, original, critical and courageous human beings.

Let me ask another thorny question: Are principals of any assistance to the harassed teachers, or are they usually an intrusion and a hindrance? The query is its own answer. Teachers who have been in the "system" as long as ten, fifteen, twenty years have confessed that their official superiors, either through lack of ability or lack of time, have been utterly meaningless to them in their pedagogic pursuits.

Principals not only do not know what is actually going on in the various classrooms: they are often incapable of helping a distressed or backward teacher to improve upon his work. In fact, principals function as detectives, rather than as educators. As a rule, principals have very ordinary teaching ability. They are frequently enough hail fellows, well met, ready with a newspaper joke or a Longfellow poem, fairly good business men, good-naturedly contemptuous of their "inferior" brethren, humorously self-sufficient in their ignorance, hostile to radical ideas, content with mechanical success, self-complacent to the point of boredom.

Think how much better it would be for the welfare of education in general, and for the cultural emancipation of teachers and pupils in particular, if in each school teachers and pupils had a vote in the choice of their Guild Governing Committee, to consist of several teachers and several representative students (elected, of course, by the students) duly endowed with power to "run" the school. Democratic tendencies in education point in that direction.

Such a radical reconstruction would aim a finely effective blow at the pernicious superior-inferior relationship so full of mischief for the future of democracy in education. Not

until strategically situated superiors have been reabsorbed into the common activities of the rank and file can sincere and far-reaching democracy achieve any distinction or potency in our public school system.

On with the educational revolution! All power to the Teachers' Guilds! *

* "No teacher, no matter what his theory of education, can altogether detach himself from the above problems; no matter though he protest that a school is not a clinic or a health center, and though he claim that his business is to teach his pupils certain prescribed topics according to definite pedagogic principles, these other factors will intrude. His pupils are not pure intelligence, they are not pedagogic units; they are *living boys and girls*. The discipline of the classroom brings its own problems: sudden interruption in the hitherto continuous progress of a pupil may provoke thought; the docility or the antagonism of the pupil to the teacher is not irrelevant to progress in studies; lack of interest and day-dreaming may be observed; restless, fidgety behavior may suggest the necessity of further examination of the pupil; headache, disturbed sleep, moodiness, irritability, must have their sufficient ground; undue cruelty or teasing, pilfering and lying beyond a certain rather elastic limit, have to be faced; perhaps most familiar is *the problem of the sex behavior of the pupils*, the formation of bad habits and of undesirable attachments. The above problems thrust themselves upon the attention of the teacher, no matter what his idea may be as to the goal of education, as to the subjects to be taught, and as to the methods of teaching. He will not be able to deal with these problems unless he has some knowledge of the factors which underlie their manifestation. *He is, therefore, forced to take up the analysis of human behavior, of the springs of human action, of the instincts and emotions which play such an important rôle in daily life.* He has to study the individual temperament of the pupil, he has to have some idea of his special endowment, not only in regard to topics of instruction, but also in regard to the factors which determine social adaptability and the ability to deal with the problems of the intimate personal life...." (my italics). Thus writes C. Macfie Campbell in that timely book, "Social Aspects of Mental Hygiene".

THE AGE OF DISILLUSIONMENT

Part One

From a purely schoolman's angle, the age of disillusionment is noteworthy for its declaration of children's rights. A wonderful Magna Charta, this. We respect childhood almost as honestly as we do our own vanity. The Montessoris have prophetically called ours the children's age. In a vital sense it is. Why this veering of interest from Fatherland to Babyland? A thousand reasons. The educational world is familiar with the doctrine of infancy. Who could have divined in the 1860's that a lucky insight of Alfred Wallace's would eventually flower into a philosophy of education? To that felicitous fact we now briefly turn. It was our own John Fiske who utilized Wallace's hint to weave a theory of infancy for education's delight.

Not even Fiske dreamed of the sociological import of his brilliant discovery. He had been reading of Wallace's profound inference that at an unknown period in evolution, the life force had shifted the basis of survival from purely animalish to quasi-mental attributes. Consequently, mind was introduced into evolution as the all-controlling force. Physical evolution was at an end as something inferior and relatively accomplished. John Fiske projected this notion as far as it would go when he hit upon the important observation that the longer the period of cerebral development, the longer the period of infancy, the longer the duration of helplessness.

Prolonged infancy elevated motherhood into an art. This interdependence of mother and child blossomed ultimately into those finest fruits of evolution; sympathy and a sense of responsibility. Educationally, the doctrine of infancy implied a prolonged period of schooling. The purpose of schooling was a sufficient insight into the race's experiences to enable the child to live for self in a world made familiar through education. One of the surprises emerges at this juncture. Nicholas Murray Butler—formerly Professor of Education and of Philosophy—developed and "popular-

ized" this theory of Fiske's, never divining that all too soon labor agitators would utilize it for their own interests. First to prove that child labor was a menace to the nation's welfare; later to prove that proletarian children had the same Godgiven right to "the higher education" as their luckier competitors amongst the rich. Two startling radical doctrines which the educational world is still grappling with!

The doctrine of infancy has come to symbolize education from the kindergarten to the university. The inspiring and realizable hope of our generation is free university education for all who seek it. Our social democracy promises much and can fulfill even more. Science at the service of a collectivity guarantees the coming-true of these modest dreams. Every humblest child that aspires shall be welcomed to our people's institutes of learning. Aye, the very poorest amongst us shall be compelled to educate himself—for our sake. "Infancy" connotes the promise and potency of a nation's "coming of age."

Stop a moment and reflect. The masses to be educated! What madness is this? That unspeakable rabble, whose filthy prototypes, bedraggled and unkempt, earned for themselves the unlovely epithets of "Sansculottes" and "Lumpenproletariat", are to be respectfully (oh, ironic word!) admitted to halls of learning. Could any clairvoyant Teiresias have forecast so bizarre a fate for the sons of men? And yet, here is the living fact: Education has stooped to conquer! May her conquests be for honorable purposes. The masses, who until fifty years ago had been considered no worthier than beasts of the field, condemned to poverty and ignorance and fecundity, are in reality to inherit the earth. This dream is so young and disconcerting that many educators still champion that fading haughty-culture which in its halcyon days produced gentlemen. Gentlemen, sir! Our radical educators dream no such vain things. To fit human beings for life and to enrich life for human beings—these are the sweet burdens of the new education. To accomplish the former aim, we must teach the philosophy of social democracy; to accom-

plish the latter aim, we must encourage radicalism's freedoms.

Disconcerting objections arise on all sides. Naturally. The old order dieth hard. Its apologists seek immortality. What do they say?

The intellectually-fat man laments with Bismarck that an educated proletariat is a menace to a "nation." We reply, no! Only to that part of the nation which is parasitic and drunk with self-importance. A drunkard's remarks are unreliable... The nicely educated professional man exclaims: "The professions are being overcrowded with the small fry who must become unscrupulous to survive!" He forgets the eminent lawyer's rascally observation that there are two kinds of lawyers—those who know the law and those who know the judge. Cultured lawyers, one may surmise, usually know the judge. Crookedness limited to the most successful is none the less crookedness. Why not be a good "sport" and allow the little nobody to emulate his betters?...

The reverential man sincerely objects. Education for everybody means lack of faith, skepticism, discontent. The people are happier as they are. The masses need more religion, more faith. Only religion can redeem mankind. Would you destroy all this contentment by inoculating the ignorant with the science and atheism of our colleges?.... This attitude, still widely prevalent amongst the simple, was fervently expressed by Pope Gregory XVI (1882) and Pius IX (1864) in these rather pointed sentences, quoted by Professor Bury:

"The absurd and erroneous maxim, or rather insanity, that liberty of conscience should be procured and guaranteed to every one—hence the corruption of youth, contempt for religion and for the most venerable laws, and a general mental change in the world; in fact, the most deadly scourge of society. This uncensored publishing is a deadly and execrable liberty, for which we cannot feel sufficient horror, though some men dare to acclaim it noisily and enthusiastically!"

Sooner or later, even parasitic priests and uncorrupted virgin souls—even sucklings and incoherent babes—must all

learn to look upon "the most deadly scourge of society" as the one most precious hygienic need of human beings. All the possible liberty for each and every one of us—nothing less will satisfy the disillusioned of tomorrow. "The child is father of the man"—he, too, will form parties and fight for manifold liberties, and gain them.

Let timorous souls memorize as a scientific rosary the fine words of John Stuart Mill's:

"It is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied: better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. And if the fool, or the pig, is of a different opinion, it is because they know only their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides."

Finally comes the sincere believer in men who queries: Is it not true that the higher education usually alienates the "educand" from the sordid conflicts of the masses and effectually cripples his will to do anything worth while for those who seem so brutish to the inward eye of culture? And we sadly make reply: Too often education has created class-divisions and snobbishness. Too frequently education paralyzes the sympathetic nerves, substituting for good sense an aimless word-juggling. Very true. Education in the hands of the haughty-culturists will surely pervert human wills, breaking them by sheer coercion of the intellect, by dogmatic imposition of barren abstractions, falsely labeled realities. To expect your employer to acquaint you with the means and ways of diminishing his power and prestige is asking just more than a minimum wage.

Similarly, to expect a professor of truths to familiarize you (little credulous you!) with the flimsy basis of his theorizings, with the transitory nature of his profundities, is simply confounding the peacock in human nature with the lamb. Vanity is dearer and more profitable to the human heart than sincerity. A chastened intellectual honesty is a fool's dream, at present. Our nearest hope lies in converting all centers of learning into the people's free institutions. The next step will be the socialization of the teacher and of the curriculum. As a crowning necessity, a

culture akin to the sociological one must be liberally adopted so as to stress the needs and aspirations of the age of disillusionment. Education will be proletarized.

The problems arising from the privileged distribution of wealth constitute, in all ages, the most serious maladjustments. But this age is thrice blessed: first, because of its staggering wealth production; secondly, for the popular enlightenment possible when the necessaries of life are plentiful; thirdly, and most happily, because of the amazing "moral" revolution, now on its way in all wealthy lands, which thunders home the disquieting questions: How did you get your wealth? Why should you be permitted to "own" it? What rights has the collectivity? What is the function of wealth, anyhow? Is there anything wrong with our methods of distribution? Is there any necessary relation between "superior brains" and the inherited control of vast wealth?

These ethical inquiries into the clandestine sources of wealth-amassing do not spring from outraged consciences; rather do they emanate from protective selfishness. Wealth will be used increasingly for those who need it, not for those who temporarily own it. Which is good ethical doctrine. It it isn't, we shall make it so. Combined organization on the economic and political fields is the moral need of the disadvantaged classes. Hence, the graphic shibboleths of the age are: socialization, co-operation, production for use, emancipation from dogma, free educational opportunities for all who desire them. The sociological culture would naturally focalize its attention upon these very interests. Its frank aim, to arouse a passion for social justice to be embodied in the social control of wealth and in the socialization of special privilege.

THE AGE OF DISILLUSIONMENT

Part Two

No sooner has one touched upon an economic problem than he has set a force in motion vigorous enough to disturb and alter every other concrete human relation. To Karl Marx, even more than to Buckle, we are debtors for the lucid exposition of the thesis that morals i. e. theories of human conduct, derive their significance from economics, i. e. practices of human conduct. Hence, in analyzing the age of disillusionment, we should especially note the marvelous moral upheavals concentrated in the revolutionary doctrines of feminism, psycho-analysis, class-ethics. These subjects are important enough to merit special treatment. I shall, therefore, discuss their relevancy and import for the sociological culture in separate essays. Tentatively, we may summarize the ultra-modernist ideal in these lines from Browning's "Paracelsus":

"Progress is
The law of life, man is not man as yet;
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows. When the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal, in full blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy."

Thus we dare to dream who understand the marvelous potencies of the age of disillusionment.

A fresh analysis of the revolutionary drift of our age helps to expand the horizon of the teacher. Hitherto, like all subordinates, an insignificant, directionless personality, indulgently fed on the pap of amorphous ideals prepared for him by superiors, the teacher has been a kind of dignified nonentity in our complex social life. Goodness and virtue, as standardized by hypocritical supervisors, have been his vaunted ideals.

Cleverness and inventiveness, involving trial and error, and incidental evildoing, have never been approved as desiderata for the dear teacher. As viewed by the outside world, our dear teachers have not been unlike nuns and celibate monks and salvationists, unobtrusive, inoffensive, devout, merciful and generally meaningless, except in the eyes of God.

This stupid desexualizing of teachers has borne bitter fruit. Behold the proverbial intellectual cowardice of teachers. Witness their *tactful* aloofness (oh, damnable word) from the perplexity of the modern world. Note the aboriginal shame of the Board of Education members when inveigled into discussing—shame of shames—the teacher-mother and the right of professional women to motherhood. See the dismay of our meek little school teachers—the foremost citizens of our noble democracy (will humor ever go farther than this?)—when besought by their more courageous comrades to co-operate, to unionize, to consolidate their forces for the frank protection of their own large interests.

Ah, pipes the nervous pedagogue: "To put one's self first is selfish. Teachers must always think of their high, unselfish, lofty ideals."

And while the brook prattles thus softly to itself, soothing its own timid breast, the ocean is ceaselessly gathering to itself more strength, and yet more strength, drained off from the brook's vitality. While official superiors are ever ready to exhort the timid underlings to be faithful to the inspiring ideals of ascetic selflessness, they let no idle hour slip by without scheming for higher salaries, for higher positions, for augmented prestige. And meek little pedagogues sit in the gallery and gratuitously applaud their benefactors and supervisors!

If teachers only dared, like our delightful progenitors in the glorious Garden, who preferred the evil that is wisdom to the good that is ignorance—if they only dared for one brief moment, to peep behind the curtains, to see with their own eyes how selfishness parades as virtue, how current ideals are a screen for o'erleaping ambition—in what stony-amaze

would they stand, transfixed by the logic of facts. When disillusionment will have soaked through the Strata Pedagogica, a revolution in ideas, in ideals and in efficiency will have been precipitated.

We have had fifty centuries of "civilization", and yet child labor flourishes in our most enlightened democracy. We have had fifty centuries of civilization, and yet millions of hardworking men and women in every civilized land suffer from physical want.

We have had fifty centuries of civilization and yet women as a class are everywhere regarded as inferiors, as silly playthings, as intellectual nincompoops, as intermediate between the child-mind and man, as disqualified for intelligent social participation, as amiable incompetents, too enslaved by sex-rivalry ever to befit themselves for the serener impartialities of leadership and of statesmanship.

We have had fifty centuries of civilization, and yet there is no country on the face of the earth where human beings may say what they honestly believe, in times of war as in times of peace. Freedom of speech is a figure of speech, a plaything for orators and bombastic journalists, a lie, a delusion, an evanescent dream. We have had fifty centuries of civilization and yet our education is a sham and an ignoble pretense; our moral conventions are a rotten compound of hypocrisy and scandal-mongering; our justice is a legal damning of the disadvantaged by the advantaged; our tolerances are the exigencies of commercialism, not honest faith in aliens and in the different-minded; our religions are business assets, blinds for daily cheating, trickery and chicanery. Our whole social life reeks with venal corruption, cheap betrayals and dishonest practices by the great and small.

What have our dear little teachers done to analyze the social system under which they live so self-complacently? What have these citizens of our fair land (would it were more just and less fair!) ever done to enlighten their students about these foulsome conditions of our ubiquitous commercialism!

What serious and fearless attempts have our anaemic

school masters and school marms ever made to tell the truth about competition's degradations, about politics' duplicities, about the church's crass hypocrisy, about education's superficial prestige, about human nature's cunning desires for self-distinction, for self-glorification, for self-aggrandizement?

The tragedy of tragedies—or, if you will, the farce of farces—is to behold this esoteric little teacher-body, unrelated to the flesh-and-blood strivings of the seething masses, abysmally ignorant of the crude forces operative in "our" depraved social system, childishly unaware of the corruption in high places, unhumanly unconscious of the paralyzing fascination of "temptation,"—this little teacher-body set apart to teach the rising generation the vapid virtues of goodness, honesty, truth-telling, respect for laws (made by cheats), veneration for ancestors, regard for superiors!

One lecturing nonentity in our school system naïvely counseled a cosmopolitan high-school of adolescents: "Never do or think anything which you would be ashamed to tell your mother!"

When pedagogues preach, Mephistopheles grins.

Suppose a million teachers throughout the length and breadth of these United States, in unified effort, placarded every school house and every other public institution with anti-child-labor resolutions, worded in graphic, piercing sentences!

What, think you, would be the "moral" effect on the exploiters of children's labors? Why isn't it done? When teachers, including university word-jugglers, will have honestly pondered that query, they will discover the reason why they ought to be highly displeased with their insignificant, aimless, ineffectual selves.

Teachers, like other pompous human beings, will never grow up, never realize their amazing potential power for effecting social changes until they shall have become thoroughly disillusioned.

Firstly, about their own sham cultural superiority. . . Teachers still look with contempt upon mere laborers...

Secondly, about their "superiors", who, in the nature of the superior-inferior relationship, are untrustworthy. Thirdly, about our social system itself.

The order of the day is Change; large-scale change to cope with large-scale evils. He who shrinks is a coward—or a school teacher.

We simply dare not blink our responsibilities. As teachers of the young (and old, for that matter) we simply must determine by collective efforts to merge our hopes with those of all other laborers, in order that big business may feel the pressure of our combined opposition, in order that big business shall have to reckon with us as powerful assailants. Are we capable?

A PREFACE TO A REALISTIC EDUCATION

No social event in the life of man—with the exception of the birth of human speech—has been so continuously significant and so radically transforming as this most recent change from Manu-facture to Machino-Facture. The whole world is acquainted with the marvelous change, not yet, by any means, at an end, effected in human institutions and human morals by this cataclysmic twist in the affairs of nations.

The limelight fact in this melodrama of change is the amazing conversion of men's sympathies from individualism to socialism. The subtle fabric of legal fictions, fine-spun from the warp and woof of private property-notions, has become moth-eaten with time; the absorbing conflict between the privileged few and the non-privileged many, for the control of earth's resources, is at blood-heat. The whole trend of affairs is, of course, toward socialization of natural resources on a non-profit-seeking basis for the unhampered use of the collectivity.

Socialism is the most dramatic phenomenon in the recorded aspirations of civilized man. Hence, the primary social need of a well-informed studentship is a sympathetic knowledge of the rise, growth, and spectacular invasion of socialism.

Synchronously with the rise of large-scale industrialism came the science of change, the so-called philosophy of evolution. No idea sprung from the most learned head of the wisest of the ancients ever caused so much useful damage to Mr. Average Man's silly superstitions. The theory of evolution, like a gadfly, sent man scurrying hither and thither, rummaging for valid reasons for existence. "Eternal" truths came tumbling from on high. Lazy interpretations of man's earthly destiny were jolted into new apologies. Vulgar delusions about special creations were struck dumb. Man's divinity was challenged and put on trial.

Never hitherto in all recorded history had any idea so undermined the cherished follies of mankind. In mere words it is impossible to estimate the wholesome discontentment

with life's physical and intellectual poverties which evolutionary thinking, courageously applied to all departments of science and of art, has already produced. It was marvelously stimulating to learn that nothing produced by man on earth is so perfect but that by creative and intelligent effort it may be made more perfect. It was exhilarating to learn that man may fashion an important portion of life to his concrete purposes. Nothing endures—not even man's credulity and delusions. Hence the birth of the sociology of change.

The scientific spirit has become part of man's faith in life. As Walter Lippmann so eloquently expressed it in his "Drift and Mastery":

"Science is the irreconcilable foe of bogeys, and therefore a method of laying the conflicts of the soul. It is the unfrightened, masterful and humble approach to reality—the needs of our natures and the possibilities of the world. The scientific spirit is the spirit of democracy, the escape from drift, the outlook of a free man. Its direction is to distinguish fact from fancy; its enthusiasm is for the possible; its promise is the shaping of fact to a chastened and honest dream."

What we have designated as philosophical sociology will ere long become the inspiration of fruitful statesmanship. Thinkers of the varied types of Graham Wallas, Sidney Webb, G. D. H. Cole, Bernard Shaw, Thorstein Veblen, Nikolai Lenin, are forerunners in this new statesmanship. By conscious method, they aim to fashion collective striving to the needs of a great class-conscious society. A purposive reconstruction of capitalist society through class-conscious effort is the ambitious dream of these thinkers...

It has become a commonplace of late to speak of the "new education", the "new history", the "new politics". The informing spirit of all these rehabilitated knowledges is the human desire to make Homo master of his destinies. Each "new" science preaches a courageous radicalism. There is a vigorous re-echoing of the challenge of the Greek philosopher who taught that Man is the measure of All Things.

The "current" unrest began about ten thousand years ago. However, its distinguishing features nowadays are a

deeper insight into the sources of discontent and a deeper faith in man's power to utilize unrest for constructive ends. Radicalism has become more or less "respectable". Even conservatives enjoy *discussing* its whys and wherefores. Let us not forget Bagehot's advocacy of discussion as a stop-gap on impulsiveness, a brake on radical action! *Parlor*-mentarianism, like beauty, is a joy forever.....

The second prerequisite of productive scholarship is a knowledge of evolution, biologic and sociologic. The lessons of historical change applied to the realization of the social destiny of the masses should constitute the "new culture"; the "Sociologic Culture", we may call it.

Theology solves no problems; it merely defers their solution. Barren metaphysics, shrewdly manipulated, may create the cultural illusion of intellectual eminence and superiority; but it contributes very little useful to organized human power over life. Subsidized philosophies of contentment like Maeterlinck's or Rabindranath Tagore's are golden attempts to make men rejoice in their mindless origin. They are dishonest and misleading (unintentionally so).

The ancient delusion of theatricalism, interposing asbestos curtains betwixt common clay and superior brains has served its time and purpose; Common people no longer reverently trust or naïvely honor their "betters". They clamor for an insight into stagecraft, into the mysteries of incense and footlights, and the whole fascinating romance of dramaturgy. They want to know how to do the tricks for themselves. Robes and solemn pronunciamentos and Your Honors and Yes Sirs and Bible-Swearings and ordered genuflections and My Lords and My Ladies are less thrilling than of yore. Be sure of it: where the thrill is weak, loyalty is dying.

The fool has turned philosopher. Mr. Nobody is taking his "wisdom" seriously; a sign and portent of deep significance. We must reason with our inferiors! Alack the day; what strange happenings, what uncanny transpirings. Beasts of Burden, touched by the magic wand of Circe have risen to Godhood. Common man is to be the measure of all things. Woe betide!

The Sociologic Culture has come in response to this spiritual revolution in the habitual mental attitude of mere man; it attempts to centralize our interest in the humbler folk. Problems of pain, of insufficiency, of amelioration, are the legitimate content of such a "discipline".

The most encouraging sign of latter-day progress is this: Mr. Average Man has grown suspicious and critical of his official superiors. Suspicion backed by publicity is a remarkable democratic safeguard in a society struggling toward social democracy. The average man has grown critical about the flimsy, circumstantial justice presiding inauspiciously over his daily life. He is learning to see that the God of Chance and the Justice wrought by vindictiveness are the only deities really in vogue in our pell-mell commercialism; the only perennially popular idols of the market place. God himself is a priceless business asset. This process of thoroughgoing *Disillusionment* must re-create men's ordinary values. Some day even ordinary mortals will know for what damnable and irrelevant purposes they have been used, unhesitatingly and cold-bloodedly, by their official superiors.

The only faith that will eventually survive this process of radical disillusionment will be faith in critical-mindedness, faith in a rationalized suspicion of other men's motives (and therefore, of one's own). Critical-mindedness does at least make one hesitate before playing the fool or dupe; that's a marvelous intellectual gain for Homo. When leaders can't automatically depend upon you they will gladly be more frank with you, more truth-telling. They will simply have to show their cards before little credulous you will take their word for honesty and fair dealing. Leaders of the people may some day grow honest, but not until their followers learn to "watch" them as though they were dishonest.

When every undervalued mortal asserts his right to question, doubt and criticise, let Superior Folk beware!... The third indispensable article of a useful culture is Critical-Mindedness; an examination of human prejudice and of human duplicity as a key to deciphering man's zigzag

progress. We must institute a course on "Profitable Prejudices and Trickeries as Determinants of Human Conduct." The Romance of Sanctified Flim-Flamming has yet to be written for the edification of the sexes. Perhaps one honest tome written by the holy trinity, Priest, Diplomat, and Lawyer, would quench the thirst for truth of even the most unscrupulous. The age in which we live is remarkable above all others precisely because we have learned to distrust Nature and still more, Man. No previous golden age could claim the high honor of having encompassed within its midst so many "wiseacres."...

It may be true that Aristotelian intellect is the high water mark of achievement. Guesswork anent hierarchies of intellectual power is no more authentic than the Biblical story of creation. No man knows enough about the geology of time to estimate correctly the period needed for the growth of superior brains. Democritus may have been the most marvelous of the ancients; all honor to him... But we moderns have our Poincaré, Russell, Berthelot, Hill, Edison, Steinmetz, Einstein, Curies, Bergson, Santayana, Dewey, Shaw, France, Freud, *et al.*, whose creative intelligence will mould the destiny of human beings more profoundly than the consummate all of Greek culture. Mrs. John Martin, who, in her interesting book, "Is Mankind Advancing?" painted a unique sketch of the best in Greek genius and offset it against the lugubrious background of our modern culture, may privately enjoy her delusions about our retrogression. So large a thesis is not capable of proof or disproof.

An age must measure its progress in terms of its own social needs and aspirations as compared with the possibility of their fulfillment for a whole people. We cannot criticise fairly the most awe-inspiring experiment of the centuries: to create the resources for the Joy of Living for a whole people,—in terms of the static perfections of Greek culture. Lacking knowledge, we must build upon faiths and ideals. We live in the most remarkable of all the ages, though it may be granted that our spotlight philanthropies and sensational humanitarianisms do not necessarily argue a native

superiority. On the other hand, we may ask: what would their absence signify?...

Faith in mysticism—that is, in one's own consoling unanalyzed ignorance—has been so desperately shaken—spasmodic revivalisms are the exception that prove the rule—that we may confidently salute disillusionment as the emblem peculiarly symbolic of our day and generation.

Even in our prisons hygiene is compulsory, theology elective! That one fact speaks volumes. True, people are still imperishably credulous—with a difference. Today the most devout religionist will smilingly mock moribund faiths as mere superstitions! He, too, wishes to be thought modern; hence he will speak of *enlightened* religions (like his own, for example). An enlightened religion is about as meaningful as an enlightened despotism. Let us not be too harsh or cynical. Even orthodox religion is not without its saving sense of humor.

G. K. Chesterton (a playful, intellectual cat, good-naturedly chasing his own tail) is witness to that truth. *Mirabile dictu!* the world has developed a sense of humor. Its o'ertopping pompousness is responsible for that. What is a sense of humor? We are not discussing a sense-for-humor which every human being possesses as part of his primitive inheritance. Primarily, a sense of humor is the courage to laugh at one's self without bitterness. The transitional step is easy: to laugh at the whole world without despising it. We learn to hate our fellowmen tenderly. A religion that cannot withstand the mocker's laugh, the Voltairean grin, is doomed; for sometimes those who come to pray remain to scoff.

A sense of humor is the nascent pledge that stupidity and quackery and trumpery shall perish from the earth. Someone should write a religious monograph on "A Sense of Humor Let Loose." (Bernard Shaw, the devil tempts you!).

A wholesome contempt for life is the beginning of wisdom. To hold this world cheap—but to stand by it; to see through the sham theatricalism of men and women—but to stand by them; if you, oh wise reader, can perceive the large futility of existence without succumbing to it, Welcome, most

welcome, as a lover of righteousness. To possess knowledge without pompousness; to possess wisdom without arrogance; to possess humor without bitterness; these be the attributes of the godly.

This Age of Disillusionment is the first promise that men shall take themselves less pompously. Which change of outlook constitutes a silent revolution in morals! When professors and shopgirls, savants and street-cleaners, philosophers and fools, can co-mingle in a spirit of comradery, woe to Hocus-Pocus!

We are growing to be true internationalists; sincere co-workers in huge class-conscious tasks. No humble intelligence is to be slighted. Human understanding expands through such liberal co-education. "Every clod feels a stir of might, an instinct within it that reaches and towers." We must learn to respect and cultivate that instinct. A sense of humor will facilitate social cohesion.

We have had the Golden Age, the Dark Age, the Age of Enlightenment, the Machine Age,—all manner of picturesque ages. Why not the Age of Disillusionment, the hallmark of which is the invention of a sense of humor whereby mankind has discovered the marvelous truth that the way to get things done is to do them.

Gods, demi-gods, priests, kings, statesmen, representatives by proxy, merchant princes, middlemen, magnates, potentates and philanthropists have been just so many blindly egotistic parasites intoxicating themselves with power and special indulgences at the expense of a credulous, because overworked people. Disillusionment exposes the humbuggery of parasitism. A sense of humor equips one with the weapons for battering down the exploiter's strongholds of fraud and superstition.

Consequently, the fourth pre-requisite of a purposeful culture is the possession of a sense of humor, a disillusioned insight into the preposterous claims (and the fragile attainments) of that cunning impostor, Man.

Socialism and International Politics
Evolution, Biologic and Sociologic and Anthropologic
A Theory of Human Motives

Critical-Mindedness
A Sense of Humor——

These five "disciplines" are the articles of our Sociologic Culture. Without them, vanity and waste. With them, utility and purpose. Our emerging social democracy will thrive best on a sociologic culture.

The New Education must be courageously radical. *

* "It is somewhat perplexing to see students acquiring great blocks of information on certain topics, or developing a special technique of study along certain lines, and equipping themselves for industrial and professional tasks in virtue of these special abilities, while the background of their life on which their economic activity will be displayed is completely neglected. The student may pass through his college course without its being necessary at any stage for him to review the principles underlying human behavior; without his being required to take stock of the hidden source of his own interests and beliefs and habits and moods; without his becoming aware that these moods and beliefs and interests, which are going to give to his individual life its special values have definite biological determinants which work according to certain definite laws, and some knowledge of the control of which may make all the difference between stability and instability of his life. *A college education does little to prepare anyone to meet the fundamental issues of life any better than the ordinary individual.* It is stated that, in the prisons of the United States, college graduates have a representation in due proportion to their number in the community. The study of nervous and mental patients with college degrees often reveals *a striking discrepancy between the academic culture and the lack of any grasp of the fundamental principles of mental health...*" (my italics). This meaty excerpt is taken from an essay by C. Macfie Campbell entitled Mental Hygiene and Education (in the volume already referred to).

Critical-Mindedness:

The Basis of the New Education

There are three social prejudices, which exercise constant pressure on the average man's thought; colouring it, and making it irrational: they are, first, "my country, race or nationality are better than the other man's"; second, "my class, social caste or social habits are better than the other man's"; and, third, "my moral code, religious outlook, guidebook to heaven, are better than the other man's."

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES
(*"The New Age of Faith"*)

No. What Caesar, Cromwell and Napoleon could not do with all the physical force and moral prestige of the State in their mighty hands, cannot be done by enthusiastic criminals and lunatics. Even the Jews, who, from Moses to Marx and Lasalle, have inspired all the revolutions, have had to confess that, after all, the dog will return to his vomit and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire; and we may as well make up our minds that Man will return to his idols and his cupidities, in spite of all "movements" and all revolutions, until his nature is changed.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The Impasse

Conspicuous riches can counterfeit Virtue without the exertions of Morality; a marvelously economical achievement. The Rockefeller interests by helping to clothe and sustain a whole population in Belgium can elicit illimitable praise for their virtuous intentions, for their deep humanity. Has the abiding Morality of the Rockefellers thereby undergone any significant change of heart? Will it be less brutally capitalistic?

What shall we do with our modes of ethical evaluation of right-and-wrong if *permanent wrong, yielding permanent gain, can be offset and extenuated out of existence by philanthropic right?* What becomes of our system of ethical discriminations? It remains the cherished misunderstood faith of simpletons, ignorant alike of right and wrong, and of the powerful righteousness of tainted money!

SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

Our Tainted Ethics

Query: Why will mere delay diminish the intensity of our moral indignation? Shall we infer that our morality is simply a nerve-stimulator, a delicious source of dramatic excitement in hours of ennui? Are we "moral" or are we only hot-headed and spiteful?

SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

Ethics is in origin the Art of recommending to others the sacrifices required for coöperation with oneself.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
(*in "Logic and Mysticism"*)

To-day, then, it is not only expedient to support new truths against old; it is necessary. Of what avail to us any longer are the great truths of the past? They lie open to us; we know them all; but in spite of this we are not fundamentally interested in them. Never has culture, intellect, knowledge, been more common and more barren than it is to-day. Truth is arid because we no longer create it and by creating realize its nature. The truth of the past is dead to us because the spirit of truth is dead within ourselves. To be, then, on the side of "new truths," however shallow they may be, in the faith that creation is the law of existence, the way of humanity, and that if man but creates he will one day create his own greatness and happiness; that is the way of the old dangerous and ultimate wisdom. "Modern truths" may be shallow, but to condemn them is still more shallow. Let us, therefore, support new truths against old dogmas, simply because they are new, and in being new are a mark of life, of health and of unconscious wisdom. This at least is sure, and it is the most modern of truths, that we must be wise unconsciously before we can be wise consciously.

EDWIN MUIR.

EDUCATION STOOPS TO CONQUER

How much Realism is the modern class room capable of? That is the question for Educators, in an age which is skeptic and disillusioned and candid and "wise". Evilly wise!

We fail to accredit youngsters with the shrewdness they actually possess. In relation to "wordly" matters, they are wise beyond their years.

Children of fourteen, bred in a tenemented environment, habitués of the movies and the musical comedy and the vaudeville and the raw melodrama, night wanderers amid a varied crude life of spooning and spawning, are not what you might thoughtfully call "unsophisticated" or "innocent". They understand, though superficially, the "tricks of the trade" and "shady" meanings and the vogue of smart smut. They are "wise to" this and that.

Elders who are ashamed of vulgar truth hotly deny these simple suggestive characterizations of the city-saturated youngster. The characterizations are so patently true!

This neo-modern son of the "gay white way" cosmopolis constitutes the most baffling "problem" in the history of modern education. Our school education—that is, mal-education—hasn't bothered its stupidly virtuous head about his salvation or damnation. The neglect has been immensely costly. Educators are the tragic comedians of modern society.

The reasonable, the common-sense thing to do is to fetch into the classroom all those mud-gutter experiences, in devotion to which the city youngster pledges an allegiance that excels in honesty and in personal passion his lip-loyalty to the symbolic flag by as much as the adult's love of his own way of living excels in intensity the admiration he may profess for his neighbor's mode of living?

If the schoolroom can't invent means and methods whereby the degradation of the gutter may be sifted and refined and cleansed and made valuable for youth's everyday life, the miscarriage of education will be woefully complete.

Against that distressful time let us take some sane measures of prevention. The first step toward purification of gutter experiences is the frank recognition of the tense vitality, the gripping interest, of the thing we would refashion. We must make the sons of the cosmopolis, and the gossipy little daughters, too, conscious of our faith in them and of our dignified respect for *their* modes of making life worth living.

What are the juvenile possibilities of self-realization in a frank world of self-analysis and of "early" maturity?

May it not be wise for us to encourage youngsters to speak their "sub-conscious" minds, without apology or shame or fear, on the vital street-corner themes of sweetheärting, sex-yearning, dreams (day dreams and dreams at dawn), the life of peeps and secrecies and strange familiarity,—not omitting the high theme embodied in the romance of gang morality? The psycho-sexuality of children arrived at puberty must become a subject of deep informal study in the classroom. And why not?

Group analysis, under educational guidance, can effect a transformation of vulgarity into dignity such as no other guidance can confer. Honest introspection dissipates dirty frivolity and prepares the mind for honor. Not a panacea, but a wise first aid!

What wordly-wise insights are youngsters capable of, without excessive injury to their physical or intellectual integrity?

The modern classroom is not sufficiently experimental. It lacks the analytical mode of approach. It lacks the Socratic inspiration. Intellectual honesty is not its conscious goal! Pretence and the solace of hypocrisy are its abiding sources of high endeavor.

The average pedagogue is incredibly timid, a feeble and inadequate vessel of light. Self-knowledge has been nothing more creative in his life than a poetical symbol of idealism beyond attainment for the common run. A worshipper of pretence, he has met the frankness of youth with silence, denial, evasion or silly indirection. What does he know of sincerity?

There is a shattering irony in Dr. Montessori's discovery that the methods she found successful in dealing with idiots were most of them quite applicable to normal children, that is, the pupils of our ordinary public schools, and that the ordinary schools needed just such a transformation as she had effected in her own poor-school.

The profound influence of medical educators upon modern educational ideals and practices is deserving of a large commemorative volume in itself. To enumerate only a great few: John Locke, Rodriguez Pereira, Edouard Seguin, William James, Boris Sidis, Maria Montessori, Havelock Ellis, Alfred Binet and Th. Simon, Stanley Hall and Sigmund Freud.

The modern medical theory of education was finely illustrated in John Locke's own attitude toward educables: "Locke, fortunate in combining the experience of a physician with that of a teacher, hit on the truth, almost by accident, that there can be no true education which does not adapt itself to the nature of the learner." A revolutionary conception in modern education!

"All through his discussion of education he thinks of the pupils as a doctor thinks of his patients—as individual cases to be diagnosed separately and to be dealt with by the methods best suited for their special temper and condition."

Profound doctrine, this, with which the vast majority of pedagogues have not yet caught up. That the insights of the medical psychologist should be endowed with a momentous importance for the philosophy of education need not surprise anyone even slightly acquainted with the researches of psycho-analysis and the discoveries of modern psychopathology.

Herbert Spencer knew the basic importance of the physiology of education; and his pellucid book on "Education" still remains a classic exposition of a sound scientific educational practice. Today we know the overwhelming significance of the psycho-pathology of education. To the great doctor we wisely look for the sanest educational guidance. For education at its deepest is a psycho-thera-

peutic art. In truth, all of us, in our aspirational moments, dream of education as *the panacea.*

It might well have been only yesterday that Edouard Seguin wrote his famous criticism of school education, so profoundly applicable to the current situation does it prove itself to be:

"In the people's schools, thousands of pupils are herded together as in so many barracks, without the least thought being given to their diverse physical aptitudes, or their varied physiological needs, or their different mental dispositions; and day by day four or five rations of intellectual provender are served out to them indiscriminately. Memory is the one faculty called into play; all the other faculties of body and soul are neglected, and their organs allowed to become atrophied and useless."

In his passionate denunciation of current educational ideas and practices, Boris Sidis admonishes us that "our educators are narrow-minded pedants. They are occupied with the dry bones of text books, the sawdust of pedagogics, and the would-be scientific experiments of educational psychology." His book, "Philistine and Genius", is a masterpiece of invective and critical commentary.

In his view, there is no redeeming aspect of our school system to which the emancipated person can award the smallest merit. He says quite bluntly that the so-called educators "are ignorant of the really vital problems of human interests, a knowledge of which goes to make the truly educated man." Or woman!

The truth about life—what has education (that congenital hypocrite!) ever revealed concerning it? History is used as apologetics, as a device for spreading distorted propaganda; English is used as a medium for the egotistic inculcation of race pride. These two most vital subjects of youthful inquiry and concern are perverted to the chauvinist uses of an upper class educational bureaucracy. The truth about life—what has our education done to it?

Every honest fellow knows that no sooner out of school than he has to unlearn the lies and half-truths and pseudo-truths and inapplicable little truths plastered over his uncritical mentality in the days of his credulity.

EDUCATION STOOPS TO CONQUER

The most powerful enemies of truth and life are the so-called educated classes. Our school education is a tragic fiasco....

We confront a world in chaos. The petering out of Christianity, the bankruptcy of the church, the dissolution of the home, the degradation of the state, the impotence of the school, the screaming futility of politics all eloquently attest the omnipresence in our social system *of decay.* Civilization is rotting away. The collapse of ideals too long believed in and never adequately realized has broken the heart of faith. 'Tis a sick world. Our is preëminently the age of disillusionment.

Civilization is a patchwork of contradictions, a study in disharmonies. The machinery of civilized control involves a number and variety of instrumentalities of repression that literally crush the life out of man. Pretense and delusion and make-believe emasculate man's will to self-realization. Idealistic pretense in achieving control of human behavior has wrought an alarming havoc among human impulses. The psychoanalysts show with convincing clarity that sexual discord is at the the very core of life's major tragedies. Sex is not at home in our man-made civilization. Repression thwarts and distorts and tortures it until no man knows truly whether sex be the handiwork of God or Devil, a thing of evil omen or a bringer of good tidings.

Civilization lives by the practice of pretense and evasion. Life lives by the practice of desire and fulfillment. Civilization champions the works of repression. Life celebrates the triumphs of expression. Civilization summons the ego to self-effacement. Life beckons the ego toward self-realization. And when the conflict rages hotly enough, Homo, the child of the mismated parents, Life and Civilization, feels his body and soul torn between desire and duty, urge and denial, wish and repression, a wretched creature at heart, wooing discord, broken and baffled, a victim of a divided mind, a jangling mood, a violated conscience,—a typically civilized specimen of neurotic malady. Our civilization becomes increasingly and terrifyingly a study in

hysteria, morbidity, delusion, melancholy, mania (individual and collective)—psycho-pathology on the grand scale.

Our age will most likely go *down* in history as the neurotic age. Man is terrifically at odds with himself in a civilization that straitjackets his soul's creative energies. By a thousand ingenious ways and means—the far-flung network of civilized behavior—he has sought to evade reality, to shy at fact, to taboo nature, to blink at truth, to sterilize passion, to ostracize life, in brief, to live in a world of make-believe. The older education cherished these arts of concealment and delusion.

Then, too, the older education was not greatly concerned with the mind or with the soul of the scholar. The meaning of education did not reside in happiness or wisdom but in knowledge. Memory exercises and reasoning by rote and disciplinary behavior were the be-all and end-all of that formal scholarship naïvely thought of as education. The mind was conceived as a passionless thing, a logic-chopping device for the recognition and manipulation of pre-existent Truth in the ingenious discovery of which Reason, like some *deus ex machina*, played the role of inexorable arbiter of the true and the false, the right and the wrong, the logical and the illogical.

The newer education, since Rousseau's ascendancy, is immeasurably more spontaneous and unique, creative and psychological. In all vital conceptions of the educative process the absorbing concern has become the soul of man, his passion, his curiosity, his inarticulate and unrealized dispositions, the urgency and deep compulsion of his total human nature. The New Education is essentially an inquiry into the sub-rational aspects of Homo's behavior. We seek a profounder insight into the disharmonies, the frustrations, the maladjustments of human nature. It's as though the older education, built too sanguinely on the assumptions of Rationality and Normality were being superseded by a new education reared upon the assumptions of Irrationality and Abnormality.

Psychology and pathology are the twin disciplines that inspire our latter-day wisdom!

THE HUMAN BACKGROUND

(*A Marginal Note on Culture*)

Throughout the self-complacent ages, until the hectic dawn of proletarianism, the theory and practice of culture have always and invariably symbolized alienation from the common life. Cultural hyphenation was the golden rule. Culture was the self-glorifying pursuit of values made praiseworthy by their declared hostility to the needs, aims, hopes and valuations of the pain-haunted masses of undifferentiated workers.

The common people were abnormally preoccupied with the problems of starvation and reproduction; the uncommon people were normally preoccupied with the problems of surplus (goods and leisure) and the fascinations of individuation,—to borrow Spencer's lucid phraseology.

The uncommon ones worshipped the tribal Deity, Cunning, The common herd, always literal-minded, worshipped the universal God, Credulity.

Culturally speaking, the history of humanity may best be written as the eternal conflict, now flagrant and in the open, now camouflaged and clandestine, now subtle and intangible, between the wielders of the weapons of cunning, physical, intellectual, spiritual, moral, and the recipients of the gifts of credulity. Culture has been the most powerful weapon of the self-appointed in the unceasing efforts to keep the masses credulous and disinherited.

There is no type of culture on record which has not been by nature, intention, and outcome morbidly caste-tainted. The most "ancient" culture, the priestly; the culture of the Greeks, the metaphysical; the culture of the Middle Ages, the scholastic; the culture of the Renaissance, the classicist; the culture of the Industrial Revolution, the mechanical-scientific; the culture of the pseudo-humanitarian nineteenth century, the social-scientific;—all these cultures were marred by their alienation from the truest concerns and deepest self-motivated aspirations of the common people—the proletariat.

Only with the blood-red sunrise of the Russian Revolution may we triumphantly assert our faith in the lusty emergence of the sincerest, the most human, the most spiritually inclusive culture, the culture of proletarianism.

Now, be it said in tears, the average pedagogue is the unconscious inheritor of all the eminently bad virtues of the caste-tainted cultures, more especially the vanities and puerilities of the classicist culture; a culture marked by a proud ignorance of the extramural life, a fetichistic allegiance to books and memoriter disciplines, a naïve indifference to scientific bed-rock realities, a petulant mock-appreciation of "the best" that has ever been thought or written throughout the blissfully bookish epochs. A culture to unfit a human for life!

Culture as a conspicuous badge of prestige,—that appears to be the highest desideratum to which the pedagogue aspires. Culture as an opportunity for enhanced social serviceableness, culture as a humble participation in the communal enterprise of making life more meaningful for the disadvantaged—such a humanizing conception of culture rarely illumines the visioning of the pedagogue. The virus of privileged and petted superiority rankles in his culture-laden blood.

I can't forget the interesting little story told by Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn at a meeting in honor of Haywood shortly after the Paterson strike. She pointed out the astonishing fact that the teachers who took a special pride in expounding the classic texts, in hurrahing for the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, felt in no sense called upon to embody in fitting deeds of human fellowship the cultural inspiration they had inbibed from these fountain heads of glory-and-grandeur. Quite the contrary, in fact. The dear little classic snobs, at the first menacing sign of realism, tucked in their antique skirts, pulled long Roman faces, emitted a few shrieks of horror, (in unadulterated Greek), folded their cultural tents and ungraciously slunk away.

The Greek and Latin strikers and their badly tutored

offspring could expect no help, no inspiration, no fellow-consciousness-of-kind from the superior gentry. Culture versus Life,—the oldest phase of the class-struggle!

These tradition-bound teachers were unwitting disciples of that shallow-minded English genius, Oscar Wilde, the flower of artificiality, who believed that: "The poor are poor creatures and must be hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are really the dunghill out of which men of genius and artists grow like flowers. Their function is to give birth to genius and to nourish it. They have no other raison d'être." This degrading conception of the common mortal's unique contribution to culture may be said to have underlain all the culture epochs before the emergence of the self-conscious proletariat,—in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Several years ago, in an analysis of culture, I playfully coined the term *haughty-culture* as perfectly expressive of the nature of all the caste-tainted cultures. The economic underpinnings of haughty-culture are excellently summed up in these observations by Scott Nearing:

"The pages of history may be searched in vain for the records of the civilization which did not evolve some device whereby the strong or the astute could live at the expense of the weak and the less able. The parasitic class has always bulwarked its position by the ownership of something.... As social organization has grown more complex, the opportunities for parasitism have become greater.... The recipients of property income are the beneficiaries of power. Behind them they have constitutions, laws, customs, beliefs, philosophies, practices and conventionalities that are ages old. Their economic advantage is the direct outcome of the repressive coercive activities of vested interests through the ages. They constitute one generation in the lineal descent of exploiters—monarchs, landlords, slave-owners, capitalists, and all of those who have devised means of living at the expense of the toil of their fellows."

What more natural than that the knowledge of most worth to the cultured should have been the knowledge of least utility to the toilers? That profoundest of all caste-tainted thinkers, Aristotle, never conceived the possibility of a slaveless, not to mention a universally cultured, society!

The fanatical absorption in metaphysics of so many of the world's deepest thinkers may be ascribed to the dehumanizing influence of caste-tainted cultures creating a hapless cleavage between the knowers and the doers, a cleavage that operated throughout the prescientific ages to split humanity into two irreconcilable segments—the tender-minded élite and the tough-minded nihilite; the somebodies and the nobodies! The former were primarily concerned with the delightfully "meaningless" problems of the superhuman and the metaphysical. The latter of necessity, were deeply engrossed in the terribly meaningful problems of the brutally human and the passionately physical. I can't refrain from quoting a brilliant bit from Anatole France's "The Revolt of the Angels":

"..... metaphysic or metaphysics, that is to say, all that is connected with physics and has no other name, so impossible is it to designate by a substantive that which has no substance, and is but a dream and an illusion. Here you may contemplate with admiration philosophers addressing themselves to the solution, dissolution and resolution of the absolute, to the determination of the indeterminate and to the definition of the infinite. . . . ."

The mechanistic science of the nineteenth centry has largely destroyed the forced vitality and relevancy of the metaphysical culture. The deepest allegiance in our age goes out to social psychology as the prefatory insight into economics, history, pragmatic logic, psychopathology, ethics,—that is, the vital social sciences. Which is another way of saying that thought has by the logic of circumstance been driven to shift its locus from the exceptional to the pregnant commonplace, from the conceits of the high-brows to the aspirations of the low-brows, from the haughty-cultured to the humbly-cultured, from superman to man. The régime of the cultured egotists is doomed.

The modern teacher is still under the paralyzing spell of haughty-culture. He (or she!) thinks of himself (or herself) as in some quixotically unfathomable sense the native superior of mere working-folk. He shuns the simple and drastic process of unionization as the parasite shuns the simple process of useful labor. He thinks of his pupils as

in some inevitable sense his true inferiors. It were painful for him to think of his students as young colleagues, as wise potentially as he, co-seekers in the inexhaustible research into life's meanings and potentialities, equals in a miniature social democracy intensely eager to find truth and to realize happiness.

"The man who has reverence will not think it his duty to mould the young. He feels in all that lives, but especially in human beings, and most of all in children, something sacred, indefinable, something individual and strangely precious, the growing principle of life, an embodied fragment of the dumb striving of the world. In the presence of a child he feels an unaccountable humility—a humility not easily defensible on any rational ground, and yet somehow nearer to wisdom than the easy self-confidence of many parents and teachers..... All this gives him a longing to help the child in its own battles; he would equip and strengthen it, not for some outside end proposed by the state or by any other impersonal authority, but for the ends which the child's own spirit is obscurely seeking. The man who feels this can wield the authority of an educator without infringing the principle of liberty."

This beautiful commentary is culled from Bertrand Russell's essay on Education, which Mrs. Florence Kelley referred to as the most inspiring essay on education she had ever read.

In Ibsen's "Pillars of Society", there is a notable passage which symbolizes the inner tragedy of the caste-tainted culture; its empty-hearted alienation from the shatteringly realistic life of the subliterate. Rörland speaks to Miss Bernick:

"Yes, yes, that is temptation, my dear Miss Bernick. You must bar the door against such an unquiet guest. The stormy sea—of course you do not mean that literally. You mean the great billowing world, where so many go to wreck. And do you really find so much to attract you in the life you hear rushing and surging outside? Just look out into the street. Look at the people in the sweltering sunshine, toiling and moiling over their paltry affairs! Ours, surely, is the better part, sitting here in the pleasant shade, and turning our backs toward the quarter from which disturbance might arise."

Martha, her soul divided against itself, half-dazedly replies:

"I scarcely know what to say often when I am pent up in the schoolroom. I wish I were far out upon the stormy sea."

When will teachers as a class learn to be ashamed of "turning their backs toward the quarter from which disturbance might arise!"

INTELLECTUAL YOUTH

Part One

The dogmatism of young thinkers is more solemn than solemnity. Once attached to an idea, youth clings unswervingly to his allegiance. That's why political parties are nervously anxious to tempt the arrived voter into the partisan ranks.

The captivating nonsense divinely uttered by those who know not is amusing and pathetic. You can almost see the finer possibilities of the youthful mind disintegrating, swamped in salt marshes of fixed prejudice, as you observe the slump in intellectual honesty. Fortunately, nothing is so bad, but thinking about makes it better. Dogmatism is a necessary phase in mental evolution.

The growing mind, not yet prepared for multiplicity and unique exception and versatility, retreats into the securities of fixity and faith and unity. Dogmatism is the mask of uncertainty. Passion and sincerity are accepted in lieu of poise and knowledge.

Nothing is so important to mental activity as aim. Dogmatism is certainty hitched to an aim. Youth can't believe in purpose unless that purpose absorbs his interest wholeheartedly. Deviation and quibbling precipitate confusion. The praise-worthy advantage of dogmatism is its clearness.

Clearness is the vital quality of style. It is a pleasure and, viewed esthetically, a profit, to listen to a person who speaks clearly, incisively, finally, as though he were perfectly sure of his omniscience. A dangerous habit, no doubt, dangerous but fascinating and unwavering, like all god-like affirmation.

A writer who leaves no doubts as to his meaning and message merits our general approval. Especially if we are aware of his limitations. A smooth, pellucid, axiomatic style stirs the imagination, persuades and convinces, leaves a unified impression. The reader understands. He is not mystified by parenthetical insertions; he is not irritated by endless qualifications; he is not befuddled by contradictions.

It is true, however, that some of the greatest works in science and in philosophy are hardly readable because their profundities have not been nicely correlated and articulated. The style is roundabout and incoherent. Wisdom knows no straight and narrow path. Reality is not simple and lucid; a faithful portrayal of reality cannot in the nature of things be transparent and self-evident.

By virtue of his narrow-mindedness, the young thinker may speak or write his simple dogmatisms coherently, pointedly, and give (himself) the sense of genuine truth and wisdom. The more partial and dogmatic an assertion is the more easily may it be turned into a neat, attractive expression. All effective style is purchased at the cost of truth. Critical truth cannot be imparted in unified, impressive, translucent sentences charmingly interlaced to soothe and recompense the inquiring mind.

The young thinker, unmindful of the limitations of his particular view, is in a position to cultivate precision and clearness. The missionary spirit, characteristic of the one-track mind of intellectual youth, is always dogmatic and intolerant. Let the tyro-in-wisdom venture upon honest modifications, subtle definitions, re-interpretations, footnotes, addenda, critical parentheses, and his success as a propagandist, as an effective stylist, will be very seriously jeopardized.

The sacrifice is worth while only if youth remains conscious of his purpose-in-thinking and if he achieves breadth and depth in analysis. Dogmatism in speech—a reflection of cocksureness in thought—holds a spiritual significance for youth. It affords him a valuable sense of cosmic importance. Try to imagine an ardent young Messiah-Man, aglow with the Socialist aspiration, or with the feminist revelation, halting in his enthusiasms to doubt, to revise, to suspect, to think and to re-think. We have no such humans as yet. Enthusiasts must not doubt.

The type of man whose intellectual research and critical revision of "blindly" accepted doctrine leave him more enthusiastic, in his devotion to vital "half"-truths, than he was before the self-imposed inquisition is the rarest being

in our melodramatic world. His might is mightiest, his propagandistic strength invincible. Very few young thinkers can survive their disillusionments.

Youth must be permitted to enjoy its short-sightedness for a period, for without it youth feels ill at ease in this jarring universe. . Dogmatism is the anchorage of the distracted. Cocksureness is the security of the unschooled. Self-importance is the comfort of the faithful, the reward of the sincere narrow-minded. We ought not to expect youth to over-leap these essential stages in intellectual growth.

Ruskin's advice to young men that for them the habit of reverence is safest and obscurity the best haven remains unheeded still. Such uncongenial sanity makes the young smile. Reverence and obscurity will come soon enough—after life's fitful fever. Why hasten the seasons? Youth is arrogant. Youth is omniscient. Youth is stagey and spectacular. Youth is disputatious and skeptical. Youth is all conceit and brilliance and dream...

Youth's logic is the logic of partisanship. A favorite trick of controversialists is distortion. The hostile notion is pulled and pinched and plagued and perverted until it resembles something grotesque, a caricature of fact. Against this scare-crow of reality—the editorial Man of Straw—our fair-minded debater hurls his vituperations and confutations.

Of the innate intellectual dishonesty of partisan thinkers no better evidence is available than the accepted practice of presenting the feeblest side of an antagonist's case and pretending to fairness in refutation of it. Distortion makes true argument unnecessary. Ridicule and vituperation suffice to demolish men of straw and houses of glass.

Our objection is not to the telling employ of ridicule or of cutting irony; in a dull crowd they may score where sober statement, unspiced, falls flatulent and stale. The important thing to remember is the prior necessity of gauging the strength and import of the idea assailed. Fair-mindedness does not mean pompousness. Priests, the most pompous

members of the community, are not our exemplars of intellectual candor. The controversialist who would confute without distorting must first have equipped himself with adequate knowledge.

Youth distorts because he lacks adequate knowledge. When one is thoroughly prepared, it is a joy to be magnanimous.

And so it comes to pass that youth is disputatious, quizzical, irreverent, aggressive. The argumentative itch *is* a beastly malady. Inevitable as measles and calf-love in all healthy youth, argumentativeness is a poison when overabsorbed, a tonic when moderately used. The passion for debate is a social passion. Therein lies its redemption, and therein its peculiar menace.

The desire to shine, to show off, to master a crowd, to bully an opponent, to quibble and pervert and juggle, to shake hands near the footlights, to hear without apology one's own miraculous wisdom in *viva voce* exchange, to shape the opinions of feebler fellows, to become a noisy center of social interest, to strut and stride and crow and brag and strike fine poses—youth loves melodrama!

Argumentation keeps good company. There are, for example, bull-fighting, prize-fighting, legal squabbling, political campaigning, trial-by-jury, not to mention numerous other right honorable human sports well known to every civilized lover of fair play!

If innocent pastimes weren't so degrading to the intellect, we might allow youth its fill of mean delights. Whatever good sense the young possess and manage to retain, is outraged in maturity by the remembrance of those more cunning days when dogmatism and distortion usurped the high functions of wisdom and tolerance. Therefore, to *self-critical* youth, enlightened by the perception of the deeper facts, will it be given to grieve less in the days of his wisdom.

The more insidious practices of disputatious youth are: Lying, backbiting, show-off, malice, flippancy....

The patient assembling of data is the habit of the disciplined, the scientifically disciplined.

Scientific work is less a partisanship than a research. Lying is little resorted to when the conscious aim of the seeker is knowledge or understanding, or even large reaffirmation.

The ineradicable mischief of debating, of all partisan advocacies, is the temptation to lie in order to make a telling point. Lying is more universal than deep breathing. Lying is the mind's evasion of controverting fact. The young thinker, hard beset by neglected or unknown facts, squirms out of his predicament by evasion or distortion or wicked silence or flippancy. These crooked practices may—very often do—bring the flush of success. The success achieved by lying is the prevalent success. Not for that reason may we implicitly sanction it.

Mind expands by discriminating in favor of intellectual honesty. Time enough to lie when some overwhelming crisis cuts off one's hope or outrages one's sense of justice. He who learns through discipline or conviction to cherish intellectual honesty will not lie with an easy irresponsible conscience. The liar without scruples, devoid of human concerns and unredeemed by a vision of consequences, is the real enemy of truth.

There are indispensable vital lies, without which we should be exposing our intimate life to profane undiscerning eyes, by means of which we secretly grant our consciences and our endeavors another lease of respectable life.

Lying, for smartness' sake, lying for superstition's sake, lying for God's sake, lying for propaganda's sake, lying for the joy of lying, are the more mischievous and insidious malpractices.

Argumentation, as at the Bar, is too frequently the noisy bad manners of excited disputants pitted against each other in a public amphitheater, keenly watched by every spectator, intense and histrionic, dodging, charging, sniffing, abusing, growling, retreating, advancing, to the amusement of the onlookers who referee the bout. When time is called and the cock fight over, the public pugilist-benefactors shake hands and grin graciously.

Suavity and unscrupulousness are the telling qualities of every publicly successful special pleader. In America the most successful prize-fighters (excellent term!) are the corporation lawyers. No wonder bright young collegians, swollen with debating and oratorical successes, take so ravenously to law! Suavity and unscrupulousness are the pre-eminent qualities of every first-rate capitalist lawyer...

It is the duty of education to save young orators from the crookedness of special pleading.

INTELLECTUAL YOUTH

Part Two

Youth takes himself seriously and his ideas, so-called, very lightly. A madman's inversion! Wisdom teaches man to reverse youth's attitude. To take one's ideas seriously while hobnobbing with one's honorable self, oh, rather informally, is a better correlation! Not, of course, that one's ideas and one's self are separable unities or dissociated realities. Still there is a fine difference between pompousness and profundity: between a love of one's inflated self and a love of expansive ideas!

Young thinkers are never so overwhelmed with confusion as when by chance they overhear a tribute sincerely paid to *their* opinions. To re-discover in a great text an opinion sometime advocated by themselves brings a positive delight to the young critics of life. They can't believe their own silly-ecstatic eyes!

"All thinking whatsoever—so be it *is* thinking—contains a phase of originality. This originality does not imply that the student's conclusion varies from the conclusions of others, much less that it is a radically novel conclusion. His originality is not incompatible with large use of materials and suggestions contributed by others. *Originality means personal interest in the question,* personal initiative in turning over the suggestions furnished by others, and sincerity in following them out to a tested conclusion. Literally, the phrase, 'Think for yourself' is tautological: *any thinking is thinking for one's self.*" (my italics.)

These penetrating words from our very great philosopher, John Dewey, should come as an inspiration to modest young intellectuals!

Can't we impress upon the more capable Thinkers-in-the-making how vastly important it is for them to feel toward Ideas the kind of solicitous care and responsibility they tend to manifest toward someone or something beautifully befriended? There is too little responsibility for the ultimate destiny of important ideas. Everyone knows how many self-appointed guardians of special privileges and

propertied prerogatives and profitable prejudices every civilized society can boast.

How many solicitous guardians of great ideas can we count in our midst? Too few. The young thinker ought to make it his great endeavor to be well-informed, inspiring, broad-minded, so that inquirers may know him for a man of deep wisdom, a profound interpreter of life. As in the days when Socrates wrought magic in the minds of youth! Intellectual youth must be made to understand the infinitely precious significance of Thought. He doesn't as yet. He lacks a scale of genuine values. The blame is at the door of the educators. They are not honest lovers of wisdom. Prestige corrupts their theories of value.

How shall we teach a reverence for Intellectual Honesty?

YOUTH AND WISDOM

Part One

If thinking were a clear-cut, decisive sort of instrument, we could speak to youth with enhanced confidence about the authentic values of thoughtfulness. Though knowledge is power, knowledge may be evil power. In a caste-conscious society like ours, knowledge falls far short of solving our social perplexities, our problems of prejudice and problems of cunning.

Though broad-mindedness is on the whole a fine achievement, it may easily slide into indifference, apologetics, evasive neutrality, secession from the humble confederation of struggling partisans; it may by insensible gradation take on the attributes of intellectual cowardice, or moral duplicity, or sterile abstractionism.

Broad-mindedness may become a logical trap for the philosophically unwary. Youth must repeatedly be warned against the intellectualist delusion, the "mathematician's fallacy" that truth is simple, demonstrable, nicely applicable, the surest solvent for our problems of discord and of misunderstanding.

Drilled in the logic of fallacies, bookish youth will recoil in derision from his self-deluding hope when, in the mighty press and helter-skelter of moving things, amid purposes botched and conflicting, he discovers the futility of reasonableness, the irrelevance of logic, the miscarriage of truth. In that poignant hour of personal realization youth tastes the bitterness of disillusion and experiences the disquieting cynicism of wisdom. Up against that impasse, youth needs wiser counsellors than he yet has met. Who shall they be?

By all odds, New Life and New Books. I say New Books. I do not, of course, refer only to the most recent or the most modern books! They, too, may be new books. A new book is any book, ancient, mediaeval or ultra-modern, which can arouse within the seeking mind its dormant aptitudes, interests, potentialities.

A new book is a book of challenge. For a devout young Catholic a new book would be a volume like William E.

Walling's "The Larger Aspects of Socialism" or Bernard Shaw's "A Preface on Parents and Children"—a book containing reflections on atheism, birth-control, secular education, socialism, free-thinking, feminism, evolution. For a cocksure propagandist, a new book would be Walter Bagehot's "Physics and Politics" or Pascal's "Thoughts." A new book for a snobbish litterateur would be Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology."

A new book for British chauvinists would be Professor Cramb's "England and Germany," or Dr. Howe's "Socialized Germany." For academic psychologists a new book would undoubtedly be Freud's "Psychopathology of Everyday Life." A new book for self-righteous Puritans would be "Man and Superman." A new book for oversexualized females would be Mrs. Gilman's "Woman and Economics." For our beloved mystics a really new book would be Max Nordau's "The Interpretation of History."

And for conventional reformers a delightfully new book would be Brooks Adam's "The Theory of Social Revolution" or Sorel's "Reflections on Violence." For very good Christians a new book would be Edmond Kelly's "Twentieth Century Socialism." And for all of us a new book would be the very book we hold in utter contempt because of its unlikemindedness.

A new book is a work of challenge. Any book that can make the reader painfully conscious of his intellectual or spiritual limitations may be hailed as a truly new book. For no hindrance is so ruinous to intellectual or spiritual growth as self-complacency; self-complacency is the quintessence of the intellectual limitation. It is the divine function of a New Book to rattle those self-complacent prejudices out of their familiar sockets. A rattling new book is just such an unhinging of settled ideas, a piercing of the snugly encased attitudes of the inertia-crammed mind.

Races grow by migration and intermixtures, by absorbing new contacts and altered outlooks. Thoughts grow by similar transmigration; a breaking loose from safe and sordid centers, an emancipation from fixity, a glad intermingling with stranger notions.

YOUTH AND WISDOM

Youth, steeped in passionate narrow-mindedness, balks when confronted with a new book. Reaffirmation is dear to him! Revaluation is a mystery and a terror. Upon reaffirmation will depend his sense of self-approval, of growth and continuity, of intellectual joy and eminence. Reaffirmation is not lightly to be tampered with. A youth's feeling of coziness in this chaotic universe is rooted spiritually in the mood of reaffirmation.

Life is the quest for a flattering universal self; a god created and re-created in man's image. Reaffirmation comforts man. Revaluation promises no such enchanting certitudes. Yet upon the faithful pursuit of revaluation depends youth's chances of enhanced wisdom, the broadening of prejudices into insights.

Revaluation does promise the joys of curiosity, the bewilderments of unique unfamiliar things, the delight in progress, the combative fun in new ideas—a whole program of electrifying discoveries.

The interplay of reaffirmation and revaluation determines the limits of mental growth. Reaffirmation in the ascendency spells brute felicity and stagnation. Revaluation in the ascendency spells perplexity and change. Revaluation as a collaborator of reaffirmation is alone potent to produce revision and progress. We grow intellectually and spiritually, not so much by casting out orthodoxy and quaint congenial prejudice as by deepening the content of those orthodoxies and quaint self-assuring prejudices.

We simply cannot shake off our ancestors. They are in the blood! Reaffirmation is the mood of certainty without redemptive evidence. Revaluation is the mood of certainty with redemptive evidence; the salient distinction between religion and science, between faith and inquiry....

As to the problem of New Books. The folly of listing the hundred "best books" is manifest. Any restrictive attempt to standardize Books of Knowledge is of the nature of fatuity, the futility of the "wise". We live in a vast book-lovers' universe and vastly must it be viewed. More good books of challenge are extant than the mind of man can ever hope to master (as is self-evident to the reader!).

Excellent choices are almost without number. Youth needs fruitful advice; what to read, rather than what not to read; why to read and to what great liberating purpose.

My humble advice to young thinkers is this: Discover by careful, scorchingly honest analysis what your deepest convictions, that is, prejudices, are; with the purpose in mind of elevating prejudice to the more tenable ground of insight, read some of the most critical elaborations of your own passionate viewpoints; speedily seek out profound works on "the other side"; scan those critically and cull from them whatever is fruitful and refreshing. Our critics are our best, though often (and why not?) our most cruel, teachers. Above all other virtues, humility is most essential and appropriate in scholars.

It is good to read books on the origins of beliefs and ideas; such an adventure guides one into the land of the sanely disillusioned. No science can compare for its purely liberating values with the science, so recently discovered, of anthropology. Anthropology is the key to the social sciences, the corridor to radical wisdom.

What one reads is less important than how one reads it. The cleverest reading is done between the lines; for that subtle achievement one must be possessed of a philosophy of motives. Reading is useful in proportion as *one*, it deepens one's own beliefs and *two*, as it deepens one's sympathy for alien beliefs. The criticism to be made of much of our reading is that it either serves no intellectual purpose whatsoever or it tends to reaffirm us in our limited insights. We seem to have little interest in the drastic intellectualizing process of revaluation as the truest goal of reading.

It is foolish to proffer advice as to what not to read. Not a scurrilous or scandalous or immoral page has ever been penned for the delight or damnation of man but upon closer scrutiny will have proved itself in some analytical sense to be genuinely meaningful.

Everything that man does, well or badly, or fails to do, is interesting and intriguing to the analyst, himself a species of psychopathologist, who is absorbed in the study of

human motives, conscious and subconscious. To intelligent, self-poised readers, moral criteria are worse than useless; they are a meddling impertinence. Immorality in literature may mortify infant mentality; it cannot debilitate robust minds. Besides, immorality is a problem of taste, habit, prejudice, ignorance, folly,—all vitiating criteria in the view of men of wisdom.

It is better, for the soul, to keep the world frankly open, risking the allurements of sensuality and eye-strain than to shut life up in a harem or a cloister or a museum, forfeiting the stimulating experiences which flesh and brain are inalienably heir to.

The young thinker must not be encouraged to hide behind closed doors. Why have we so little faith in raw sincerity? Why do we tremble in the open presence of reality *sans* embellishment? Let us read the (ignoble) truth and take our mortal chances on surviving it!

Perhaps, if we lived more nobly, we should have less to fear from the vivid realizations that appear to terrify us in books. Only in books! Why do we so easily accept the barbarities of life, protesting most vehemently only against their poignant portrayal in literature? *

*This theme is elaborated in the final essay, "Realization in Literature and in Life."

YOUTH AND WISDOM

Part Two

What do we mean by New Life? Our opportunities for first-hand contactual experience are definitely limited. We live more richly in our dreams and in our observations than in original participations. Naturally. Our avocational leisure time is brief. Our recuperative powers are sluggish. We dwell fondly upon experiences, embracing tender memories in lieu of more freshly-sensed experiences. Too much sensational life begets confusion, moral contradiction and pain. Unity of the mental life is achieved and relished at the sacrifice of redundant experience. A few engrossing affairs of the soul constitute the dramatic repertoire of the majority of strolling players. All else is gossip, repetition, observation, stage setting. There are very few original plots in the experiences of men. Consequently, the advocacy of New Life cannot be a plea for experience *ad nauseam*.

Salamandering is confusing and degrading; confusing because experience of and by itself enhances no values, builds no resourcefulness in characters; only reflection upon experience, analysis, pondering and apperceiving (processes requiring time and mental poise) avail to deepen the content of experience; degrading, as all haste and impulsiveness and unguarded surrender of personality are a degradation. Self-abandon without forethought and forechoice is characterless, and, therefore, degrading.

Not for lack of experience are we humans soul-quenched and distorted; it is a philosophy of experience we lack. The soul of man lacks not extensity, but intensity. The mind of man lacks not breadth but depth. The heart of man lacks not feeling but emotion. The life of man lacks not interest but understanding.

What, then, may this New Life be? Only this: A shrewder observation of our own dramatic experiences; a deeper intellectual participation in the experiences of novel, unique types. The theatre has marvelous possibilities for good. An honest drama may be youth's finest induction into

the intimate lives of new or unfamiliar characters. Art releases imaginative powers and links our floating sympathies with alien types. Music broadens character. Internationalism is almost as much a musical co-ordination as an economic one. Witness the mock tragic conduct of states interdicting "foreign" musical performances during the interlude and regnancy of war. War opens with triumphant blasts of the bugle and closes with discordant shouts of joy, or with solemn strains of curfew and death tolling the knell of departing day and departing life. Drama, plastic art, music, are the great emotional experiences of the race—media of expansion suited to humans of few original participations.

In addition to the Dramatic Experiences are the Environmental Studies; close observation of one's social milieu. A man may live in a garret and grow to be a god in wisdom, provided his eyes are keen, his hearing fine, his susceptibilities on the qui vive. The master novelists are all ears and eyes. Discriminating perceptions are the stuff out of which are woven elaborate insights.

The young thinker who plans his recreations and plots his excursions into reality will create for himself a world of good sense by sheer observation. Lookout Mountain is a fine place of vantage for an astronomical station; one may sweep the firmament for power when the sun is low and the stars muse together and the sacred stillness of the night feeds the inquiring mind with richer food than manna, with richer spice than myrrh, with richer wine than life. Study and Contemplation bring forth after their kind.

Books of Challenge, Dramatic Novelties, Environmental Insights, Original Experiences, Philosophy, and Sympathy with the human kind—what more can the young thinker ask as the motor forces of intellectual progress?

Youthtime ought to be the Wonderland of experience. To Youth is it given to refashion life according to the heart's philosophic desires. Why does Youth repeat the colossal tragedies of the ages, experiencing much, learning little, content to live in Blunderland?

Bernard Shaw, the greatest awakener of youth in the

modern world, says to the younger generation: Intellectual courage is the essence of wisdom. Let no man control your believing or thinking. Wage war upon the vile abortioners who scheme under the guise of moral duty to frustrate your soul's self-determined destinies. Amid the wreckage of modernity hold fast to your mighty purpose. Versatility differentiates the strong man. Despise excess and its debilities. Don't wallow in sex. Worship no man, and no woman, either. Honor thy father and thy mother by honoring thyself. Take life seriously and yourself humorously. To a man of destiny everything is possible. Your destiny depends in no small degree upon a fearless will, a self-conscious philosophic egoism. Courage, my little man, courage and a powerful purpose.

Shaw's intellectual godfather, Henrik Ibsen, expressed the true doctrine of the courageous will in these shattering sentences which Brand flings, white-hot, at Agnes:

> "It is not martyrdom to toss,
> In anguish on the deadly cross:
> But to have will'd to perish so,
> To will it through each bodily throe,
> To will it with still-tortured mind,
> This, only this, redeems mankind."

Can you find a young thinker who doesn't deprave his mind by reveling overmuch in illicit dreams? A youth who doesn't frustrate his ambitions in moody self-absorptions and personal grudges? Can you find a young thinker who doesn't frivol away his major leisure in ineffectual railings and in wasting aimlessnesses?

Objectivity, purposefulness, consciousness of choice, audacious loyalties, serene self-importance, fine selective contempt for life's inadequacies, are some phases of experience to which youth is not sufficiently acclimated. Youth is a naughty spendthrift! He idles and dawdles, and calls it joy. He fools and flunks, and calls it amusement. He scatters and squanders, and calls it freedom. He encourages his cronies to waste his time, to assassinate his personality; he calls that camaraderie. He invites interference and interruption. He enjoys diversions that do not divert so much

as they pervert. Sometimes, by dramatic contrast with finer stock than his honorable self, he sees himself as he is —a flunker, a trifler, a virtuous debauchee.

Contempt is a marvelous spiritualizing force. Contempt for ignorance creates universal education. Contempt for economic waste creates scientific Socialism. Contempt for moral waste creates feminism. Contempt for hypocrisy creates free thinking. Contempt for tyranny creates democracy. Contempt for death creates pride. Contempt is the great consolidator of the virile virtues. Every mode of strength, physical, intellectual, moral, is vitalized by contempt. Contempt makes life worth living, and worth recreating among the children of light. Young thinkers should learn something of the spiritualizing value of disciplined contempt!

What courage or initiative or original judgment can you expect from amateur thinkers delighting in enervating coquetry with Dame Propriety? As G. K. Chesterton says: "Good taste, the last and vilest of human superstitions, has succeeded in silencing us where all the rest have failed." Thinking begins with audacious release from social compulsion; the compulsion of good manners, good morals, good breeding, good form. He who would think beyond his servile tribe of lock-step companions must love thinking above and beyond society.

How far is the mental leap from intellectual acquiescence to social cringing and neighborly kowtowing! The imitator in one sphere becomes the routineer in the other sphere. Our critical thinking inevitably reflects the nature and quality of our social adjustments and habits. The empty-hearted, respectable class whom Ibsen first made memorable (and contemptible) in drama is the social product of aristocratic feeble-mindedness. The compulsions of "good society" are a drag on the freedom and struggling individuality of the young devotees. What my neighbor will say, or my best friend think, or "respectability" feel, or my most intimate believe, is of comparatively little account in the calculations and premeditations of the self-poised thinker.

Above all others, *he* knows how nearly impossible of attainment are any comprehensive and profound insights if the premises and presuppositions are tainted with timidity. No man knows what critical thinking he is capable of until he has broken all social ties and escaped from the treacheries and compromises of the social situation. To perceive the truth, as an entity, greatly, we must withdraw from the congested centers for a meditative respite and reflect alone, apart from the distracting multitude. In a crowd of familiars we think out of focus.

Every great thinker has dwelt upon the utility of solitude. Solitude is only the setting, the preliminary right condition for honest thinking. The central problem of thinking youth is the problem of the conservation of natural resources. Why does youth repeat the colossal tragedies of the ages, experiencing much, learning little, content to live in Blunderland?

REASON'S TIMIDITIES

Reason is incompetent because reason is timid. Our other-worldly allegiances undermine our rationality. Reason begins where Fear leaves off. We can't hope to reason clearly while the reasoning-process is cluttered with remnants of superstition. We are afraid to control life; we have been taught for so long to believe that life is not a human creation. The hideous bluff has "worked". We suffer indescribably in preference to controlling the causes of our suffering.

Reason tells us that a monstrously defective child ought not to be allowed to live. Reason is scolded for its depravity. The monstrosity is permitted to drag out a lamentable existence. What has been gained (by the sentimentalists)? Fear has won another victory over Reason. Reason assures us that fecundity is the evil of evils. Reason is lampooned as an atheistical fool. Contraception is decried as a sin against God. What has been gained (by the religionists)? Fear has scored another victory over Reason.

FEAR SAYS:	*REASON SAYS:*
Be instinctive	Be reflective
Be gregarious	Be unique
Be moral	Be considerate
Be worshipful	Be irreverent
Be passionate	Be calm
Be merry	Be wise
Be masked	Be shameless
Be successful	Be great
Be charitable	Be just
Be moody	Be self-directed
Be sophisticated	Be profound
Be human	Be superhuman
Be Everyman	Be Noman
Be drunk-with-Delusion	Be sober-with-Disillusion
Be mighty	Be indispensable
Be yourself	Be infinitely better than yourself
Be Damned	Be Cremated

If you seek additional evidence of the failure of the human species, study man's ethics. What a morass of contradictions and confusions! Whatever wholesome good sense has been rescued from the swamp of befuddlement has been vitiated by over-refinement. Rules of ethics are too simple and too clean to be usable at large. Take the inexhaustible problem of the Good. Has anyone given us an adequate sense of the magnitude and the entangled complexity of that one problem? For example, shall we think of the good in relation to *Motive*, or to *Process*, or to *End-Result*, or to some co-merging of the three?

If we define the good in terms of Motive, the ultimate arbiter of human decisions is the Subjective Self. We put a premium on hypocrisy. The cult of self-delusion will be most prevalent. Mysticism becomes the regnant mood. Impenetrability the current aspiration. Men do not find their own motives to be reprehensible: at worst, only mistaken, possibly rash and misguided. The motive-test of the good is unsatisfactory, except in a world of self-delusion.

Shall we define the Good in terms of Process? Then we must support the experimentalist attitude toward life. Not preconceived rigid notions but tentative, future-looking plans-of-action become the touchstone of the Good. The traditional categories of Right and Wrong, of Good and Bad, are but lightly regarded. Aspiration supersedes Dogma. A theory of consequences takes the place of the mood of self-righteousness. Nothing is so sacred as the artistic desire to deepen the content of life. Technique counts very significantly. The Motive is important only as it promotes and enchances deeper life-values, themselves the constructions of a *philosophy* of life.

To measure the good in terms of Process, one must have some interest in specific values, some critical sense, a theory of aims, an eye for by-products, a talent for re-adjustment and revision; in short, one must be something of an Interpreter of Life.

Business men are not deeply concerned with the process

of good; they care for the End-result, and in a predicament for the Motive. Evidently, the measurement of the good by the end-result ethic is most congenial to "practical" men: the men who do things, or more accurately who get things done. The materialist development of a nation depends largely upon the directive genius of men of narrow concentrated vision, the types that make a religion of Results. To them, all talk spent on Motive and Process is theorist babble. "What can you show for it?" is their pet test for *good* achievement. They visualize the good concretely, as an embodiment, as an accomplishment. Their ideals are familiar, realizable, *and tangible.*

The pursuit of the good means many different things. To the ethicist it is a problem in motive. To the social scientist it is a problem in process. To the statesman, a problem in end-result. To the majority of us, a co-merging of all three determinants.

If you seek additional evidence of the failure of the human species, study man's ethics.*

*Consult the analysis entitled "Our Tainted Ethics."

Sex and Civilization:

New Truths For Old

But not if Aspasia will speak. If she but would, and put an end to this lie for ever. She could tell us how, especially during the years of war, young women took the last step towards feminine emancipation by admitting to themselves and their lovers the mutual nature of sex-love between man and woman. It sounds a platitude, but is, in fact, a revolution. Strange to say, the nearness of death from enemy bombs or enemy fire did not intensify the thought of holiness and heaven. It made the little footrules to measure morality look absurd, it mocked the emptiness of female virtue...Sex, even without children and without marriage is to them a thing of dignity, beauty, and delight. All Puritans—and most males so long as they can remember—have tried to persuade women that their part in sex is pregnancy and child-birth, and not momentary delight. As well tell a man his part is the hunting and skinning of animals for food and clothing. To enjoy and admit we enjoy, without terror or regret, is an achievement in honesty...The plain truth is that there are as many types of lover among women of all classes as among men, and that nothing but honesty and freedom will make instinctive satisfaction possible for all. Grant each man and woman the right to seek his or her own solution without fear of public censure. Moral questions of this kind cannot be decided by some abstract rule...And any man or woman of intelligence and vitality can testify that to have known each other as lovers is to have completed mental and spiritual, as well as physical, understanding, and to have permanently enriched each other's lives, capacities, energies, imaginations....It is equally futile to argue that woman is cheated of her full rights if children do not result. That is not true....

It is for modern women and for men who can understand the problem to make an end to secrecy, shame, and starvation where sex is concerned...

MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL

("Hypatia or Woman and Knowledge")

To analyze psycho-analysis itself, to show what it unconsciously desires and wills, is the necessary next step for any psychologist who accepts the validity of psycho-analysis.

EDWIN MUIR.

Moral maxims that were wholesome in feudal days are deadly now. We are in no danger of suffering from too much vitality, from too much energy in the explosive splendour of our social life. We possess, moreover, knowledge in plenty and self-restraint in plenty, even in excess, however wrongly they may sometimes be applied. It is passion, more passion and fuller, that we need. The moralist who bans passion is not of our time; his place these many years is with the dead. For we know what happens in a world when those who ban passion have triumphed. When Love is suppressed Hate takes its place. The least regulated orgies of Love grow innocent beside the orgies of Hate.

It is more passion and ever more than we need if we are to undo the work of Hate, if we are to add to the gaiety and splendour of life, to the sum of human achievement, to the aspiration of human ecstasy. The things that fill men and women with beauty and exhilaration, and spur them to actions beyond themselves, are the things that are now needed.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

It may seem that in setting forth the nature of the sexual impulse in the light of modern biology and psychology, I have said but little of purity and less of morality. Yet that is as it should be. We must first be content to see how the machine works and watch the wheels go round. We must understand before we can pretend to control; in the natural world, as Bacon long ago said, we can only command by obeying. Moreover, in this field Nature's order is far older and more firmly established than our civilized human morality. In our arrogance we often assume that Morality is the master of Nature. Yet except when it is so elementary or fundamental as to be part of Nature, it is but a guide, and a guide that is only a child, so young, so capricious, that in every age its backward hand has sought to pull Nature in a different direction. Even only in order to guide we must first see and know.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Cynicism is usually an unadorned statement of fact anent a sacred ideal. If a thinker were to assert that childhood is an age of irresponsible cruelty, he would be branded a cynic. Yet, is it not misleading to speak of childhood as the age of innocence, the golden age?

Children are selfish—pardonably so. Children are liars—irresponsibly so. Children are nuisances—naturally so. Children are perverse—childishly so. Children are immodest—healthily so. Children are anarchists—disconcertingly so. If these judgments are essentially true—and they will sound more true if we apply them to our neighbor's children rather than to our own—teachers and parents have an infinite deal to learn as to the inadequacy of rigid adult ethics which, in their sentimental folly, they apply to their young charges.

There are so many deep truths which we eagerly recognize as authentic in books, lectures, and discussions, but which we straightway proceed to deny, pervert or invalidate in concrete cases! We have no faith in our own tested wisdom. The teacher is, perhaps, the worst offender in this regard. Afflicted with a conventional ethic as sterile as it is unavailing, an ethic they have never deeply probed, teachers are normally prone to hold irresponsible, instinct-and-habit-and-imitation-driven children to a rigid criterion of truth-telling, good conduct, unquestioning obedience. To be sure; the modern classroom condition is partly responsible for the enforcement of the ethics of inhumanism. To concede so much of the truth is not tantamount to shifting human responsibility from teachers and parents to "blind" social forces.

The need for original good sense is omnipresent. Upon these adult mentors (or shall we frankly call them tormentors?) devolves the serious ethical responsibility of discovering in what specific respects the precepts of adult-ethics are disastrously inapplicable to the problems of behavior of the young ones; to discover, in short, the inadequacy of formularized ethics for child-discipline... A child should

not be expected to tell the truth for virtue's sake. If it knows that punishment will be the "reward" of honest confession, why, bless your naïve soul, the normal child will instinctively lie. And why should it not? The pain of the rod, or the acuter pain of chagrin, is too severe a cost to pay for barren truth's vindication.

Children have no conscience—in the conventional sense. They are not burdened with the habitual code of approved social responses. That happy lack helps to explain why they are not successful hypocrites. When necessary, they lie; when necessary, they tell the truth. Children are born pragmatists! Unlike their teachers and parents, they are really incapable of drugging their consciences with a dual ethics of hypocrisy. A teacher who is outraged by the natural prevarications of the child accuses herself of being a simpleton and merits transfer to a nunnery (to a nunnery, go!). Shall we punish the little liars by retaliatory tongue-lashing, by physical intimidation, or, mayhap, by bugaboo ethics? Certainly not, if we wish to maintain our self-respect. Punishment or its dire equivalent defeats its own purpose; it drives latent goodness into solitude and provokes the liar to more ingenious fibbing. Have we the humility to realize that punishment or the fear of it makes liars of us all?

Don't punish the child. Don't frighten it with the untruthful assertion that lying is wrong and a terrible sin. You know that lying is often felt to be necessary and therefore useful, "right", and even good—in a civilization built like ours upon the duplicitous foundations of profit and prestige. You know that lying ranges from the familiar unconscious slip of the tongue or of the memory to the universal practice of self-delusion: the subtle species of "vital lie".

There are the lies of crude necessity, the lies of conventional convenience, the lies of profit, the lies of prestige, the lies of self-dupery, the lies of malice, the lies of vanity, the lies of fear—all manner of safeguards against extirpation, in a literal or in a metaphorical sense! And there are the ineradicable lies of sheer ignorance. Running through the

crazy-quilt of human existence, a thousand thousand seamy criss-cross threads of life-like hue attest to the material presence, in the very warp and woof of civilization, of lies, lies, lies.

If the virtuous elder cannot show how truth-telling, if habitually practised, would bring to the child-liar a superior well-being, the inextinguishable desire of all sentient creatures, let him be wise and keep religiously mum. If you attempt, oh pedagogue-parent, to make a fetich of truth-telling, your own experience may embarrass you. Be humble. Be truthful with yourself!

How my heart goes out to teachers. Fragile, frightened, fallible beyond expectation, teachers are called upon by fiat of the conventional dual ethics of adult society to impose upon little humanists a code of conduct so rigidly ascetical, so inhumanly straightforward, that the very attempt makes hypocrites and word-jugglers of even the most well-intentioned. Lack of imagination is chiefly responsible for the futile striving, the attempt to achieve the unachievable. If teachers or parents or elders-in-general had to exact of themselves the quality of honesty, self-control, goodness, love of truth, they so unimaginatively demand of irresponsible little anarchists, the humor of the dilemma would flash into their self-consciousness.

But a teacher or a parent with an ironic sense of humor is as exceptional as the sun's eclipse. Humor is the cartoonist that mercilessly caricatures man's poses and pretences and pompous postures... The school system, the sacred home, the sanctified church—all well-established institutions—fear the lightning shafts of wit and ironic humor more than they fear the proverbial seven plagues. They know why!

Can't teachers achieve a sufficient broad-mindedness to learn to accept children (of all ages up to seventy) as essentially impulsive actors in a perplexing melodrama of pretence-and-desire, straining every histrionic fibre to placate an exacting world-of-critics who are forever asking more than it is possible to give or get? To please an exacting world; to play to the galleries; to win power and prestige

and joy by flattering, lying, cheating, cajoling, pretending—that is the child's way, the wayward way of the eternal child that sleeps fitfully in the heart of each of us.

Why are we not more humble? Is conduct so simple a matter of mere "willing" that children are to be branded as distinctively good or bad? We know that conduct is the highly artificial and complex by-product of the conflict between instinctive desire and civilized pretence, between sanctified habit—the prop of conscience—and original adventure, between egotism and otherism, between duty and vanity..... Strange that we should feel ourselves empowered with the right to rule the behavior of others when we have in truth fathomed so inadequately the turbid deeps of our own irrational conduct. Conduct *is* baffling precisely because it represents an almost unanalyzable mixture of motives now rational, now irrational, now apparently neither, now compounded of both.

A little satiric humor, a little more intellectual honesty, a little less hypocrisy, a little less divinity-nonsense, a little less age-of-innocence-mythology—and all of us would behave more wisely, more humanely toward detected wrongdoers.

As to children (I am almost tempted to include the whole human race), our virtuous tyrannizing over them is simply a mean advantage-taking. Why have we not the patience and the courage to accept the little humans as they are in the sight of God: sometimes good, sometimes bad, fitfully generous, mean, affectionate, malicious, clever, wilful, nonchalant, moody, proud, conceited, violent, foolish, irrational, speculative, egocentric—and to assume that wrong-doing is a scientific matter for analysis and discussion and candid motive-seeking, not provocation to coercive tactics, intimidation, menacing retaliation?

For our sake, not primarily for their own, should children be treated sympathetically, calmly, leniently. They do not understand our sophisticated systems of praise and blame, our yeas and nays, our taboos and our tolerances. We never explain. We foolishly assume that children's intuitions are just naturally ethical and right-minded. We

stupidly assume that children apprehend the inherent justice we moodily mete out as visitations from on high. To save his own embarrassed soul, the self-conscious punisher must proceed to moralize the case and pretend to be teaching the befuddled wrong-doer, the self-evident superiority of virtue. The charlatan!

The bitterest twinges of conscience we experience are when we have to pretend with the ubiquitous moral folk that we are terribly shocked at some familiar universal wrong-doing. This is the dwarfish moral world of make-believe that unceasingly fascinates the common run of mankind. As a matter of penetrating fact, are we not much more surprised, more truly "shocked", when we discover that a fellow-mortal has broken away from the herd-alliance of the self-righteous and has deliberately perpetrated an act of right conduct on his own initiative against all odds?

It shocks us to learn that a politician is honest. It shocks us discover a successful business man that is unselfish. It takes the wind out of our virtuous sails to be introduced to a fellow-human who is a sincere Christian. As for the mortal that was never vindictive, we should almost refuse to countenance him as one of us. In fine, really good conduct is so astoundingly unusual, we are positively stunned by the flesh-and-blood evidences of it here below!

We all feel at home (do we not?) with persons who are not too good. To allude to a fellow-human as a "puritan" or a "little Jesus" or an "innocent" is almost to insult him irreparably, so spotted and greasy and disingenuous is our conventional ethics of respectability. He would rather feel the stab of your sabre than the more painful thrust of your derision. Can anyone discover where irrationality begins and so-called rationality ends? Why do we continue to enjoy the immoral excitement of hushed surprise when a wrong-doer is brought before the bar of our mercy?

Shakespeare was our honest spokesman when he put into the mouth of Hamlet these mordant words:

"I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me.

I am proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back than I have thought to put them in, imaginations to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us."

When shall we achieve the humility that will make wisdom the truest morality?

THE BURIED LIFE

Children, like birds and beasts and peasants, are crude in their desires, and frank in their assertions anent their desires.

When they are still too young to "know" better, we guardians of purity forgive them. We invent symbols, diminutive and fairy tales to accelerate the conversational flow between adults and children.

Children are children, we say to ourselves, soothingly, and do not perceive the equivocal buried intention behind our petty romances. "The Stork brought the baby to our home" is an adequate account of procreation for the little imp, so we say to ourselves, soothingly....

God has played a miraculous trick with the life stuff; functions which evoke the contradictory emotions of love and disgust are discharged by the same organs. The love-life in childhood functioning is absent. In that same functioning the disgust-life has already begun its physiologic expression as a matter of direst necessity. When the child speaks of its body and its needs, it can speak only crudely, for its every remark symbolizes a function of its disgust-life —from the adult view-point!

The adult cannot speak to it of the love-life, because it has had no experimental background for the housing of naked truths. Consequently, the painful dilemma arises: Shall we feed a child's curiosity on fairy tales or on truths which, in the very nature of its sex-phase, can arouse only dumb incredulity or disgust?

Educated mentors solve the dilemma by instilling fairy tales. Uneducated mentors meet the situation by curbing or utterly tabooing curiosity. No one speaks sheer unhypocritical truths. "No one" lacks the courage, the vocabulary, the technique, the conviction. The pathologic result is that children stop asking questions about their physiologic life.

In adult phraseology, their curiosity has been "forbidden." But it hasn't. It has only been diverted, repressed,

sidetracked, camouflaged. The evils of hushed secrecy are numerous and tragic. Children soon learn to distrust their parents and teachers on the most vital questions of life and growth. Parents suspect their children of pruriencies. Neither trusts nor consults the other. Silence is not always golden; it is more often wooden. The silence of the sexes is a dead weight on childhood's conscience.

Children commit their violations and shames in dark secrecy. Parents commit their violations in darker secrecy. Misery loves company, but misery is too self-conscious, too proud to seek it. In the unsweet loneliness of their privacies, parents and children work out their heartbreaking salvations. And Life is too callous to weep.

The dirty and distorted notions about life and love which little children pick up in gangs, on street corners, in bed, by hearsay, on the school premises, in adult society, in all the twilight alleys of gossip and scandal, are the chameleon "damaged goods" later refurbished for show and barter at the Bargain Counters of Life: Love and Marriage. Love and Marriage can't possibly be clean when childhood is dirty. The adult conspiracy of silence supported by the juvenile conspiracy of dumbness is responsible, to no small degree, for the sexual squeamishness and impurity of men and women.

Conventionality exercises a double restraint on instinct; first, it taboos frank curiosity as indecent, second, it enforces celibacy beyond the power of normal endurance.... The advent of adolescence tells the tale very graphically. Adolescence is the sexual stir of self-consciousness. Adolescence becomes shipwrecked in terrible straits. On the shoals of necessity it flounders fitfully. Hacked by the reefs of doubt and despair, it lunges forward and backward in moods of terror. What would it not give for peace, the peace that never arrives to steady it! Only more tossing and rolling and rocking and lunging in crazy spurts of emotion.

The pathos of adolescence is its shameful ignorance. Conventionality and Evildoing restrain truth-telling. The

Inexperience of Youth mistakes longing for life. Passion plus ignorance yield despair, reinforced by satiety or by revulsion.

Nature has endowed children with the instincts of adults; it has not equipped them with the knowledge of adults. The disharmony between instinct and understanding is directly responsible for the moral chaos of youth and young love. For youth, love is blind. Have you ever talked with an adolescent who could stammer a sane word about his sex life or his love affairs (most of them imaginary yet vividly memorable)?....

Once upon a time there lived some noted scientists who rejoiced at the prolongation of infancy-in-mankind, with its possibilities of amplified education. Little did they, in their overwrought enthusiasms, divine the perplexities of prolonged "infancy". Did they ever dream of the huge costs in mental waste and moral confusion which the postponement of maturity involves? What of the intense suffering of the civilized young, saddled with conventional inhibitions, whose intellectual absorptions are dearly purchased at the expense of sexual normality?

What of the costly sacrifice of marriage to ambition, of sex to art, of love to duty? Does any one know how dearly we pay for our purities? Has anyone studied the relation between deferred maturity and moral duplicity? Between moral chaos and the struggle for refinement?

We all know that "civilization" refines our ideals of love-and-sex far beyond our instinctive capacities for the fulfillment or the honorable realization of such ideals. We all know the more obvious results: Prostitution, dolls' houses, abortions, miscarriages, contraception, polygamies, dualities, duplicities, illegitimacies, sterilities—The Marital Disharmonies. Unspeakable! We call this mad concatenation of abnormalities Conventional Civilization. Men who evade these problems of disharmony are the happy ones; the realists, or more accurately, the *realizationists*, are tortured by the facts.

* * *

Long continued repressions of sexually-minded instincts

produce pathologies. Pathologies are morbidities thrown off by the steaming hot impulses restlessly agitating the depths of subconsciousness. The neurotics—no person in these anxiety-ridden times is wholly free from the taint of neuroticism—are the desolate examples of thwarted desire. Symptoms are so many entrances into the subterranean by-ways of the buried life, or, if you like, so many red light exits for the *out-caste* impulses of consciousness.

Neurotic symptoms manifest themselves in divers ways—in hysteria, in phobias, in bizarre dreams, in phantasies, in fanaticisms, in all manner of disturbing reveries. Psycho-analysis imparts a wonderful (and, to me, most pathetic) significance to the proverb, "We dream our lives away." Indeed, we do. We desire so much, we achieve so little. Into the void the spirit of Dreams pours poetic phantasies and rich fulfillment.

Our dreams compensate our aching hearts for our lacks. We do actually dream our lives away, for, waking, we are mere slaves.

Everybody knows something of the tragedies of the buried life. How women bullied by male aggressors learn to give themselves unwillingly. How refined girls wake with a start to see themselves besmirched by sex. How philosophic young men labor with spiritual might to dyke effectively the rushing streams of sexual suggestion. How children's minds are polluted by scraps of perverted fact and fancy trickling in from the life sexual. How fecund mothers grow weary from an exhausting travail and a passion wounded by over-indulgence. How the "prima nox" is wrapped in real and fantastic terror (especially for the sex-shy young woman), too gruesome to narrate. How sexual congress, its regulation, effects, raison d'être, becomes to the betrothed a theme of morbid anxiety and significance. How love may be marred by whim and passion by mood. How a sudden breathless confrontation of the truth-about-sex may bewilder and outrage the novices in mating.

Consequences incredible! Lovelessness after marriage. Celibacy by design. Moral fanaticism. Remorse. Child-

lessness by deliberate intention or abstention. Moodiness and frequent separation. Divorce in fact, though not in law. Estrangement without apparent cause. Perversity and duplicity. The Waters of Bitterness. *.....

* This is but a thin fragment torn from a larger work on "Psycho-Analysis for Students" that will be published separately—in due time.

THE TEACHER'S RESPONSIBILITY TO THE RACE

The war of the sexes is the war of controls—Birth-Control and Self-control. Shall we have motherhood by consent or motherhood by coercion? There is no evading the issue. Is Child-bearing to continue the haphazard experience of soured, disillusioned women or is it to become a premeditated joy of willing women? Feminism will prove itself an empty promise if it fails to enforce its voluntarist code of conduct alike upon thoughtless males and upon sentimental females. For a long period feminists will find their major energies sucked up by heated controversies over Birth Control. They must be ready to assail dishonest legislators, to ridicule stupid laws, to convert sheepish men, to negate religion's hypocrisies, to fortify timid women—all for the acquisition of the right to feminize Birth Control.

The teacher-mother controversy that plagued the New York City Board of Education (December, 1914), is still illuminating, though by now ancient history. The worthy members of that board recapitulated the experience of the race in their attitude toward a "sacred" subject.

First Stage: Outraged goody-goodyness. The shame of it! To discuss in open forum the holiest relation of men and women! How repugnant to refined souls! To drag before the searchlight of publicity the tenderest facts of life. As gentlemen, we must simply taboo the whole unfortunate, most unfortunate affair.

Second Stage: The whole problem is insignificant. . . . Because a few women "bring a condition upon themselves" which unfits them for the continuance of their tasks, why!—the absurdity of paying special attention to them. The majority of women teachers have no interest, no interest whatever, in this unpleasant episode. Why waste our time on the personal dilemma of so few women—hardly a handful? The case is really not worth our while.

Third Stage: Let's talk it over. True, the Court of Appeals had ruled that married women (not being immoral or leprous) had a legal right to their posts. True also that—judging by Patrick Henry's lamp of experience—marriage

brings forth fruit after its own kind. Yes, we see that clearly; a married woman may have married in order to have a child. If we approve of woman's sex, and if the incorrigible desire of woman is motherhood, perhaps—perhaps, after all—a teacher married should not be ousted when, God consenting, she becomes, in due time, a teacher-mother. This reasoning does seem unimpeachable. What shall we do about it? We dare not face a flesh and blood world with the bizarre suggestion that motherhood be visited with the primeval curse of ostracism. That is, even to our view, an unfair attitude. And yet to suspend faithful and desirable teachers for having sinned against the medieval vow of so-called chastity is neither courteous nor convincing.....

By the way, why are we so flustered about the most "ordinary" phenomena in creation? Desire, mating, marriage, love, pregnancy, child-birth, lactation, sex—why are these world-old epithets so disconcerting to our guardians of respectability? As terms, they carry neither shame nor virtue. They are merely scientific symbols. As badges of conduct they undoubtedly imply shame when conduct is brutal; but the self-same symbols imply holiness when conduct is devotional. Why this hectic dismay over sweetly obvious facts? Why do we enjoy stuttering over the commonplace facts of the sex life?....

Fourth Stage: It was all a misunderstanding. Why, from the very beginning of this unfortunate controversy, both sides were agreed upon the sacredness of marriage and the value of unforced motherhood. We were all a little headstrong, a little inhuman, as all lovers of opportunism and expediency tend to be. That's the truth in a nutshell. Hereafter, married teachers will, as a matter of course, be granted leaves of absence to bear children, and as a token of professional devotion, they will, upon their return, be tendered a reception by the members of the Board of Education!....

These four stages epitomize the evolution of the mental attitude of the historic antagonist to a new idea.

For the first time in the history of civilization, men will honorably lay aside all pretense and actually prove to women that motherhood is an honorable pursuit, to be sweetened and lightened for every courageous woman who "enters the portal". Honest men have resolved never again to meddle with woman's sacred rights. Forever and ever until the glorious crack of doom, Birth Control shall be a woman's dearest prerogative. Let her enjoy and exercise it as she thinks best.

A fair exchange is twice blessed; it blesseth him that is fair and him that exchanges. Let woman safeguard her indispensable right. Let men shoulder the onerous duty of self-control. So honorable a division of labor will not only make for scientifically immaculate conception, but it will also celebrate the sex relation as a true *entente cordiale*. Men will honor women, and women men—without conventional tomfoolery to belie their motives—when love shall become a frank discipline in control: self-control and birth control. We may almost anticipate the joys of the holy day when men and women shall live together in unashamed sincerity.

Historians have never done even a blindfolded justice to the problems of pain of women. Our scholarly chroniclers of fables (we call "history") never have had the imagination—certainly, not the intellectual honesty—to utter the terrible truth about woman's manifold bondages. Dumbly, we had to await the advent of the Mary Wollstonecrafts, the Olive Schreiners, the Charlotte Gilmans and Ellen Keys before our tongues were loosened and our consciences emancipated. They dared to think and express our gnawing thoughts. In choral response to their songs of emancipation rise the million-voiced Socialist-Feminists, self-reliant, intellectual, purposeful. The noblest, as well as the profoundest, task of women is not the achievement of political enfranchisement; nor yet equal legalities with males; nor even industrial unionization, though all these assets are important enough to claim every radical's fighting approval.

In the midst of these strifes the Scientific Woman is the comrade-teacher most in demand. She who will wisely coun-

sel the proletarian mother how to limit her offspring, how to humanize the sex relation, how to achieve the joy of self-dependence, how to live her married life hygienically—the woman of scientific sympathy is the truest friend of the race. All hail to those benefactors like Marie Stopes, Dr. Robinson, Mary Ware Dennett, Dr. Mary Halton, and Margaret Sanger and her devoted associates, who have labored with sympathy and success to spread the knowledge of the control of reproduction, even to the humblest mother, *whose urgency is greatest.*

The revolution of revolutions is about to break upon the shores of time. With the incoming tide, old landmarks of prejudice and callous custom will be neatly washed away. Forever, let us hope. Think what it would mean to the social status of the hardest working class, if every mother and father could intelligently control and consciously direct their own racial future by bringing into the world only that number of children whom they whole-heartedly desired. God, what a pure blessing, undreamed of by the deaf, dumb and blind generations of yesterday!

I simply cannot forget, because the plaintive cry is still in my brain, the heart-rending reiteration of a dear little mother at the doctor's one evening, when she was being examined to circumvent pregnancy. I was waiting patiently with a sick friend, ruminating upon the here and heretofore, when I heard a soft cry like the moan of a helpless invalid. I listened, and then my heart slowly began to melt for the woman who was pathetically beseeching the doctor to give her something to prevent pregnancy's fruition. She spoke in sweet German accents, pleading with the dear doctor to help her, only this time. She revealed how at the birth of her first child, now a lovely young daughter, the physician had, with difficulty, delivered the babe so that she had never quite recovered from a laceration of the womb. I wonder even now how doctors with human hearts can listen to and remember the immedicable woes of women. The little mother went on to explain that she didn't want any more children, that she simply couldn't, simply could not bear another child without dying. Would the good

doctor, please, only this time, help her? And the perplexed doctor, timid, doubtful, reassuring, shrugged his shoulders and promised to do his best.

Yet there are those influential idiots, saddled with the fear of God and ignorance of Man, who would preach the religion of fecundity, of begetting and begetting as God "wills" it. Happily for humanity's welfare, science, reinforced by conscience, has planted its faith upon the high resolve that no human child shall be brought into this world except at the loving will of its progenitors.

The sweet dream of our Olive Schreiners trembles on the threshold of realization for more and more humble women. "That sexual love, that tired angel, shall yet, at last,with eyes bathed from the mire and dust in the stream of friendship and freedom, leap upward, his white wings spread, resplendent in the sunshine of the distant future, the essentially good and beautiful of human existence."

We may now rejoice with those women who have labored for woman's complete emancipation; emancipation from domestic drudgery: Charlotte Gilman; emancipation from sex parasitism: Olive Schreiner; emancipation from political serfdom: Emmeline Pankhurst; emancipation from marital infelicity; Ellen Key: and finally emancipation from the bondage of fecundity: Margaret Sanger and Mary Ware Dennett.... and every woman who has a conscience.

When woman and science, aided by the process of socialization, will have brought these moral reliefs to the race of benighted women; when control of reproduction will have been made universal knowledge and practice; when the sexual integrity of the male shall have transformed the animalism of forced childbirth into the sweeter dream of joy in motherhood; then, perhaps, we may legitimately expunge from the anthologies of poetry those tragic lines of Matthew Arnold's:

> Ah, love, let us be true
> To one another! For the world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

To the modern teacher whose sympathy spontaneously goes out to the humble and the deprived and the disinherited everywhere, the sociologic and spiritual message of birth-control will commend itself as the indispensable and beautiful preliminary of any honest program of enlightenment for the new age. How much longer before the teacher will recognize his whole responsibility to the race and realize it as part of the educational program of The New Age?

PSYCHOANALYSIS IN EDUCATION

On its purely pedagogical side, psychoanalysis is thin and *as yet* meagerly profitable.

Do you feel profoundly enlightened when an analyst tells you, as does Dr. Ernest Jones in his truly excellent book "Papers on Psychoanalysis", that the aims of sex instruction are:

"First, to inculcate an attitude of purity and naturalness towards matters of sex, so that the child will be steeled against impure suggestions he may later encounter, and will be able to maintain high ideals in this respect; secondly to prepare him for the physiologic occurrences inseparable from his existence, puberty, etc., and, above all, for the functions he will one day have to perform: thirdly, to give him such a knowledge of sexual hygiene as to enable him to guide his sexual life amidst the numerous dangers and difficulties that are likely to beset it."

What is this attitude of "purity"? What do you mean by "naturalness"? Exactly how can these attitudes be inculcated? How can a child be "steeled against impure suggestions he may later encounter," unless the social environments in which he habitually moves—the streets, the moving picture houses, the theatres, his home, newspaper and magazine sensationalisms, advertisements, girls, boys, miscellaneous elders, the school, the church, business, entertainments—are all saturated and lined with "pure" suggestions and wholesome excitations?

Yet, psycho-analysis has not uttered a deep word of information or elucidation on the tremendous *social* problems of life and youth...

We find that virtue, so-called, is a mechanical, semi-automatic achievement.

Virtue is (almost!) mechanically attainable in social centers where vicious suggestions emanating from institutional malpractices are absent.

Messenger boys hardly more than fourteen years of age, dispatched at midnight to dark alley neighborhoods, or to hilarious weddings, or to the headquarters of traveling sales-

men, or to the private apartments of actresses, cannot possibly remain "virtuous."

Their only mechanisms of reaction to sensational stimuli are physiological. Without intellectual resources, without selective moral theories to guide them, what disposition can these young peeping Toms make of their excitations?

Young women whose professional business it is to appear diaphanously transparent on the musical comedy stage, for the "divertissement" of virtuous males, cannot remain virtuous—assuming they wish to be.

Congenitally, no human being is a container of "virtue".

Virtue, *i. e.*, the conventional pursuit of habitually approved conduct, or the unconventional pursuit of individually selective conduct, is possible only to those whose predominant activities, embracing vocation and avocation, afford both the opportunity for choice and the leisure for integrating that choice into conduct.

How many persons are so felicitously circumstanced? Virtue is a by-product of experience. If experiences are dirty, virtue is a tainted and spotted fabric. If experiences usually not of one's own choosing—are diversified and wholesome, virtue mirrors that happy condition and is acceptably clean.

The Mechanics of Virtue merit a little more of the psychologist's attention.

There is very scant positive, selective self-control exercised by human beings in their pursuits of profit and prestige. Self-control is complex, finely wrought product of discriminating leisure. How many of us enjoy much discriminating philosophic leisure?

Our virtues are externally adjusted to our conduct. The external adjusters are agents of Social Pressure—the church, the law, custom, convention, opinion. Our internal needs are constantly breaking through these Procrustean straitjackets devised for the salvation of man's soul by a stuffy self-complacent civilization.

People are said to be virtuous when their external conduct dovetails smoothly with the joint devices of social

pressure. Lack of "virtue" signifies some hitch in mechanical adjustment. Virtue is a problem in social dynamics—a problem of pressures.

Those youngsters who are sheltered from tempestuous evil influences may be bred virtuously. The evil influences are essentially of the nature of absorbing physical and sexual suggestions, as deeply imbedded in the atmosphere of the environment as in the nature of the responsive young beast. Children employed in sub-cellars of department stores side by side with promiscuous young males and females cannot withstand corruption.

Our virtues and vices depend infinitely more upon forces utterly beyond individual control than safe-inclosed, selectively sheltered puritans will ever acknowledge. What useful word of advice on all these significant issues does psycho-analysis proffer?

For obvious reasons, I haven't touched upon the insoluble problems of self-induced impurities. For the vast majority of us, Mechanical Purity, perhaps it might better be called Chemical Purity, achieved under social pressure in a satisfactory environment is the best we are capable of.

"Inner" purity is a special study in metaphysics. The New Education, by helping to deepen the mental life of individuals, will be efficacious as a purifying agency. Education can diversify and sublimate desire. Diversified and sublimated desires are less intense, and, therefore, less voluptuous than overspecialized desires by their very nature must be.

Inner Purity is a discipline that begins with adolescent philosophising and remains uncompleted at death. Mechanical purity will have to serve our social purposes—for a few more centuries...

To return to our psycho-analyst's vague, inadequate suggestions. How specifically shall we prepare a child for puberty and the marital functions? Almost every word of counsel will be tainted by hypocrisy. Counsel is the art of romancing. Shall we flood the youthful mind with Facts and risk the possibility of poisonous disillusionment?

Do you know any *facts* about the sexual relation that are romantic, inspiring, or intrinsically idyllic? There are *dreams* about these facts which one may call poetical. There are fairy tales clustering about the (unobserved) mating of birds which one may allude to as idyllic. But to Youth, unadorned physiologic facts are terribly disillusionizing.

The suggestion of Dr. Jones that the "boy be given such a knowledge of sexual hygiene as to enable him to guide his sexual life amidst the numerous dangers and difficulties that are likely to beset it" is sensible advice, provided we understand the inherent weakness of all sensible advice—no one follows it.

Shakespeare admonishes us:

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple."

The acceptability of sane advice presupposes intellect and courage. A rather big order for small men. Shall every youngster be swamped with a catalogue of all the sexual diseases men may contract and communicate? Shall a studied pathology become the mental content of Youth's reflections? Can knowledge of the "social evil" intimidate into self-restraint the inexperienced doubting Thomas, eager for hectic personal trial and error? Isn't there that vulnerable margin of magic faith in good luck (for one's self) on which our unimpressed shallow youth will gamble? If nothing "serious" happens, what force can avail to discredit his experimentations?

Suppose a youth finds joy in his admittedly evil conduct? What then? These are not the questionings and criticisms of one who does not believe in Knowledge, but of one who refuses to overvalue the ethical import of Knowledge. Knowledge can be ethically potent only when one's familiar environment reaffirms it.

What specifically are the numerous dangers of the life sexual? What the difficulties? How *specifically* shall we discuss them? How teach their control or evolution? Shall we link the revealed knowledge of personal sex-hygiene to fear or to love? Who can be relied upon to tell the whole truth, if that be desirable, sagaciously, without silly romancing about simple facts?

Doctors, we know, have indulged in a conspiracy of professional evasion and distortion. Parents have enjoyed the dubious peace of their indoor conspiracy of silence and shame. Teachers have formed their secret society of hushed defensive conspiracies against truth and publicity; they have surrounded sex and love with impenetrable mysteries of silence and silliness and suspicion. Every one avoids and evades. Every one romances and distorts. Every one hems and haws. Every one is a conspirator—against life and love and truth.

Who is to tell the truth? Before accepting any sane advice on sex ought we not to receive more light on the very real difficulties attendant upon the dissemination of *facts*?

Dr. Boris Sidis, in a rousing, radical book on education suggests that the study of Evil is a very important, perhaps the most important, branch of learning and should be incorporated in the school curriculum. The study of Evil —our dishonest educational system will have none of it!

Look at the vile tenemented environments we live in, and ask yourself what ethical achievements we are capable of. Look at the condition of the children of the poor rotting in the cellars of the richest civilization the world has ever known, and ask yourself what ethical achievement we are capable of. Look at the "judicial" discrimination practiced between poor, bedraggled prostitutes and rich, bedizened prostitutes, and ask yourself what decency we are capable of.

How can we preach the truth when we have never lived it?

Honesty depends upon lucid realization. Our realizations do not invite to "purity" of mind. And little children must stoop to help us bear the burdens of our sins!

We grown-ups are simply incapable of shouldering the important task with which the psychologists of sex have weighted us.

"During the child's school years the dawning sexual life plays such a significant part that to guide it into useful directions should constitute one of the teacher's most important tasks." Suppose an adult's curiosity about sex is as restless and unstilled as a child's? What honest attention can maturity give to immaturity?

The outstanding fact, in a certain sense, the most astounding, is sexual secrecy; how expect adults, the conniving creators of taboos, silences, evasions, vulgar duplicities, repressions, shames, contradictions, gossip, scandal, ethics of persecution—how can the hodcarriers of guilt venture to undertake the great cleansing work of civilization? Did you ever hear of the teacher who could speak of sex with the ease and conviction characteristic of intellectually honest zealots?

Pity the sophisticated; they never will be as little children again! *

* As A. N. Whitehead sagely remarks in his great book "Science And The Modern World": "If you have had your attention directed to the novelties in thought in your own lifetime, you will have observed that almost all really new ideas have a certain aspect of foolishness when they are first produced."

Such a keen-edged insight can help us to sift out the nutritious notions embedded in the hodge-podge of complicated nonsense that clutters up that most vital and humanistic of contemporary psychologies, Psycho-Analysis.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS: A RATIONAL CRITICISM

I am puzzled by these probing psycho-analysts. Their passion for truth is admirable. Yet I suspect them of Evasion and Concealment. They can tell a man infinitely more about his waking and dreaming existences than he can honestly vouch for, but they cannot direct, or rather, redirect his conduct. Yet the whole purport of psychologic insight redeems itself in rules of conduct. On the one hand, they tell us that "the main traits of character are permanently determined for good or ill before the end of the fifth year of life"—though they wisely evade the deeper problems of the nature, complexity and variability of "traits" of character and hide behind the qualifying adjective "main" to ward off too much criticism of their overgeneralized assumption. On the other hand, they enumerate case after case in which the patient was supposedly cured of old pathologic symptoms and of the underlying neurotic morbid practices. Cured, I take it, by frankly confronting the repressed desire for forbidden things and manfully shaking off the morbid habit. Are enduring attributes of conduct to be called traits of character or are they not? If they are, then the five year statute-of-limitations is untenable; if they are not, what more exactly are "traits" of character?

Suppose it can be shown that a so-called trait of character is in reality a bundle of formative-traits awaiting the fecundating touch of environment before bursting into maturity and permanence? Shall we say of an inexperienced child that one of its "traits" of character is scrupulous honesty, only to reverse our judgment when environment has beaten the child's will to subservience to profit-and-prestige, a subservience that enlists the "trait" of dishonesty in the child? What, more precisely, is a trait of character? When does it sprout? How do you recognize each ramification? When does it bloom most luxuriantly? What influences of the environment reshape it? How can you pre-determine the destiny of its seedlings? When does death mark it for its own? Are traits of character easily and clearly observable? Are they all inherited? Are they

acquired? Which is which? How can you tell? When a trait has outgrown its usefulness does it remain as a function of personality or can it be replaced? How?

I am very fond of thinkers with a penchant for assuming the complex problem at issue! To assume that traits of character are something fixed, obvious, and recognizable and to join with this unproved assertion the additional assumption that the "main" traits of character are all rigidly fixed before the age of five is—to put the indictment leniently—discreditably unscientific. One might call it imposture.

I meet a child of four and for the hundredth time I marvel at his meekness and sweet nature. At twenty-four I meet my little man and find to my moral regret that he has become a cheap cynic, neither meek nor sweet. If life were not chock full of just such tragic inversions of "traits" of character, Psycho-analysis would never have been elaborated to heal the perverts.

Up to the age of twelve a boy-child lives, let us say, in a rather wholesome environment of friends, family, church, recreation centre and books. At twelve he isn't self-conscious—in any accurate sense of the term—let alone actively sex-conscious. I know that he is not *pure*, in the fanatical non-human sense of the word. However, accepting inevitable physiologic facts as they are—the sight of his own or another boy's naked body, peeps into reality, suggestive small talk overheard—our hypothetical boy continues to keep "pure". That is, he is so preoccupied with the routine of study and social function and friendship, no energy and no opportunity remain for ribaldry or sexual indulgence or perversion.

I have tried to present a true case. Suppose I were to ask any clever observer to read that boy's "character" and catalogue his traits? Do you imagine for a moment that his analysis would be in any degree comparable to the catalogue of traits assembled at the age of eighteen or at twenty-five after the following experiences had re-shaped the boy's conduct? At the age of thirteen our test-case lad gets a position in a department store where for eight hours per diem he smells and tastes and feels and touches the

sensuous presence of young seducing females, peekaboo-waisted, narrow and short-skirted, flirtatious, omnipotent, filling the circumambient spaces with their sexladen perfumes. Which "traits" will now be appealed to? Would there have been no appreciable difference in character-reaction and in character-analysis if our tyro-in-experience had been imported into a less sensuous, less sexualized *milieu*? From the analyst's viewpoint, which are the "traits" of character: the behaviors before or after a critical experience? Why?

Isn't it the most elementary truth of social psychology that every human being is god and devil, cheat and friend, competitor and co-operator, hypocrite and idealist, fool and philosopher, liar and truth-teller? What else makes life such a vast discordance except it be the exasperating and all-too-human duality of human nature? Traits of character are not simple but complex; not monistic but pluralistic. And the vitality of any one trait-expression will depend upon the exactions of the environment; that particular environment which sets one's standards of profit-and-prestige. Hence to talk of traits of character as being fixed at the age of five is to reopen the whole problem of heredity and environment. *The psycho-analytic theory of childhood reopens the discussion with a cocksure faith in heredity*: social environment is neglected and subordinated as incidental and unalterable for the individual.

Why do the psycho-analysts steer clear of Economics? Infantile incestuous memories are a guess and an assumption; no one remembers them well enough to be sure of their origin or nature. But everyone *knows* the Siamese relation between Poverty's overcrowding in back bedrooms and sexual excitation. Why bedin our ears with sermons on sexual infantile excitation? Why not advocate a social revolution in tenement-life for the fecund poor? Sexual desire is a volcanic fact. So is Prostitution. Why lecture us at endless length on the repressions of Conventionality? Why not advocate "minimum" wages and a Socialized State and co-operative industry, and democratic Education and politics

for women as the *only permanent* methods of eliminating prostitution and hectic desires?

Why do the psycho-analysts evade the Economic Issue? Aren't the economic stress and the inhuman strain of earning a living—of making both ends meet—fertile promoters of sexual perversion and neurotic derangements? Why not work for better working hours, wholesome shop conditions, more leisure, more life-and-limb protection, old age insurance, compensations for the incapacitated, state aid to mothers-in-pregnancy, state-aid to newborn children, more social centres for community joy and self-expression? Why tell us that self-analysis can cure psycho-neuroses when we all know that morbidities are fed by poverty's miseries, poverty's miscarriages, poverty's shames, poverty's handicaps, poverty's mistakes. *Improve the social situation and sexual desire will soon enough discover for its gratification normal decent outlets.*

What shall we think of the following significant admission penned by a distinguished psycho-analyst?

"It is difficult to furnish actual instances of sublimation that would carry due conviction, because one is not justified here in assuming any considerable familiarity with unconscious mental processes (though I have written a whole book on the subject), so that the instances given *will run the risk of appearing like mere unsupported and improbable assertions.*" (my italics)

Imagine a first-rate scientist like Darwin, for example, concluding a great work on Sexual Selection or The Origin of Species or The Descent of Man, with the disquieting admission:

"It is difficult to furnish actual instances of the workings of sexual selection because one is not justified here in assuming any considerable familiarity with the process of sexual selection, (though I have written a whole book on the subject) so that the instances given will run the risk of appearing like mere unsupported and improbable assertions."

The simple probable truth is that the distinguished analyst, excessively enthusiastic about the new science and its *verifiable* discoveries, committed the folly of all pioneers by claiming too much. Thinkers, I suppose,

will never develop the humility to control their overweening confidence in a novel truth. Partial truths are quickly universalized, vouched for, repeated on good authority, blindly accepted at their over-capitalized value, disseminated as revolutionary doctrine, promoted as panaceas and then —Panic! Excess defeats its own aim. The tide turns. Capable critics present evidence (hitherto gladly overlooked) to prove the inadequacy of the miraculous generalization, more critics follow suit; thesis is counteracted by anti-thesis a "new" truth wins the field.

Why can't pioneers-in-excess anticipate the counter-movement of truth and win the glorious reputation of genuine truth-seekers? *The truth, I am assuming, includes a very full statement of the limitations and inadequacies of the pioneer generalization.* Our well-meaning analyst hasn't as yet any cases *proving* the relationship between infantile repressed desires and the professional choices of vocation in maturity. He therefore stretches his fascinating doctrine to include so promising a field of unexplored hypotheses. Lacking convincing data or verifiable statistics, he falls back upon apology and assertion. A most unfortunate performance for a scholar!

A deep opposition between the psycho-analysts and the sociologists is clearly adumbrated in this passage:

"It has fallen to me—to trace the impulse that led various persons to enter upon their respective profession or employment, and even matters so important as this, one finds to be dictated by unrealized and buried tendencies to a far greater extent, *in comparison with external inducements and opportunities, than is generally supposed.* These external factors, important as they may seem to the casual observer, are often but the pretext for the expression of some *primary, submerged striving.*" (my italics)

What of the easily observable facts of:

family tradition
caste-options
paternal imposition
lure of profit
imitation of companions
misguidance of elders

misjudgment of abilities,
lack of any true choice whatsoever
emulation of class-standards
haphazard adjustment—

What of these large, *durable, social, external* forces as the true determinants of professional or vocational life work? Why the mystic references to "primary submerged striving"? What does "primary" mean?

"A child, for instance, who has conquered a sadistic love of cruelty, may, when he grows up, become a successful butcher or a distinguished surgeon, according to his capacities and opportunities."

What of the large number of successful butchers and distinguished surgeons who never possessed a sadistic love of cruelty? What of the many children demoralized by a sadistic love of cruelty who never became butchers or surgeons? Why this rigidly pre-deterministic theory of professional assignment? Why fasten upon the play of one impulse when the interplay of several impulses and of numerous external conditions better explains the distribution of professions and other employments? Why explain by individual psychology (or is it physiology?) a host of phenomena more clearly and more reasonably explicable on the basis of social forces, most of which are economic in their nature?

"There comes to my mind a patient who as a child had shown an unusually strong interest in the act of micturition, in the guidance of the flow, in the force of it, and so on; when a little older he was passionately fond of playing with streams and puddles, manipulating them in every possible way; he is now a well-known engineer, and has constructed a number of canals and bridges."

I refuse to believe that this bizarre nonsense is meant to be taken as psycho-analytic research. A small boy, predisposed (by God and Heredity) to a psycho-pathologic interest in streams urinal, achieves distinction as a constructor of a number of canals and bridges! The moral is obvious. Educators need only observe with physiologic intentness every divine flow of inspiration of little boys to know with predetermined prophetic certainty what noble

direction children's talents will follow! It may not be amiss to ask these great psycho-analysts to make an exhaustive study of ten thousand cases of children, preternaturally absorbed in the act of micturition, to discover:

1. How many die before revealing engineering talents;
2. How many have their abilities thwarted by the superimposition of another life work;
3. How many who have become engineers have remained mere mediocrities;
4. How many have never been given the opportunity to construct "canals and bridges."
5. How many interested in micturition were simultaneously engaged in a hundred other interesting affective activities.
6. How many became street-washers, sailors, firemen, fishermen, canal diggers, etc., etc.

Advice to Parents: If you would keep your boy from the profession of engineering, take heed! Do not permit him to be "passionately fond of playing with streams", (except streams of psychologic suggestion!) or to "manipulate them in any possible way." Success and peril lie that way. Beware!

"Others, whose primary interests concerned more solid excretions, sublimated these in their childhood through various games, and later became—one an architect, another a sculptor, a third a type-moulder, and so on; one, finding that solid substances were more easily moulded and played with after they had been heated, developed a fondness for cooking and became a chef."

Startling revolutionary revelations, these! The State, acting through its experts of the Department of Labor, should forthwith set to work on a more accurate theory of efficiency in industry. The new possibilities for eugenics, industrial proficiency, education, art and labor are nothing short of inspirational!

Our interpreter of the case of "more solid excretions" lamely apologizes for his overgeneralization, but still clings to his bizarre enthusiasm and concludes:
—"but extensive experience" (no one has yet had that!) "of the tenacity, vigor and durability of such unconscious factors

forces one to estimate their importance much more highly than is generally done."

O tempora, O mores: psycho-analytic science is still in large part only *rationalized* superstition!.....

Psycho-Analysis has succeeded better than any previous types of psychology *in dramatizing the emotional conflicts* resident in every human mind. For this finished and fruitful service, our deepest gratitude. On the other hand, like all other pioneering adventures, psycho-analysis has overshot the boundaries of reasonableness. Its claims far outshine its validated achievements. It boasts where it cannot convince. It assumes where it cannot prove. It repeats where it cannot analyze. Its conspicuous defects are so weighty as to distort the certitude claimed for its conclusions by the advocates of the new analysis.

The most eminently practical test to be met by a therapeutic technique is the purely pragmatic one of: Does it Work in Concrete Cases? In the lustiness of its pretensions, psycho-analysis believes that it knows the answer. More impartial students are willing to wait for the encouragements (or discouragements) of further evidence. Psycho-Analysis is too new, too complex and too incoherent to afford any sure gurantee of its wide successfulness. To ailing humans, it is of small practical importance whether doctors are more or less confident of their *theories*. For the patient, the vital end-all question is: Does the promised cure heal me? If it does, I subscribe to the theory, right or wrong, wise or foolish. Now the point I wish to stress is that psycho-analysis has not yet achieved a sufficiently wide success in general practice to afford the critic a reliable basis for judging its therapeutic value.*

* In an elaborate essay especially devoted to Psycho-Analysis, I discuss more fully the wisdom and the folly, the merits and the demerits, the truths and the pretences embodied in Freud's remarkable psycho-pathology.

As Professor L. L. Bernard points out, "Freud nowhere speaks of the environment by name as playing a significant rôle. The concept of the environment as an etiological factor apparently has not gained definition in his mind."

I know that libertarians (or is it libertinians?), can't tolerate any infringement of their self-constituted theories of freedom. As I know also that self-constituted freedoms are themselves flagrant infringements of the liberties of a host of others. The eternal conflict of infringements produces the margins-of-tolerance which sooner or later a whole world may come to enjoy. The process is wasteful and inhuman but withal the only available method of creating *more* freedom...

I can't help wondering whether the Analysts have sufficiently considered the swamping effects upon the non-medical imagination, more particularly of the sexually-inquisitive young, of their morbidly plain-spoken facts and fictions. A ceaseless repetition of sexualized facts will fill the unruly imagination with unforgettable visions of prostitute-relations. The recurrent ceaseless flow of memories will tend to accentuate the crudity of the symbolism. Willy-nilly, the mind will be depressed, shoved of necessity into cesspools of "plain fact," dirtied from zone to zone by the infiltration of foul-smelling suggestions. The prospect is neither pleasing nor wholesome. Nor one lightly to be regarded or disregarded!

What will the Analysts think of the philosophic dictum of America's most noteworthy schoolman? John Dewey writes:

"The organs by which we apprehend new material are our habits. To insist too minutely upon turning over habitual dispositions into conscious ideas is to interfere with their best workings. Some factors of familiar experience must indeed be brought to conscious recognition, just as transplanting is necessary for the best growth of some plants. *But it is fatal to be forever digging up either experiences or plants to see how they are getting along.* Constraint, self-consciousness, embarrassment, are the consequence *of too much conscious refurbishing* of familiar experiences." (my italics)

Like all of life's deepest problems, this one, too, is a problem of limits: where shall we draw the line and why? Shall

we publish our discoveries and let it go at that? Are we to assume no sponsorship for the human implications of our doctrines? Shall we enter the truth-seeker's plea of self-sufficiency, satisfied with the presentation of insights and scientifically unmindful of what the "outside" world will say or do or feel about them? Shall we celebrate in the domain of Science the doctrine of *laissez-faire*? Shall we encourage and exalt Irresponsibility? Can we evade the momentous issue by asserting that Science recognizes no obligations except only to *The Truth*? What can we say in reply if we are asked, "The Truth for *whom*, for what?" Who is to create the truth-bearing values so indispensable to social welfare if the authors-of-truth disregard as of minor importance the humanist bearings of their keen insights? Is it wise to resurrect the scholastic folly of seeking truth for *truth's sake* while the masses of men, for the lack of Truth's services, are rotting in superstition?

It will do the reader good to find out why Thinkers have become as jealous of the right to think exactly as they please—though the bleak deduction arrived at bring despondency to all mankind. Scientists *as a class* have a tremendous faith in their own wisdom and an equally amazing lack of faith in the wisdom of "the people." They do not think beyond their own purposes; their purposes are self-centered, sublimely egocentric. They seek unique distinction. Common men call it fame. They achieve conspicuous distinction by cutting themselves loose from the familiarities and drudge-utilities of the mass. The approach to greatness lies in a differentiation-by-aversion. Intellectually speaking, great man's aversion best expresses its inner need by propounding *extreme* theories calculated to intimidate the mass of men into the self-abasement which accompanies hero-worship...

Nor may we forget how inevitably the victims of persecution—the unique thinkers—develop in turn a malicious desire to retaliate, to wreak vengeance upon a stupid world. The passion for unique distinction, coupled with a love of overawing generalization, reinforced by superior man's pessimism, *i. e.* a contempt for the intellectual low-browishness

of the mass, all intensified by a human desire to punish a persecuting mankind, will adequately account for Mr. Great Man's ethic of irresponsibility for his discoveries of self-sufficing Truth.

Nor is this criticism equivalent to asking that Truth shall be held less sacred than specialists assure us they hold it at all times to be. Nor that the Truth be garbled for the emotional satisfaction of the incompetent. Nor that Thinkers shall compromise or distort their finest insights-into-reality. It is permissible to ask that Thinkers shall hold themselves *responsible* for their wisdom. 'Responsibility' means that the discoverer-and-reporter shall become the Educator and learn to respect the human beings for whose exaltation or degradation his mighty truths will eventually be exploited, with or without his consent.

What I have in mind is that our great thinker shall make the transitions from old erroneous concepts to new truth-bearing attitudes as obvious, as stimulating, as natural and as positively helpful as his own large competence, and affection for mankind can make them be. If the original man ignores his ethical obligation to mankind, let him rest assured that the obligation will not remain unfulfilled; less competent and less honest interpreters will perform badly the great service he in his haughtiness has left untouched. If the epoch-maker will deign *as educator* to take the reader into his confidence and to induct him by degrees into the deeper mysteries of superior wisdom, both reader and teacher will have been enriched by the patient guidance.

You can't splash into the luke-warm small souls of common men the plunging, needle-fine wisdom of the sages and hope for an affectionate "God bless you" for having administered so heroic a treatment. The Psycho-Analysts have left out of account the warm-blooded humans for whose tonic betterment they have, self-confessedly, labored to make needle-fine wisdom more congenial. Thus far they have succeeded rather too well in the cold-blooded business of rapid-shock disillusionment. As heroic doctors they have (with malice prepense?) forgotten to minister to the diseased and the anxiety-ridden, as kindly educators do. I'm glad for

their sake that the Analysts can't smell the deposit left by their "Abführungen" in the consciousness of psycho-dabblers—young women and young men—newly fertilized by sublimates of sex.

Thinkers, too self-engrossed, have not practised either intellectual self-control or social responsibility. If their greatest ideas are meant for the enlightenment of more than a picked few, the creators of revolutionary insights will have to come down from their eminences and go out to meet, half way, an educable mankind. I plead simply for kindlier understanding between the Quick-witted and the Slow-witted; for a more humane fellowship between the Callous-minded and the Sensitive-Minded. Our thinkers should devote more time to the elaboration of a *technique* for transmuting antiquated prejudices into modern ones, old wisdoms into new, courageous insights into practicable devices. No one has yet worked out the upper and lower limits of enlightenment.

What shall be the *tempo* of disillusionment?

CHEMICAL PURITY

The evolution of sincerity is a suggestive theme to play with. Sincerity seems to occupy an insignificant corner in a spacious world. Perhaps sincerity is better adapted to the simple life of provincials and peasants. In the tumults of modernity, complexity ousts sincerity.

That life is chaotic and complex, even the fool intuitively senses, for every remark he utters betrays his incompetence. Watch people in a crisis, if you would know how unprepared for the bewilderments of life we all are.

Even the philosopher escapes the crushing weight of existence by reducing things to their simplest terms. He substitutes words—i. e., concepts—for jarring and changing realities—and then he feels at home in his accordant cosmos.

The historic pet trick for achieving all sweet accord is the standardization of behavior. If you can get people to do what you think, you are happy, so happy! Hence the eternal strife of wills: the attempt of superiors to crush the wills of their subordinates by physical or by intellectual intimidation.

All achievement is unscrupulously parasitic. To make puppets of your fellows, what greater dream, more tantalizing, more joyous, than this! The emergence of individuality is a thorn in the flesh of all tyrants. And a petty tyrant sits and brazenly reigns in every human brain.

Tyranny is never so mean and intolerant as in the affairs of sex. Reason abdicates its throne and Passion is clamorously crowned ruler. The quintessence of all tyranny is a forced allegiance to symbols. Cast aspersions upon the symbol and your very life is in danger. Symbol-worship unites under one banner cohorts of humans whose only coordinating bond is external loyalty.

Institutions like the Church, State, and School are not seriously concerned with your inner thoughts. Pretend to be loyal; stand by your symbol, the flag, the cross, Alma Mater, and you may be at heart as atheistic and protestant and sceptical as you please.

Pretend to believe in the Formalities of Sex and the world will pass you by as inoffensive (no matter what your actual

conduct or convictions are). Assail the superstitious symbols and a price will be set on your head.

Symbols are veritable tyrants. The guardians of precious symbols are hardly thinkers by profession. They are not primarily concerned with the evolution of the ideas which they militantly champion. Their jurisdiction frankly embraces the widest hegemony on sea and land attainable by imposition of power.

We are not here concerned with the large problem of the sovereignty of symbols. We desire to discover whether loyalty to a symbol is meritorious or reprehensible.

For example, we speak of chastity. What do we mean? Symbol of abstention or symbol of intention or symbol of their coalescence? Specialists in virtue (like clergymen and parents afflicted with amnesia) perceive only the one aspect; external conformity to a symbol. They are evidently content with what a clever dramatic critic has called "chemical purity."

This insistence upon chastity by abstention is not an unmixed good and anything but an unmixed virtue. It is not difficult to understand why. Our parents and grandparents married young; frequently as early as at the dawn of puberty. We think of them as chaste in the sense that they mated not until "holy" wedlock had made them man and wife. The world was not appalled at the immaturity of the betrothed nor concerned about their conduct after marriage. The theologic mind was placated by the knowledge that the conventional rites had been observed, that a male and female had been declared one.

Chastity was an almost meaningless term, except for those hapless women who remained (not by the grace of God) either spinsters or virgins (as cynical men called them), because early marriage "solved" automatically the perplexities of puberty.

Chastity has always been the badge of the unmarried. Perhaps a skeptic world assumed that chastity had no place in the marital relation or that the chaste were by self-imposed vow beyond the lures of the flesh. Why has chastity been rated so high in a wicked world where lust lubricates the machinery of existence?

Every human virtue is tainted. Hence the search for the origin of virtue must not be metaphysical, but rather physical and egotistical. Why do men praise chastity? Because the vanity of superiority, bolstered up by the esthetic joy in "the lovely first of things," prompts man to desire the exclusive ownership of his mate. A divided allegiance introduces insecurity.

He can never be sure of the unfaltering loyalty of his spouse. Vanity is bruised. Serenity is disturbed. The proprietary joy of possession is challenged. Chastity is the pledge to man that upon godly him of all available men have been bestowed the full rights of connubial mastery. The tyrant is happy. His own clandestine experiences have taught him to value that fine prerogative.

Why do women extol chastity? They don't know why. Married women don't have to know why. Young unmarried women are so confident of marrying—they don't care to know why. Spinsters and virgins-by-compulsion make a virtue of necessity (being too timid and too proud to dare to rebel against accident's decree). They good-humoredly sing paeans to the glory of chastity. Yet there isn't enough genuine chastity in the world to arouse an interesting debate on the subject. Why this welter of confusion?

I imagine that chastity came into the world as the compensation of the timid and of the defeated. Obviously, women whose success in sex rivalries was notorious could monopolize the attention of ever so many available candidates for marriage. Less aggressive and less seductive sisters, ashamed to employ the schemer's tactics or incapable of diplomacy's finesse, would be confined in obscurity to pine away, loveless and alone, or to struggle all life long against their fate.

The women whose chastity was a fraud could stoop to screened indulgences unavailable to the finer woman. It is the incorrigible habit of the defeated to glorify their meekness. Chastity—the consolation of the timid—became a virtue in the same sense that poverty became a virtue amongst those who yearned for riches in their furtive and futile dreams.

Chastity born of defeat came into the world as a rebuke

to monopolists in sex-attraction....The world believes in motherhood. It foolishly makes a fetich of that experience. Humans grow hysterical when they discuss "woman's God-given right." And yet women are expected to remain perfectly neutral until some belligerent male deigns or dares to violate that neutrality. Why this blockade of woman's sacred rights?

The sin of sins is for a woman frankly to seek the fulfillment of her "Right." If you ask why the moral world is up in arms at her violation of chastity's neutrality, you will discover the true account only by dismissing as delusions and lies the conventional explanations concocted by righteous indignation. For that same woman would forthwith be respected and approved if she had only bided her time until she had been asked in conventional marriage by a condescending suitor.

Suppose more and more women refuse to depend upon the strategies of luck for the knowledge of the deepest experience life affords them? Suppose more and more women insist upon exercising their great prerogatives—the right to sex experience and to motherhood—conventionally or unconventionally, by virginal consent or by virginal dissent? Shall we presecute or understand? Shall we throw another moral fit or learn to approve? Isn't sex love a sufficiently profound experience *per se*? Isn't motherhood a big enough fact to merit our sympathy and approbation? Is the problem essentially a "moral" one?

Our attitude will depend largely upon our particular insight into chastity. The world thinks that it believes in the virtue of chastity. It doesn't. It believes in concealment because a theologic shame of life has poisoned its ethics. Chastity by abstention (before marriage)—which is no genuine chastity at all, but merely, in the majority of cases, sinful evasion, corruption, morbidity, sex-thralldom, and repression, all rolled into the sensational complex, Shame—has thus far satisfied the insincere consciences of humans.

Though marriage be a riot of excesses; though the betrothal be an orgy of self-indulgence; though the intentions of these connubially blinked lovers be unclean as the lusts of

"beasts," society, speaking through its ritual mouthpiece, the Church, will declare them chaste. What manner of chastity shall we call it? Evidently, chastity by external conformity is no sesame to noble living.

The church and state, derelict and incompetent as they are, may have to impose upon the baser folk who haven't brains enough to behave intelligently without external compulsion, the chemical chastity of simple concealment.

This is no attempt to celebrate sex license. Self-control is the most important discipline to which human beings can subject themselves. Can't we build a finer self-control in relations sexual than a chemical chastity can bestow? Our capacity for realization is revealing to us that we can. That self-control we shall designate chastity by intention.

John Milton knew the central truth of virtue and wrote it down for posterity's guidance in these great sentences in his "Areopagitica" (one of the genuinely "modern" classics): "He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian.... I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly, we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity, much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary."

Intentional chastity has several superiorities over the haphazard abstention violated in dreams by the conformists. If, in Jane Addams' phrase, the most important business of youth is to find a mate, it is not asking too much of the guardians of purity to surround sex-longing with intelligent alternatives. Do they? Why not?

It is fatuously assumed by our fumbling elders that youth can be left to its own confusing impulses. And when youth, torn by emotional stresses beyond its engineering capacity to prefigure, caves in, damaged irreparably, our moral ones are either chagrined by an appropriate shame, or sincerely perturbed, or bitterly antagonistic. Very rarely are they wise with the wisdom of deep experience.

SEX AND WISDOM

Wisdom is at its best in a crisis. When a human emergency depresses and enervates common folk the wise man is a godsend, for he has the saving courage to face ugly or unexpected facts without flinching. Cowards are forever in a flurry.

No crises in life demand of the wise man so fine-tempered a control as the bafflements of sex. Wisdom in sex matters is the human desire to understand impulse and provide for its varied expression without moralizing 'ad nauseam.' Intentional chastity is not achieved in a day. Humans are not born immaculate. Quite the reverse is nearer the truth.

Chastity by intention is the self-control forged by the knowledge of life's precious value. It takes the greater part of an individual's life to realize deeply and conscientiously that every human life is dear to some one; why not to you and me? The spiritual imagination necessary to the acquisition of that insight is only too uncommon even amongst "philanthropists."

Chastity by intention in substance means this: Every individual is to be treated as an experimentalist, anxious to achieve successes, equally anxious to avoid failures.

The sex life is, at best, a series of experiments in trials and errors (trials and terrors?). Errors there must be. Those errors bring pain and bewilderment which the afflicted one is eager to minimize or to eradicate.

If we insist upon calling mistakes immoralities we hopelessly befuddle ourselves and make understanding as between human fellows an utterly hopeless thing. In the personal relation we solve no problems by calling names, though we do soothe our own ailing consciences.

If, on the other hand, we emphasize the spiritualizing value of discussion, of analysis and reflection, of counsel and of maturer wisdom culled from broken dreams, our approach to reality becomes genial and inspiring.

If having probed the intentions of the experimentalists, we find,—as we most likely shall,—that they are casting about for more life and love and excitement and interest

and power and self-expansion—even as you and I—surely our attitude toward their confusions will be more penetrating and more sympathetic. Chastity gains a new and larger significance.

We recognize as chaste all those struggling humans, married, unmarriageable, widowed or unmarried, who are so deeply in earnest about life, they would elevate the sex-relation (in or out of conventional marriage) to the dignity denied to it by the poison-ethics of sniffling theologians.

It were best to expunge that word "chaste" from our sex vocabulary, it really precipitates more mischief and hypocrisy than it secretes virtue. It doesn't matter so much whether one is blindly chaste or blindly unchaste. It does matter ominously whether one has cultivated a humane philosophy of life which predicates considerate treatment of every human being.

If we will but stand by one another in our predicaments life will grow sweet and intentional chastity will not be denied its place in the counsels of the thoughtfully considerate.

After all, the incorrigibly unchaste are those men and women, in or out of wedlock, most of them in wedlock, whose appreciation of life's values is so stunted and low, they naturally trample all sweet promises under foot as beasts of prey are wont to do.

"For all men kill the thing they love, but all men do not die," was written by a dwarfed brain for dwarfish folk. They don't know any better. Their options are few. You can't teach such dwarfish souls how to behave beautifully by sentencing their bodies to incarceration; nor by hunting them in underworlds; nor by turning up all the moral noses in the universe; nor by being ashamed of them to the point of dehumanizing ostracism.

The great hope lies in Education's appeals. Any influence that can deepen life's content and dignify motives is wholesome. Common unchastity is a sign of a dwarfed life. Diminutive minds wallow in mire. What else can they do? Those who know a variety of experiences, a rich, emotional life, need not overspecialize one sensation. The over-sexed

are the over-specialized. To snap the thralldom of specialism we must cultivate versatility.

Our problem for the young is clear. Education, in and out of school, must provide for the maidens and the youths ample opportunities for knowledge and for personal experience. If we can keep fresh young souls from atrophying, from becoming stunted and pigmy, what men denote as chastity will take care of itself.

For the one endearing compensation of open-mindedness is sympathy. Sympathy for fellow strugglers will automatically curb hot impulses. We shall love more honorably, more beautifully, when our sympathies for humans at large have become our "second" nature. *Chastity, i. e. the only kind of chastity worth inculcating and celebrating, is the chastity of sympathy.*

Sympathy is the graphic consciousness of value. We learn to value highly when we understand the cost and the effort and the heroic travail. What does it matter what the particular form of the sex relationship happens to be? The vastly significant question is, How deep is your appreciation of life?

Humans who feel a deep kinship with the purposes of the universe (as revealed by their own keen dreams) will grow in understanding and tenderness and sympathy. And such beings, endowed with a mighty responsibility for the welfare of the races of men, will act deliberately and considerately. They will act chastely before and after marriage because they can sympathize with pain, because they can understand the tyranny of impulses. Men who understand can be relied upon to be humane—or at least to try to be.

Our whole discussion of chastity tapers down to the intellectualist contention that knowledge affords the only human basis for virtue. Ignorance and innocence may go together; but ignorance and real virtue, never. (We should accept these terms in their broadest significations.)

In a profound sense, the aphorism, "Knowledge is virtue," is literally true. What is perfectly true is the dictum: knowledge is the forerunner of virtue. Whether knowledge will be translated into virtue or remain inert and intract-

able will depend upon the persuasions of the twin forces of Profit and Prestige.

The virtues of the non-understanding are not virtues; they are habits (usually of fear). Chastity has thus far been too chemical a virtue. It ought to be something more. Only a wider knowledge of life can dignify and ennoble chastity.

I imagine that a knowledge of embryology; an insight into evolution; a theory of human nature derived from the psychopathology of experience; an alert sympathy with the pains of others; an honorable regard for woman's place in the scheme of things—in short, a vivid consciousness of the staggering cost of life's production will go a long way toward educating our passions and toward civilizing our impulses.

Intentional chastity will become normal in a world made habitable for little children to dream and aspire in. Chastity will signify responsibility—before marriage and after.

To speak of "illegitimate" children is a disgraceful travesty on virtue's large pretentions. That tragic jest must be entombed with man's other medieval superstitions in some unmemorable vault. It is about as sensible to speak of illegitimate children as it is to speak of fallen angels, or beggar's free will, or man's divinity. They are all picturesque figures of speech—and nothing more.

Children are not illegitimate (cannot be anything but children, no matter what we think of the parents!); angels are neither fallen nor risen; poverty's will is not free; man's divinity is a popular fiction.

I have dwelt at length upon the chastity of sympathy. There is another type of chastity. The chastity of contempt. An overbearing contempt for life may lead a man (or woman) to vow celibacy and asceticism or merely to play the bachelor, nun, hermit, misogynist, or misanthrope.

A man whose contempt for womanhood is as rooted as Schopenhauer's was, may live in splenetic chastity out of sheer disgust with life. That contemptuous aversion to the sexual life is not confined to ascetics; it is integral in all sensitive natures. Men and women of sensitive intellects

hold mating in a kind of lofty contempt. Contempt for the commonplace acts of life does seem to strengthen one's mental grasp on reality.

Superiority flourishes by being different. Neither the chastity of contempt nor the chastity of conformity is productive of great good to the race's welfare. They are both egotistical and spurious. Only the chastity of sympathy is large enough to meet our human needs.

We can't act sensibly unless we know how to face facts calmly. Being surprised and periodically revolted may afford a catharsis for the stifled emotions of closet minds. The sophisticated know that youth must be permitted to have its experience, its unchaperoned peeps behind the scenes.

Unless one expects a passionless perfection of adolescents, one must be prepared to be indulgent; indulgent to the verge of granting recurrent absolution. For the young do sin more than their poor blind eyes permit them to perceive. License is the penalty for growing up. Sinning is always the human equivalent for expanding, learning, growing, ripening. Sinning is a ferment, for the lack of which youth never would rise in the world at all.

No experience in life is without its spiritual worth provided only we reflect upon it frankly. Youth's tragedy is keenest when it repeats blindly and stubbornly the mistakes and follies of other moons.

Our Intellectual Blind Spots

The objection uncovers the exact meaning of a truly empirical method. For it reveals the fact that experience for philosophy is method, not distinctive subject-matter. And it also reveals the sort of method that philosophy needs. Experience includes dreams, insanity, illness, death, labor, war, confusion, ambiguity, lies and error; it includes, transcendental systems as well as empirical ones; magic and superstition as well as science. It includes that bent which keeps one from learning from experience as well as that skill which fastens upon its faint hints. This fact convicts upon sight every philosophy that professes to be empirical and yet assures us that some especial subject-matter is experience and some other not.

JOHN DEWEY

("Experience and Nature")

Respect for experience is respect for its possibilities in thought and knowledge as well as an enforced attention to its joys and sorrows. Intellectual piety toward experience is a pre-condition of the direction of life and of tolerant and generous cooperation among men. Respect for the things of experience alone brings with it such a respect for others, the centres of experience, as is free from patronage, domination and the will to impose.

JOHN DEWEY

("Experience and Nature")

One may reach such a stage of intellectual emancipation that he exempts nothing from scrutiny; he perceives that the spheres in which mankind has made the most startling achievements in human coördination and effectiveness are those from which all notions of reverence, except for intelligence and success, have been eliminated. Only when that ancient, savage term 'sacred' disappears from our thought and speech, except as a reminder of outlived superstition, can we hope for a full and generous acknowledgment of the essential role of absolutely free discussion.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

It might come to be understood that patriotism is the blackest crime of which a man in our age can be guilty. A man who murders one man with his own hands is executed by the law, but a man who, by preaching patriotism, causes millions to kill millions is universally respected and has statues put up to him when he dies. Those of us who do not wish to see our whole civilization go down in red ruin have a great and difficult duty to perform—to guard the doors of our minds against patriotism. I mean that we should view impartially any dispute between our own country and another, that we should teach ourselves not to believe our own country morally superior to others, and that even in time of war we should view the whole matter as a neutral might view it. This is part of the larger duty of pursuing truth; nationalism cannot survive without false beliefs. If we can learn to serve truth, to be truthful in our thoughts, to avoid the flattering myths in which we like to disguise our passions we shall have done what we can to save our world from disaster. For this creed, it is worth while to suffer, and indeed those who hold it must suffer, for persecution is as bitter as in the days of the Spanish Inquisition. But in the very suffering there is happiness, and a promise of better things in the time to come.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE TYRANNY OF MERE WORDS

That most original of scientists, Jacques Loeb, wrote an original analysis in "The New Review" (1915), in which he explained why the spontaneities struck off by the war enthusiasm are physiologic in their nature.

He describes the interesting experiment of small water crustaceans submerged in a jar, moving about like free-willists. No observer could predict their next move. Their "degrees of freedom" appear to be unlimited.

"If, however, we put into such a jar a trace of weak acid, e. g. carbonated water, the picture changes in a few seconds. The whole mass of animals is filled with *one* will; all rush madly to the side of the dish from where the light comes."

Blithely he asks: "What has become of their freedom of will?"

"The carbonated water has diminished the number of their degrees of freedom, by making their sensitiveness so preponderant that all the other agencies which are liable to influence their motions are annihilated. All that the animals can do now is to rush 'to the front', from whence the light comes."

The pointedness, in our bellicose times, of this experiment need not be adorned to add to its clarity. The physiologic method of nullifying an animal's free will is to diminish its "degrees of freedom." And how can this feat be accomplished? Very simply.

You apply a stimulus so chemically compelling, like light, for example, that the animal must be attracted and held lightbound. As with crustaceans, so with light-headed human beings. Mind is essentially mechanism, automatism.

The persistence of *habit* is itself the most conspicuous evidence of that truth, if there were other proofs lacking. But they are not lacking. The nature of our emotions is proof-positive of mind's automatism.

As the philosopher Holt reminds us: "In the first place, let us bear quite clearly in mind that in any living organism, human or animal, we have a very complicated mechanism, in which the property of irritability is so united with the power of motion that, *in a purely mechanical way*, the organism becomes, on proper stimulation, an engine that behaves in a certain way with reference to a specific feature

of its environment. This is what we can safely conclude from merely watching the doings of any living creature."

Only one strong emotion can grip the mind at one specific time. While under its sway, the will-to-act-otherwise is subjugated, a thing become null and void.

The emotion controls us: "us" meaning the rational or reflective self. We are slaves to passion. Fanaticism is born of the tyranny of emotion.

There is a whole fascinating vocabulary of emotional symbols that tyrannize over the human mind. What gripping appeals that reveal the essential mechanistic nature of the human mind burst in upon us from such symbols as "personal magnetism," "spell-bound," "hypnotized," "influence," "intoxication" (in the rhetorical sense), "overpowered," "entranced," "fascinated," "charmed," "struck dumb," "instinct-driven," "passion-haunted,"—symbols that constitute an almost religious psychology of propaganda and conversion!

In all these reactions the mind must respond, willy-nilly. The enthusiasm is "contagious." The "fever" spreads. Every one "succumbs". Any overpowering emotional state evokes this will-less response.

In literal truth, we are "swept off" our feet. We cannot "control" ourselves. Not only the tyranny of habit and the sway of emotionalism restrain our will-to-be-different, but the Law of Attention mechanizes mind.

Concentration of attention depends upon the law of association of "similar" things. The mind fastens upon things that "hold" its attention: such concentration of itself shuts off rival suitors for attention. The favored object endears itself by seduction and gradually succeeds by association, cemented by intense feeling, in gripping the mind. Automatically our memories learn to cluster about it, creating a habitat, fixed and guarded, for the beloved object's security.

The whole purpose and delight of mind is fixity, secure anchorage.

In achieving this purpose, mind becomes "hardened," "ossified," "closed," "inelastic," "callous," "hide-bound."

All these graphic epithets hint at the compelling automatism of mind. What of our boasted free-will?

Suffice it to assume that man does not control his mind—in the emotional crises of life. He "loses" his mind—in an emergency. A hundred subtle forces mould his reactions and *standardize* his responses. His free-will is at best "free" in a mechanism; a veritable steel trap as real and circumscribed as an iron cage. Man thinks himself "free" when he is let alone to pursue his customary routine. *Sheer Habituation creates the illusion of free will.*

Let a passionate emotion grip him, or a magnetic personality sway him, or novelty disconcert him, and his vaunted free will is seen to be a glorious myth, the freedom of a caged songster trolling its fond, *familiar* tunes. Mind is shot through and through with cramping automatism.

In a profound sense, the whole effort of civilization on its educational side, is to emancipate the mind from the tyranny of mere words—*and to keep it so emancipated.*

A remarkable historical illustration of what might well be called the hypnosis of mere words is cited by Norman Angell: "Sir J. R. Seeley notes in his book, The Expansion of England, that because the early Spanish Colonies were in a true sense of the word 'possessions', Britons acquired the habit of talking of "possessions' and 'ownership', and their ideas of colonial policy were vitiated during three centuries, *simply by the fatal hypnotism of an incorrect word.*" (my italics)

For mere words, electrically charged, work in devious cunning ways for mind's automatism. These magic words Ruskin designated, "Masked Words." Of their omnipotency, he wrote:

"There are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for and even die for, fancying they mean this or that or other of the things dear to them. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomats so cunning, never poisoners so deadly as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas; whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes he gives to his favorite masked

word to take care of for him. *The word at last comes to have an infinite power for him.*—You cannot get at him but by its ministry." (my italics)

If it is true that in the beginning was the Word, it is even more profoundly true that in the beginning was the Tyranny of the Word. It is well-nigh impossible to rationalize man's diction. Pet words and phrases are imperishably dear to his brain, because they have become magic keys to his hopes and his dreamings. In a sense, they are his hopes and his dreams come true. Cut away the theologic-poetical fringes, and the denuded words look stark and unlovely. Their magic casements charm no longer.

One need not be too literal, and assert that words as mere words are "natural born" spell-binders. Out of a heap of vague yearnings, some, guaranteeing eternal security, have been selected as endearing and consoling. Ancient usage will have bedecked these precious yearnings with a garment of celestial light. Pet phrases gather up the heavenly rays and focalize them in perpetuity! Forever and ever, the precious word evokes a thrill.

By a kind of rhetorical chemical-affinity, chosen words and their magical thrills become chained to the imagination. Religion is the imperishable longing for thrills in a workaday world grounded in boredom. The first religion was magic; the thrill of mere words saturated with sacred emotion. Incantations immortalize thrills. Prayers spiritualize thrills. He who prays feels "better" because he feels lighter and happier.

The thrill of At-onement with Deity expands the lungs of the immortal soul! Spiritual deep breathing, not unlike physical deep breathing, exhilarates; and the thrill is intenser, for the soul has more lung capacity. It is as easy to rob man of his yearning for thrills as it is to cheat him of his faith in the "ultimate goodness" of things! Faith will never die out from Mother Earth because Faith promises (more) thrills. The hypnosis of magic symbols! And he who came to scoff, remained, spell-bound, to pray.

The tyranny of mere words hinges upon their mystic power to thrill!

Psychologically, our task is already outlined. Would you shatter the omnipotence of sacred words and of cherished phrases? Offer in just exchange even more thrilling equivalents. The observation is important.

It helps to account for the tragic querulousness of men and women too suddenly robbed of an old familiar faith, but still unattached to a new. The accustomed thrill has grown weak. The old words have lost their omnipotence. The heart feels empty. Resoluteness depends upon the magic of words. Hence, resoluteness is gone, too. The will is limp. Life's purpose is confused. The old anchorage is no longer safe, no longer sea-worthy.

The pathetic loyalty of "lost" souls to new cults and occults testifies to the heartfelt need of magic, of incantational joy, of catharsis by prayer, of being in tune with the infinite, of sipping divine harmony.

Only if they can arouse thrills, equivalent in intensity to the old familiar ones, will radical propagandists succeed in eliciting a magic loyalty to their newer diction. Loyalty very rarely is deeper than words. If the new symbols leave the congregation of the orthodox cold, unmoved, unthrilled, not all the logic and wisdom in philosophy's subtle mind can avail aught to convert them. For Conversion is, quintessentially, a religious experience. Old beliefs die hard because familiar thrills promise greater solace than new thrills whose consolation we know not of. Hence, only a personal "experience," or a sensational "crisis", can legitimately be counted upon to deflect loyalty from old-magic words to new.

Conservatism is on the side of familiar thrills. And conservatism—do not doubt it—holds us all in its compelling hypnosis.

Education has standardized thrills. It has tyrannized over the minds of men as only Church and State in their unlimited sovereignties have been able to do. "Repetitio est mater studiorum" has been the sacred motto guiding

the inculcation of lessons in the three R's, as well as of "lessons" in ethics. Automatic responses to fixed symbols negated the will-to-think-freely. The tyranny of mere words! Free thinking has throughout the superstitious ages been blacklisted as unfit for employment in a respectable society. And the enormous consequences of this ancient stupidity are with us still.

Loyalty to one flag, the love of my country, hatred of the unlike-minded, adoration of paper equality, obedience to official superiors, pride in one's own race and religion, hushed respect for the rich, shame in being unique, distracting hero worship, naïve faith in the nobility of self-abasement, the success mania—all these irrational allegiances, founded upon the tyranny of mere words, have all in diabolic succession served to diminish the student's freedom to think frankly and freely.

He has not been instructed to face facts as they actually are. He has not been invited to question artificial, superimposed loyalties. We have paid the penalty of our wicked shamming. No other country can call the roll of so many bluffers and brazen "confidence" men. For schemers and get-rich-quick fakers and blusterers, America has surely been the promised land.

The deepest source of the impostor's self-confidence derives directly from that sham tradition of "getting there" so sedulously cultivated in our public schools as the supreme good of the individual's life.

The braggart spirit is with us a religion. Self-sufficiency is our ideal, and the devil damn the hindmost. No commercialism in the world is more cunning than ours. No education more superficial. Our dreams are wrought of fine gold, our deeds of pig-iron are wrought.

In one of the most delightful articles ever published in the New Republic, "The Voice of the Pullman," Alvin Johnson reveals the shallow heart of America.

"The Voice of the Pullman is the voice of America. Send your ears traveling ten thousand miles and find out what you can hear.

"First, and most general, you hear the sound of a great boasting. The men to whom you are listening have made the finest tools and fabrics, have grown the most wonderful wheat or oranges or cotton in the world. They are the most miraculous and unscrupulous salesmen and gamblers. 'I owned ten lots on Main Street and got out just in time. They ain't worth the tax titles now. I beat 'em down into that country and sold every establishment there. The other fellows couldn't sell their expense accounts, and got the sack when they sang their song to the boss.' 'I got him drunk as a bat and sold him one thousand blank quarterly reports for his office. He's a shark at poker, but I cleaned him out of four hundred bones, and, Lord, he was the sickest thing! Company money, most of it. I don't know how he squared his accounts.'

"Next in importance is a great paean to Dame Fortune. If America believes that rewards in this life go to merit, it has not succeeded in making this belief penetrate to the Pullman. A man, enriched by his foresight, energy, creativeness, you never hear of. Instead you hear of that old loafer up near Boulder, who for years had vainly tried to sell or mortgage his stony homestead. The stones covered tungsten, and now he is rolling in wealth, and Colorado is dry and dull.

"Or you hear of that quarterblood whose allotment gushed oil when he sat out his time in Leavenworth penitentiary for the crime of bootlegging. The wells gushed oil and royalties until they washed away his sins and set him free, to establish a palace and a harem on the soil where he had lived miserably on unlawful gains. In Nevada you hear of sad thieves made glorious by gold, in California and Texas by rising land values. Luck, luck, each section the Pullman traverses has its amazing instances, while Merit sits on the dusty leather cushion beside you, speculating on the possibility of sweating an honest penny out of his expense account."

Some educators are on the alert. They admonish us to build up a capacity for sympathy with the varied needs of a mixed people. They caution us against too-specific and isolated loyalties as narrowing. They warn us against the tyranny of catch phrases, against the enticing snares of patriotic diction. Nor are these radical educators tactfully timid in their arraignment of current-shamming in and out of schoolrooms.

They preach critical-mindedness as the sane corrective for The Delusions: especially for those that spring from intellectual tribalism. Such educators know that we are a misled people, tyrannized over by the mythology of divine right, if not of kings, of traditional theories, of theologic diction, of lying dogmas.

Phrases hold the mind in silly thralldom.

We lack the will power—so it appears—to shake off the fetters of cramping superstition. The most cramping of the modern superstitions is state-worship with its insidious sham ethic of patriotic nationalism.

Our allegiances are out of joint.

In educating a collectivity, the first psychologic need is to deny the validity of the older symbol worship. The antiquated magic of the individualist economy must be exchanged for the larger allegiance ot the Socialist economy. Patriotism is not adequate to our dreams of amity, which will eventually be achieved, if at all, through international working class solidarity.

Obedience is not as all-sufficient as self-dependence. Superiority, the ethic of a bourgeois democracy, must learn to yield to a more comprehensive practice of equality. That the "older" order is being revolutionized, giving place to a startlingly new society, should by now be a commonplace of social thinking. But it isn't. To most persons this revolutionary change (even in theory) still smacks of rank heresy, a second cousin to treason.

The task of the new education is to popularize the diction of our rapidly crystallizing social democracy. Working-class solidarity, revolutionary patriotism, equality of opportunity, unearned increment, leisure-class parasitism, open diplomacy, equality of the sexes, the right to work, motherhood by choice—these are but a simple few of the finer catch-phrases genuinely typical of current aspiration. The new education must begin with a new diction, a diction sufficiently magical and thrilling to capture the allegiances of those who have come under the spell of the older symbolism.

Feebly at first, then half-reluctantly, and finally joyously, as in self-abandon, the newly converted tribes of loyalists will grow to thrill to these hopes of emancipation.

Old beloved thrills will grow faint from disuse, like Echo half-remindful of Narcissus, and in due time a whole world will respond to the magic of modernity.*

*An acute psychological analysis of the mechanism underlying the mind's large responsiveness to reminiscent details of experience—the basis of the "tyranny" of mere words, the key to the mind's automatisms—may be found in Professor Harry L. Hollingworth's book "The Psychology of Functional Neuroses." Consult also his Article in the Psychologic Review (Sept. 1924) on "Particular Features of Meaning." An excerpt from his interesting book is worth quoting in this connection. "In Language, indeed, we have this type of redintegrative mechanism at its height of development. We come to react to words just as we have previously reacted to the total situations with which the words have been associated as partial details. That is why the poet, the orator, the novelist, can move us to action and to emotion. The writer well recalls the throbs produced in a newly vaccinated arm by Gunsaulus' lecture on Savonarola. The mere words produced the same vaso-motor reactions that might have resulted from witnessing the deeds themselves. That is just why words, verbal instructions, can so potently set up determining tendencies in the nervous system—they induce the responses and the cortical sets that would otherwise be produced by the objects or circumstances themselves."

The contrast between man's national morality and his international immorality is, to put it mildly, disconcerting. The deeds which a comparatively sane man would shrink from committing against his own fellow-citizens, he will joyously perpetrate against a citizen of another country. How account for the wanton contradiction? The psychoanalytic explanation, as it may be termed, is illuminating. There is a good measure of truth in the explanation of certain students of the stresses and strains of conventional morality who say that civilized man, too long confined within the shell of a morality too hard to endure with equanimity, unable to tolerate the artificial restraint, sooner or later seeks the opportunity to break loose from the galling confinement. Occasionally he will content himself with "going on the loose". If vaster opportunity offer for the release and relief of too long stifled impulses, he will be tempted to plunge into an orgy of patriotism, with its attendant violations of the conventional bonds and its passionate promise of utter unhindered animal lawlessness.

Betrand Russell compares the modern disease of nationalism with the superstitious devotionalism of our equally barbarous ancestors:

"Devotion to the nation is perhaps the deepest and most widespread religion of the present age. Like the ancient religions, it demands its persecutions, its holocausts, its lurid heroic cruelties; like them, it is noble, primitive, brutal, and mad. Now, as in the past, religion, lagging behind private consciences through the weight of tradition, steels the hearts of men against mercy and their minds against truth. If the world is to be saved, men must learn to be noble without being cruel, to be filled with faith and open to truth, to be inspired by great purposes without hating those who try to thwart them. But before this can happen, men must first face the terrible realization that the gods before whom they have bowed down were false gods, and the sacrifices they have made were vain."

Is mankind in the mood for the terrible realization? Let us ask ourselves why war, like prostitution, eternally abides

in the affairs of man? In war the cave man defeats and supplants the civilized man. War is, evilly enough, a great purgative, cleansing of its buried poisons the repressed, conventional, over-refined human nature of pugnacious man. Psycho-analytically regarded, war is the emancipation of the semi-civilized modern man from the cruel restraints and inhibitions of an untoward and uncongenial morality. No one who has keenly observed how human beings chafe and writhe under the fetters of conventionality will be willing to underestimate the importance of this explanation of the war passion.

It may be asked: How is it possible for modern man, bound by a thousand visible and invisible threads of reciprocity and mutual aid to his fellow-man in every part of the habitable globe, to wage war, and so wantonly? Why should he be willing to wreak vengeance upon him whom vehicles of intercommunication, material and spiritual, have brought nearer than two county neighbors used to be a century ago? The answer is complex. There are many specific factors to consider.

To begin with, there is the disheartening fact that antagonism integrates and distinguishes a personality much more effectively than does sympathy. There is no gainsaying the fact that sympathy, by its very nature, requires a submergence of the more vigorous part of one's personality. Perhaps, in the larger view it is well that it is so. What consolation shall we find in the larger view, knowing bitterly as we do that men, surrounded by narrow patriotisms, restricting allegiances, partisan loyalties, small devotions, do not take readily to any relationship which presupposes a surrender of self-aggrandizement. In a world so miscellaneous, so hodge-podge, so chaotic as this one, antagonism comes to a man's rescue and seduces him into the conviction that self-sufficiency is a firmer and lovelier ideal than self-surrender. Antagonism graphically represents the utter concentration of what is "unique" in personality. Therein lies its compensation and its peril. Simple men clutch at the compensation, willing to play with and risk the attendant peril. Sermons on international good-will, on sal-

vation through brotherhood, will avail not one jot with human beings so constructed mentally that the deepest, most thrilling source of self-satisfaction is *an exaggerated sense of difference, of otherliness.*

Hate may be—indubitably is—an evil force. But if it be evil, who shall deny that men enjoy the fascinations of evil, its power to differentiate them from the nebulous mass, its popular synonymity with strength, the glamor of enmity, all the malevolent joy of opposition? Men would rather be conspicuously different than be either virtuous or amicable. Once we get it into our heads that only by withdrawing themselves into cliques and castes and secret, special camaraderies, do common men learn to sense the obdurate significance of life, shall we, though disheartened, find it easier to understand why hate and enmity flourish though reason invites to a finer amity.

Within the nation the bloody miracle of patriotism has effectually transformed into a seemingly genuine cohesion man's abundant fellow hatred. "It is at least a safe generalization that the patriotic sentiment never has been known to rise to the consummate pitch of enthusiastic abandon except when bent on some work of concerted malevolence." So writes Veblen in "An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace", a work no anti-militarist should omit. The myth of flag worship surrounds the worshippers with a pseudo-genuine sense of brotherhood. Deprived of capacious intra-national sources of fervid hate, the myth-intoxicated citizen turns loose upon half-known aliens his flood of antagonism, little concerned which particular aliens his hostility may bruise and debauch. As to the moral lawlessness of hate-envenomed creatures, consider this commentary of Norman Angell's:

"In other words, national hostilities follow the exigencies of real or imagined political interests. Surely the point need not be labored, seeing that England has boxed the compass of the whole of Europe in her likes and dislikes, and poured her hatred upon the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Americans, the Danes, the Russians, the Germans, the French, and again the Germans, all in turn."……

Provided there be persons to oppose, to hate, to set off, to differentiate sharply from his own magnetic and magnificent self, man will rejoice and aspire. Cooperation as a *mental fusion* is one of the finest, most fragile and most precious of the civilized attainments.

In sober truth, how many humans are civilized? Have we so soon forgotten the wise words of Dr. George W. Crile, whose unforgettable book, "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace", is replete with the kind of truth we are unconsciously hostile to?

"In emergencies the wounded are packed into cars—freight cars, any kind of cars, on the floors of which there may perchance be straw. Under such stress it may take days for the hospital train to make even fifty miles. The dead from time to time are cast out like dead bees from a hive and the quiet moans of the occupants of these charnels are drowned by the vigorous songs of the fresh young patriots on the next track eager to fling themselves into the hopper of the greedy mill which grinds steadily on while the nations applaud... So it is that now man, whom we consider as civilized, as self-controlled, as evolved to a higher plane than his savage progenitors, is thrilled by the death agony of his fellows. The action patterns of ontogeny seem but shallow tracings upon the deep grooves of phylogeny; in the cultivated man of today is the beast of the phylogenetic yesterday."

At first blush the whole bloody business seems incredible. That a fairly peaceful and apparently self-controlled citizen shall swiftly consent to the annihilation of his fellowmen, to the unutterable outrage of more or less innocent women and children, to the fierce, relentless destruction of non-combatant towns, to naked wrong-doings, is one of those disturbing psychologic revelations of the nature of man which put to shame all our pacific faith in rationality. Professor Bushnell Hart, who cannot be accused of a lack of proper patriotic sentiment frankly acknowledged that:

"The better organized the army, the more thoroughly does the once free man become a machine, or rather a cog in a machine. If his orders are to fire at the enemy, he sends his bullet in the air and it descends to kill a man whom he has

never seen and who, if he could have known it, might have been a heart friend. He must obey orders if they bid him throw his living body into the cracking, hissing zone of death. He must obey orders if he is directed to fire on non-combatants, or to drop bombs on nursemaids and babies in perambulators, or to sink a shipful of helpless women and children. Disobedience, even under such circumstances, is the heaviest of sins, to be atoned for by a disgraceful courtmartial and a shameful traitor's death."

So long as patriotism remains the prevailing ethic of state-controlled men, can we hope to build that kind of civilization of which the pacifist and the rationalist dream? Unless we adopt the hypothesis that civilization, as we know it, by its failure to subdue and to sublimate man's inexhaustible patriotic capacity for hostility, has actually helped to foster the growth and success of antagonism, we shall be at an utter loss to understand the violent, wanton contradiction between the vogue of inter-national immorality and intra-national morality (such as it is). Within a state man does not think of taking the law into his own hands when his honor, so-called, is outraged. Why is he permitted—aye, encouraged—to be lawless extra-nationally? Within his own nation man is not permitted to murder his fellowman on the plea of violated patriotism. Why do we bluster about the sacredness of patriotism, of man's duty to murder in its behalf, when the so-called insult is offered by a negligible denizen of a "foreign" country? Within a nation a man is not publicly praised and elevated because of his murderous instincts. The state makes short shrift of his type via the electric chair or the unwholesome prison. Why, in the name of common decency, do we honor the murderer who commits vile crimes beyond the nation's borders?

"We were marching to hell. If you judged them by their conversation, these must have been brutes at heart, worse than any Apache; and yet of those around me several were university graduates; one was a lawyer; two were clerks; one a poet of standing; one an actor, and there were several men of leisure. Americans almost all of them.... The talk finally settled upon the Germans. Many and ingenious were the forms of torture invented upon the spur of the moment for the benefit of the

"Boches". 'Hanging is too good for them,' said Scanlon. After a long discussion, scalping alive seemed the most satisfactory to the crowd."

Thus Mr. Morlae, the talented author of "A Soldier of the Legion".

Well, in all these cases, brother rationalists, we shall be at our wits' end unless we make the bold analytic surmise that the very strength of the organized State, its prestige, its coercive power—sometimes misnamed, co-operative power—all intimately and ultimately depend upon a unique unwritten conspirator's agreement. The agreement reads as follows: The State will connive at every form of enmity, discourtesy, competitive rascality, race hatred, religious opposition, every available and conceivable outlet for the antagonistic and antisocial nature of Mr. Average Man, *provided* he in turn will blindly yield to the purposes and policies of the State his undeviating allegiance. Of course, within its own borders, the State, for its own protection and prestige must insist upon the ideal of law and order, the upkeep of the social courtesies, the fiction of reciprocity, the illusion of unity; as reward and compensation for these dear self-sacrifices and self-repressions, the beloved State will close its Argus eyes and secretly connive at the wickedness of its citizens in their relation to the States lying beyond the pale...

So it comes about that we are horrified (or pretend to be) at the wanton murder of a citizen within the State; but who is seriously discomforted or distressed by the murder of the subjects of any other State? Who sincerely cares? In wartime, the State improves its bargain by sanctioning, and worse, actually provoking, its citizen soldiery's base surrender to murderous repressed passions and bloodlusts, the soldiery being permitted to give undiminished vent to pent-up hostilities forbidden within the borders. The moral responsibility for these sanctioned outrages, the State, in its capacity of impersonal, feelingless dictator will gladly assume. The State is without conscience.

For the welfare of the coercive State, the individual is permitted to indulge his most primitive passions, too long

submerged and repressed, in order that said state may assure itself of his renewed attachment as a "quid pro quo". In fact, it is very doubtful if *the modern State, constructed as it is for the interlocking purposes of profit and prestige,* could pursue its questionable policies unless it had contracted for its citizens' unquestioning loyalty by allowing free play to the passion of enemy-hatred, a hatred crystallized, hardened and collectively directed against other States. Antagonism is a frightful source of well-being. This is the key to what we may term the psycho-analytic explanation of the impulse-to-war in the modern civilized State. Modern war is the drastic protest against the intolerable pretences and restraints of modern civilization!

Under the influence of intoxicated passion, men behave bestially. War is a glorious debauch of the emotions. Why scruple to accept the pathologic truth because, forsooth, it humiliates the finer nature?

"Whatever the future may bring, however, man today betrays at every turn that he is in reality a redhanded glutton whose phylogenetic action patterns are facilitated for the killing of his own and of other species; that with all of his beneficent control of the forces of nature, he has created also vast forces for his own destruction, so vast that civilized man is today in a death struggle with the Frankenstein of his own creation; that although he controls a world of limitless force and endless machinery, *he yet fails to control that all-important mechanism—himself.* Can this animal, bloodthirsty by nature and training, who produces and kills millions of animals yearly and who kills at intervals hundreds of thousands of his fellowmen—can he be so modified as to live in relative peace? Can man in the possession of the power to create, minimize his tendency towards self-destruction?" (my italics).....

With Dr. Crile's wisdom as a starting point, pacifists and rationalists can perhaps march, albeit slowly, toward the realization of their dream of international amity if in the presence of the brute facts they confess their humility and inadequacy and loyally seek for light where light is. The psycho-analysts of our human nature (so heartbreakingly inhuman) are our most illuminating guides.

Men who exult in blood-lust and wallow in indiscriminate carnage will not be persuaded to think ill of their self-indulgences unless the code of glorifying approvals, so dear to soldier-vanity, is brought into disrepute. The rationalist must take up arms, so to speak, against the current conception and practice of Patriotism. From the psychologic angle, the prospect of the perfect "sublimation" of the pugnacious instinct must depend in good measure upon the development of a sensitive individual conscience.

If ordinary men were taught to view inter-national immorality with that fine and fearsome awe which surrounds their attitude, often hypocritical (admit it!) toward violent breaches of morality nearer home, war might be well-nigh unthinkable. Certainly the provocative causes would have to be infinitely more worth while and profoundly inspiring in a new sense to persuade men to sacrifice their lives and their precious values as reflected in the moralist code developed with pain and difficulty in peace time, for the indulgence of the cheap brute immoralities bound up inexorably with belligerency.

Man must develop an international conscience. So much is perfectly plain. It is hard to see what incentives there will be to that achievement, greatly desired, unless either the coercive State repudiates its historic attitude of insensate hostility to other states, or—this is the more hopeful alternative—the newly-instructed citizenry awakes to the desperate truth of the matter and point-blank refuses to yield its unquestioned loyalty to the State's ulterior purposes. In fine, we must revise all our clap-trap ideas about patriotism, nationalism, independent sovereignty, the State's transcendent rights. The sacred mythology that has through the centuries begotten the malformation of sheepish loyalty must be corrected to suit the honester purposes of a humane internationalism....

Our whole system cries out for radical revision of its too long established creed of: My country, right or wrong!

"If a better and saner world is to grow out of the horror of futile carnage, men must learn to find their nation's glory in the victory of reason over brute instincts, and to feel the true

patriotism which demands that our country should deserve admiration rather than extort fear. If this lesson can be taught to all, beginning with the children in the schools, we may hope for a lasting peace, and the machinery for securing it will grow out of the universal desire. So long as hate and fear and pride are praised and encouraged, war can never become an impossibility."

Thus Bertrand Russell.

Here in America, because of the more or less free intermingling in our public schools of all types, races, nationalities and creeds, the conditions prerequisite for the development of a sensitive international conscience are abundantly present. The question is: Are there enough emancipated teachers who enjoy teaching the truth?

THE NIHILIST INSTINCT IN MAN

Two instincts promote our dramatic interest in life. The instinct of self-continuance and the "instinct" of self-annihilation Embodied in the second "instinct" are the instincts of curiosity and of vanity. The driving force of the instincts of self-continuance is Fear; the fear of death. The driving force of the instincts of self-annihilation is discontent; discontent with life.

If Curiosity were uncontrollably stronger as an instinct than its counter-mate Preservation, destruction and death would be the goals of evolution! If preservation were the overwhelmingly deeper instinct, monotony and the vegetative life would be the goals of evolution. As it is, the perilous and crucial interplay of both instincts guarantee, as the aims of evolution, the dramatic possibilities of variety, spontaneity, recordable research and progress, interest, and the numerous differentiations peculiar to the human organism. Not to overlook the marvelously stimulating interaction of the *several* urgent instincts.

The child plays with fire. Some instinct within impels it to experiment with curious situations, promising thrill and novelty. The child, full-grown, attends the circus, the vaudeville, the theatric exhibition of "stunts" and special feats, and with savage delight responds to any "hair-raising" performance involving the see-saw of life and death. The young man, warned away from danger, cannot restrain his mad desire to plunge in where wiseacres fear to experiment. The swimmer *must* go beyond his depth; the automobilist *must* shoot headlong at breakneck speed; the trapeze "artist" must risk yet another desperate leap; the runner must breast the tape though the effort break him;—these are a few of the commonest experiences attesting the presence of a suicidal "instinct". The sheer desire to show off: the pugnacious desire to confute a derider; the simple desire to prove one's meritorious mettle; these do not completely account for the heady, self-annihilating instinct wrapped up in the very primal stuff of life.

The instinct-to-nihilation, rarely called by this, its right

name, has escaped serious attention. Behind curiosity and its twin, vanity, some mad force is incessantly whirling, propelling man to destroy himself in some grand theatric last gasp.

There are three conspicuously quote-worthy passages in Dr. George W. Crile's "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace". They bear so significantly on the instinct under analysis that I shall cite them at length (risking a repetition that justifies itself by its penetrating pertinence). Writing of the horrors of the "Great" War, he says:

"In emergencies the wounded are packed into cars—freight cars, any kind of cars, on the floors of which there may perchance be straw. Under such stress it may take days for the hospital train to make even fifty miles. The dead from time to time are cast out like dead bees from a hive and the quiet moans of the occupants of these charnels are drowned by the vigorous songs of *the fresh young patriots on the next track eager to fling themselves into the hopper of the greedy mill* which grinds steadily on while the nations applaud."..... "So it is that now man, whom we consider as civilized, as self-controlled, as evolved to a higher plane than his savage progenitors, *is thrilled by the death agony of his fellows.* The action patterns of ontogeny seem but shallow tracings upon the deep grooves of phylogeny; in the cultivated man of today is the beast of the phylogenetic yesterday." (my italics).....

The crazy exhibitionism of tatooing may have one of its origins in the exercise of the driving urge to self-torture, what I have called the suicidal-tendency; to create the awe of superiority by proving one's capacity for excessive pain. The element of display, is contributory and derivative, it seems to me. The self-chastisement of the medieval monk, cloistered in obscurity, and his fierce self-flagellations must have been due, fundamentally, to the desire to "kill" himself; how could he view with tolerance the thought of continuing for an indefinite period to live in celibate torture? The spiritual motive was a fillip to his suicidal desire. He longed for death, he strained to be released from a life of deprivation, of torturing futility. Death by slow suicide was the monkish realization of a worthy, unearthly ideal.

The practices of persecution are sadistically connected with the human delight in nihilation: To witness the demolition of the personality, the disintegration of body and soul, the slow and sure annihilation of a living thing;—the torturer's delight, as he felt his deepest instinct (to annihilate!) being thrilled and exquisitely tormented by the melodramatic excitement of a death graphically consummated, must have been indescribably fiendish.

The passion-to-destroy, in order to drive away intolerable boredom, is the master passion in the human brain. War, the Nihilist, brings to a hideous and memorable fulfillment the suicidal tendency latent in savage man. The malicious joy in killing, the monster's blood-delight in witnessing torture, the voluptuous pleasure in dying bravely by one's own sword, in the cruel presence of the driving foe, are so many vivid evidences of the universality of the nihilist instinct. The truest record of man's experiences on earth would begin with destruction, recount the deeds of destruction, and woefully end with destruction.

Man the assassin!—patricide, fratricide, homicide, infanticide, suicide. He deals death to animals, offensive and inoffensive; men—foes and friends; women—his own, his neighbor's; children—God's, man's. He kills joy, ambition, love. ..... Destruction, violation, death. Death, violation, destruction, *ad infinitum!* Perhaps all the children of Beasts, cannibalistic and unslaked, are doomed to slow, theatric self-destruction, the blood-realization of a restless and implacable nihilist instinct. We must destroy or we go mad with ennui! We destroy! Hidden in the subterranean depths of life are insane suctions into which we are irresistibly pulled by the uncanny undertow of desire.

"Whatever the future may bring, however, man today betrays at every turn that he is in reality a red-handed glutton whose phylogenetic action patterns are facilitated for the killing of his own and of other species; that with all of his beneficent control of the forces of nature, he has created also vast forces for his own destruction, so vast that civilized man is today in a death struggle with the Frankenstein of his own creation; that although he controls a world of limitless force and endless ma-

chinery, he yet fails to control that all-important mechanism—himself. Can this animal, bloodthirsty by nature and training, who produces and kills millions of animals yearly and who kills at intervals hundreds of thousands of his fellowmen—can he be so modified as to live in relative peace? Can man in the possession of the power to create, minimize his tendency towards self-destruction?".....

See the child in a rage tearing wildly at its own hair; biting its fingers; stabbing itself; threatening to leap to death; flinging death at its abusers; behaving like a wounded beast, maddened by pain, seeking the fierce release of death.—— We know very little as yet about *the instinct to self-destruction.*

Beginning in the child's desire to get its fingers burned and to imitate the circus man by swallowing knives, pieces of glass, hooks, and cheap swords, right through the more grotesque experiences of: the mortification of the flesh; the self-humiliations of confessional; expiatory sacrifices and atonements; tempting fate (!); doing dangerous things "for spite"; flying in the face of peril; falling from desperate heights; leaping, trapping, persecuting, wanton-desiring; killing—the instinct of self-annihiliation wends its malevolent way through all the mazes of desire, not omitting the desire to theatric suicide. And to think that a variant of Curiosity is the innocent begetter of so much mischief! Without the countervailing instinct of vegetative self-preservation, where would we humans be? Perhaps we should be like those ephemerids who live for a day and joyously die—seeking by light-hearted suicide to taste the solace of death....

Death-dealing activities fascinate us.

The adventures of life do not fascinate unless they promise the thrill and danger (and personal crisis) that may lead to death.

Death is the dramatic reality that adds unique zest to Life.

We literally kill ourselves by degrees in the desperate quest of the joy of living.

Life has not yet triumphed over Death!

*OUR TAINTED ETHICS

(*A Behavioristic Analysis*)

Part One

In Boris Sidis', "Philistine and Genius" you will come upon this memorable sentence: "The very men who looked down with delight when the sand of the arena reddened with human blood, made the theatre ring with applause when Terence in his famous line proclaimed the brotherhood of men...."

We are all incorrigibly moral. The worst of it is that we are proud of our incorrigibility. The wickedest man will stoutly maintain that his conduct has some higher purpose than self-satisfaction. Vilely immoral persons have a most rigid justification of their code! As far as he is concerned, there is no logic on earth, no controverting fact, that will shake his conviction. If it were not so, how could we explain man's inhumanity to man, and to woman, that makes countless thousands mourn? The stagey part he plays in life depends for its theatric success upon the conviction of an impersonal integrity, an impersonality by the side of which the affairs of his conventional and familiar self are trivial indeed.

In a so-called civilized society, pretense is the key to man's conduct. That *instinct for make-believe* I shall call his theatricalism. You can't rob man of his theatricalism. He knows that all the world's a stage and that playing a conspicuous role elicits applause and admiration. The one indispensable requirement is good acting. Even if one plays the villain's part, the listening world will applaud if only

* Recently in reading Bertrand Russell's "What I Believe" I was interested to find these lines so strikingly similar in conception to the major thesis of my essay. "But the defenders of traditional morality are seldom people with warm hearts, as may be seen from the love of militarism displayed by church dignitaries. *One is tempted to think that they value morals as affording a legitimate outlet for their desire to inflict pain: the sinner is fair game, and therefore away with tolerance!*" (my italics)

the acting—the dramaturgy of pretence—is absorbing. The instinctive need of approval—no man is sufficient unto himself, though some deluded souls are cynically joyous in the belief that they are—adequately accounts for man's habit of self-justification. *The primal essence of all morality is the need of approval.* Morality may be defined as the Art of Self-Approval.

Morality is a tyrannous code of agreements the open violation of which provokes such fierce and concentrated hostility that only very exceptional persons, occupying strategic positions in society, dare be out-and-out "immoral", while mediocre creatures must hide behind closed doors, so to speak, to assert their private anarchisms. Why this fixity of the moral code, this harsh pronouncement against trespassers?

In a treacherous world, security is the goal of all unconscious striving. Security is at best a passionate assumption; it is never a certified reality. Security emerges from the possession of useful advantages. For everyday mortals, conventional morality is the most useful of those advantages. It simplifies life by standardizing conduct. It builds approvals and shields men from the painful consequences of self-analysis. It lubricates the machinery of intercourse between man and his fellows. It lends the appearance of wholeness, of continuity, of significance, to an otherwise chaotic life. It buoys up common men in their turbulent hours of need; to the familiar sanctions they cling lovingly as to life-savers.

And most important of all, conventional morality surrounds youth's impulsive experiences with fringes of righteousness, the adornment and consolation of make-believe characters. "Person" etymologically derives from the Latin "persona" signifying mask. Humans play their mock-heroic parts with more verve and gusto and self-distinction when they are masked. Life is, for the generality of mankind, more interesting when viewed through a medium. Is not conventional morality precisely that medium through which ordinary folk like to glimpse the panorama of existence? Masks, like horses' blinkers, shut off impinging

sights and sounds and disconcerting views, narrowing the vista to accustomed sign posts and milestones. Conventional morality is the ample mask Homo puts on as soon as he grows old enough to be conscious of his role in society.

And so we shuffle through life's common ways "tricked in disguises", our real scheming and plotting selves hidden not only from the quizzical outside world but frequently from ourselves. We shudder to think of ourselves unmasked, as virtuous women shudder to think of themselves unclothed in a public place. The world is not to be trusted. Our discomfiture is the world's delight. Our ample masks cloak that discomfiture. We live by pretense and delusion.

Morality is the hegemony of inherited customs. Inherited customs standardize conduct. Standardized conduct anticipates life's emergencies for the average man. *Conventional morality prepares him by preliminary catechisms for the crises of maturity.* He is taught how to behave in company. A breach of etiquette is the irreparable sin because it makes conformists abruptly aware of the fragility of their glorified routines. A breach of morality is a heinous offense because it makes all moral folk wonder whether their congenial brand of conformity is the last word in wisdom. Here we trip upon the very crux of the situation. A moral man attains to the "moral" estate by the social processes of imitation and repetition. Before he could even know the meaning of the bond, he had already been taught to act thus and so. He becomes moral by that fiat of external authority.

His morality has in literal truth been imposed upon him unawares. Suddenly, one fine analytic day, a passionate voice challenges him: "How do you know?" "Why?" And his toyhouse of right and wrong topples over and with it his heavy accumulation of make-believe. The dumb is stunned into a poignant realization of inadequacy. He honestly admits to himself, whisperingly, that he doesn't really know why he believes as he does. The simple truth is that he does not believes as *he* does; he has believed parasitically as others in his immediate environ have wilfully made him to believe. The plight of credulity was never more touchingly expressed

than in the following confession of Mrs. Knox in Shaw's "Fanny's First Play":

"*Mrs. Knox*—No, Jo; you know I'm not. What better were my people than yours, for all their pride? But I've noticed it all my life: we're ignorant. We don't really know what's right and what's wrong. We're all right as long as things go the way they always did. We bring our children up just as we were brought up; and we go to church or chapel just as our parents did; and we say what everybody says; and it goes on all right until something out of the way happens; there's a family quarrel, or one of the children goes wrong, or a father takes to drink, or an aunt goes mad, or one of us finds ourselves doing something we never thought we'd want to do. And then you know what happens; complaints and quarrels and huff and offense and bad language and bad temper and regular bewilderment as if Satan possessed us all. We find out that with all our respectability and piety, we have no real religion and no way of telling right from wrong. We've nothing but our habits; and when they're upset, where are we? Just like Peter in the storm trying to walk on the water and finding he couldn't."

What an unforgettable commentary on the dumb morality of habit!

At the luminous moment when a mortal asks himself the why of his faiths, he has pulled loose from the placenta of otherism and has become (however gropingly) an individuality. The familiar approvals are no longer tenable. The accustomed certitude is fractured. Accepted loyalties are distraught. Selfhood has arisen, challenging and challenged. Think of a person as having taken his conduct for granted—what surprise that he fights tigerishly for moral-survival when pounced upon by a whys-man who asks the rationale of that conduct. The besieged fellow doesn't know what defenses to erect. Hitherto he has not felt the need of analysis. His inevitable first attitude is one of hostility, the hostility that is a variant of self-preservation. He draws his mask tighter. He pretends that his beliefs are *just naturally* right by inherent force. He defends what he does not clearly understand. If his vanity is not too incrustated with delusion, he will retire, apparently victorious, unmoved, self-justified, but in reality, inwardly dismayed, a

heavy-hearted uncertainty tugging at his conscience. Self-analysis has broken the heart of loyalty. He must begin anew the unsweet task of reaffirming his faith in his ancient faiths, lying bleeding now on a battlefield of doubt.

Morality resists criticism for the same reason that human beings shun disapproval. Disapproval disorders one's neatly appointed world. Disapproval is the jarring discord in the mind's *quondam* harmony. To banish the discord, to reinstate the harmony, is the serious business of the Will. Man cannot live energetically nor achieve wholeheartedly with divided will. An unquestioned and unquestioning unity seems necessary to that high confidence which finds fulfillment in life's manifold duties.

Morality is the unwritten bond of approval between bungling humans. It is the mask that screens uncertainty. Those brutal intellectuals whose mission it is to tear off mediocrity's masks meet the fate of all the ungodly. For their excessive inquisitiveness they are persecuted and cast out. It is interesting to note how inquisitorial is our affectionate concern for other human beings. Our image-breakers and mask-deriders ask too much of man. They would have him ingloriously exposed to the biting winds of disillusion. A tonic exposure indeed for those who can survive it, unbroken in spirit, unembittered in heart!

The Spartan fibre has not been bred into the whole human race. With pathetic cheerfulness will men confess their discordant weaknesses, if only the confessor will promise absolution. But suppose a human is exhorted for truth's sake to peer into his unmasked mind, to probe the vainglorious depths of his affrighted soul, for truth's sake, the gift of absolution no longer dangling hopefully before his awakened eyes, would confessional be the welcome thing it conventionally is reputed to be? Men must justify their conduct to themselves, for the mind cannot long endure the strain of inner conflict. Men must justify their conduct to the world because, preoccupied with schemes and hopes and tasks never-ending, they have not available enough ethical energy for disputing every difference with a hostile jury.

Sweet accord, inwardly and outwardly, the soul of doubt-haunted man doth crave.

It is good to ask ourselves now and then such disconcerting queries as: Why do we need morality at all? What is conscience? Can men (as we know them in war and in peace) be moral? Can lofty minds do without the restraints and solaces of morality? Why do creative thinkers war upon conventional codes? Who is equipped to define morality for all of us? Why does an excess of selfrighteous zeal tend to be persecutive?...

For clarity's sake let us analyze four significant phases of morality: the ethics of conventionality; the ethics of persecution; the ethics of loyalism; the ethics of humanism. In these four types of self-realization we may discover what is good and what evil in human morality, as practised in civilized communities. Only a simpleton will be amazed to unearth a shocking amount of evil in the familiar practices of virtuous folk. The pride of virtue, like the hard disdain of vice, is inherent in the melodramatic poses and pretences that conjointly constitute the theatricalism so dear to unimaginative minds to whom, on the plane of melodrama, life is perennially absorbing.

Virtuous ones little understand their virtues. Vile ones as little understand their vices. We know that long before humans have attained the age of reason-and-reflection, their codes of conduct have been ready-made for them.

The compulsions of instinct and of habitualism have grooved out in the non-resistant clay of memory tenacious patterns of approval and even more tenacious patterns of disapproval. And life during its distracted period of reason and reflection is tragically spent in conflicting justifications, recriminations, back-slidings, resurgences, floppings and standings erect, painful combatings with instinct's vagaries and reason's treacherous whimsicalities.... *Ethics is the disheartening attempt to straighten out a crooked world.*

The mischievous experiment of the precedent generations, the splitting humanity into two hemispheres, labelled respectively The Good and The Bad, The Good manifesting

their native superiority by mercilessly ostracising The Bad, by wielding the torture instruments of a studied persecution, by creating a hell on earth for the out-caste; The Bad parading their superiority by bitter retaliations, malign perversities, and excessive indulgence in the tactics of hate of the Good—the Age of Melodrama still triumphs! The majority of humans drain their most effervescent delights from the vivid antagonisms of Virtue and Vice. That melodrama seems exhaustless in its human appeal.

And yet, here we are, good and bad, virtuous and vicious, hating, scandal-mongering, accusing, envying, distorting, paining, torturing one another. We are experts in vivisection. We tear life to shreds with about as much concern as a drunken driver who runs down a passer-by, manifests. The fellow was in the way. Life, as the other person sees fit to live it, is in our way. So, we run it down. Butchers by instinct, we delight in brandishing the blade.

"As I reflected upon the intensive application of man to war in cold, rain, and mud; in rivers, canals, and lakes; underground, in the air, and under the sea; infected with vermin, covered with scabs, adding the stench of his own filthy body to that of his decomposing comrades; hairy, begrimed, bedraggled, and yet with unflagging zeal striving eagerly to kill his fellows; and as I felt within myself the mystical urge of the sound of great cannon I realized that war is a normal state of man." Thus writes Dr. Crile in his unforgettable "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace".

Our lovely instincts make existence less than a paradise but more than a boredom. Perhaps we ought not to lament. At any rate, here we are and for flickering periods diurnally we must somehow contrive to get along. And we do. How? Essentially, by fixed and memorable conventionalisms. When Oscar Wilde wrote, "Manners before Morals, my dear," he immortalized more than a flippant epigram. He gave us the key to conventional morality. For a certified code of salutations is a harmonizing force of incalculable importance in a society whose underpinnings are pretense and make-believe. "Gaucherie"—an embarassing left-handedness —is the badge in a conventionalized society of the uncouth.

To be uncouth in polite society is more fraught with menace than being downright immoral.

For splendid reasons. Immorality is (to moral persons) a source of clandestine joy and of hushed speculation; hence it bears its recompense in human interest. Half the intense delight of conventionally good people is illegitimate, snatched as it roguishly is from the unruly deeds of the dare-devils. Then, too, the very knowledge that you or I, undiscovered, may fluently discuss the immorality of a caught offender is quite a delightful superiority. Vanity is too self-conscious to neglect that histrionic opportunity. The mind loves to wallow in its hysterical purities.

Scandal-mongering is the spice of life. That's what conventional humans half-wittedly have in mind when they say that a perfectly good world would be a bore! Immorality "pays" the race by keying its interest up to the pitch of a thrilling dime novel. But uncouthness—a violation of manners—is really intolerable. For you afford others no pleasure, only the uneasiness of suppressed surprise. In defense of their own rigid etiquette, well-mannered persons must pretend not to have noticed the slip. If they laughed, they would be violating their own impeccable standards, which the lord of hosts forbid! Good manners in "society" are not unlike Japanese diplomats. When the whole world is moved to laughter, they remain rigid. The etiquettical pretense is the salt of the body-moral: it affects the systole and diastole of the heart instantly. "Manners before Morals" is the shibboleth of a people who, distrustful of one another's motives, must humorously pretend to the enjoyment of one another's society.

Manners are the most elemental of the conventionalisms. *They prescribe the mode of behavior prerequisite to membership in a stratified society.* Manners standardize "right" behavior. Formalism garlands commonplace transactions with so dignified a wreath, informality looks like rank incivility. People will insist upon their hero-worshippings, their obeisance-makings, their stereotyped flatteries and insincerities, their hierarchic tweedle-dums-and-dees, because that inveterate habit of make-believe, that historic talent

for masking and showing-off and playing one's part is so deeply imbedded in the stuff of irrational human nature.

The most ancient of all moralities is this code of conventionalisms. The code is simply the embodiment of good manners as defined by the strategically situated members of a stratified society. Social agreeableness is publicly fostered even among antipathetic souls. We learn to behave better than we wish to. The formalities coerce politeness: "good breeding". Conventionalism has so high an ethical value because it builds the pretences of good fellowship and, like the medieval truce of God, established with the beautiful intention of affording enemies adequate breathing space for recuperation, and the renewal of hostilities, fosters camaraderie in avocational spare time. Of course even unconventional persons ("unconventional" is largely a misnomer) are guided by codes of routine behavior, the violation of which is a menace to their charmed hierarchy and treated as such.

Very rarely do you find a person so genuinely wise as not to centralize the insignificant manners and mannerisms of life as the all-important meaning and content thereof. Why, for example, are first impressions so tenacious—and unreliable? Because at best they reveal personality; at worst, eccentricity; in neither case, that more human thing, individuality. And yet, the whole conventional confraternity of critics are in a proud conspiracy to judge a mortal by the initial "impression" he makes. Hence the tyranny of conventionalism.

The petty intrigues and insolences and repressions of conventionality are mild and humane compared with the incredible tactics of dogmatically moral persons. Serious moral natures are hunters-by-instinct. Forever on the hunt for game, they develop an abnormal olfactory nerve which helps them to pecksniff wrongdoers even at a psychically remote distance. To the hunter-after-righteousness this savage delight is more demoralizing than salvation is moralizing to the hunted. The delight—"Schadenfreude"—in detecting, hunting down, hounding, trapping, and ston-

ing a wrongdoer is a self-indulgence we must not permit our good people to enjoy, in the guise of righteous indignation.

The ethic of persecution tells a sadder tale of the masked malice of morality than some holy brethren would care to listen to. To understand the malice of good people and the wanton folly of bad, one must never lose sight of the momentous fact that conduct is not a matter of premeditated choice. Long before the mind is awake to the reflective need of justifying its code of behaviors, its conduct has been predetermined by a hundred insistent and persuasive influences of heredity and environment, personal and social. The compulsions of instinct and of imitation set the pattern for our specific behavior; if that pattern comes into sharp juxtaposition with a different, i. e. an unfamiliar pattern, we instinctively and habitually prefer our own.

A moral person may be defined as one who cannot help "preferring" his own accustomed infirmities to those of any other mores-bound human. The salient distinction between a conventionally moral and a heretically moral person is usually a difference in petted imperfections. Morality is like the weather; its behavior is moody, whimsical, indifferently good, playfully bad, provocative and wholly irrational. The fundamental truth underlying every morality is a simple one: Every human believes in himself. He must. To that extent every person is, in his own view, moral. For, basically, morality is self-approval. All the moral mischief-making arises from the *too rigid evaluation of particular acts.* Conventionally moral persons are strong prohibitionists in public. They are not such nice teetotalers in private. A sanctified and corrupting duplicity mars their loveliest pretences. Morality immortalizes the congenial folly of ignoring the beam in our own eye and attending, how passionately, to the mote in our neighbor's.

Morality, in a stratified society, is hard and intolerant and selfrighteous. If it were tolerant and magnanimous and sage, it would not afford its enthusiastic devotees the exaltation they now derive from their prides and prejudices and prepossessions. And the only moral reason why morality is so popular is because it bolsters up *self-importance.*

Morality is built upon a jesuitical and unverifiable distinction between me and thee. Hence its inevitable duplicity and the sanctimonious aroma that envelops its mock-heroic poses and pretences. Common sense reminds us that if we only dared to meditate upon the carnage of dreams violated, and of trusts lying betrayed in our own venal souls, we should be so preoccupied indemnifying life for our own flagrant trespasses, our neighbor's sins would by contrast appear venial. But no! To sit in judgment—that is the tantalizing reward of virtue.

Even the disillusioned ones, whom it shames to thrive on the chagrins and pains of a frustrated and trapped fellowman, are frequently pressed into the mob of judges. We who know better must pretend to be shocked, outraged, surprised, offended, when one of our inherited superstitions, conventionally called a virtue, is infringed. If we ask why it is seemly and virtuous to be shocked, the only reply at all adequate seems to be that the unruffled serenity of a dissentient embarrasses and perplexes the conventional hunters-after-righteousness; they will not endure dispassionateness; they fear its tonic effect upon their overwrought self-righteousness. Calm is not a sufficiently moral pose! *Morality, as we know it, would collapse like a toy balloon if men and women acquired the habit of cultivating intellectual poise.* Moral people are full of venom. That venom they humorously refer to as righteous indignation. Oh conceited moralist, why seest thou the hypocrisy in thy brother's eye and seest not the duplicity in thine own? Conventional morality has its deepest roots in the morbid desire for self-approval and self-aggrandizement, not in the love of virtue. So much is plain.

Fool or degenerate may conform externally to every prescribed canon of sanctified conduct; the fool or brute within him has not therefore been redeemed by the eucharistic pretence. Since behavior is not a reasoned-out procedure but only a sheepish posture, why is it so highly appraised, why does it affect to be so outraged when it is challenged, why is it so quick to bespeak for its devotees the sanctity of the ages? To begin with, the vast majority of people

are in the conspiracy to moralize the world according to their fixed patterns. Conspirators cannot be expected to turn "State's evidence" against themselves. More important still, old sanctions like old wines, old oaks, old friends, old bric-a-brac, old prejudices, old follies, old anything, come of themselves to be sacred and incredibly precious.

Most significant of all is the pragmatic reason; to be moral as this world goes is to profit enormously in the cherished things of the flesh, if not always in the things of the spirit. The profit is manifold and cumulative. You may walk with head erect among all manner of men; nobody knows what is in your heart! You may enjoy the inappeasable advantage of talking like a messiah: the preacher in you will wax fat—is there any joy more alluring to man than preaching? The wisest of us do far too much of it. The mischievous art, morally sanctioned, of tyrannizing over others who cannot escape our domination begins with childhood and ends only with cremation. (Vide: Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh".) To dictate to others: do you know of any business for which the race's experience has better fitted man, the incorrigible moralist?

Another profit accrues from the affection of moral superiority. By roguishly playing hide-and-seek with the perilous facts of life you may "set a good example" to children. Children will mistake your acting for actions, and, hugely edified, will set to building houses of make-believe upon the sands of pretence—until, one fateful day, to their horror, they perceive the rottenness of the whole drainage system. That's a sad day in the career of credulous youth. Who but our foolish moral folk are to blame for the suppression of the commonplace and graphically obvious facts about life's intimacies? Who but our wickedly moral folk are to blame for the morbid, almost rabid opposition to profound dramas dealing with the familiar-momentous experiences of maturing men and women?

Morality is so uncertain of its fragile virtues, it honestly knows not what to approve nor what to condemn, nor why nor wherefore! Morality is a gadfly tormenting a perplexed world with its malicious stings. External conform-

ity holds out so many profitable advantages! You have the whole world on your side. Mere numbers count amazingly when they are all repeating the self-same catechism. Precisely in the realm of morals is majority rule most obnoxious. For the routineers understand neither the origin, function nor varied development of codes of morality. Of one thing we may be infallibly certain: if your average moralist could not find melodramatic excitement in persecuting nonconformists, he would abandon his particular code as stale and unprofitable. Who can doubt that conventional morality has been *the* unfathomable source of man's malicious fun in a dull world? Morality's inner corruption consists in this: it sucks its pleasure from another's pain.

Watch the face of a teacher when she has caught a pupil lying. Observe the expression on a detective's face as he cuff-links a culprit. Behold the equivocating lawyer as he disconcerts an unnerved witness. See the priest glow with self-righteousness as he sips his brew tapped from the bursting heart of a wretched penitent. Witness the brute delight of the patriot as he leads the miserable spy to the tower. Study the young woman's self-conscious joy as she lures a fool from the promised land. And the school boy's rascally pleasure as he sticks pins into a weaker neighbor. Notice the humming knots of gossips enjoying their "sightseeing" through misery's dark alleys. Nice people take a day off to visit a prison, inspect the inmates like so many prize dogs at a show, and come away whispering innocently. "So interesting." Scrutinize your virgin social worker in the slums peeping and straining to enjoy forbidden things.

And let us not fail to look at our own faces when we have gained an advantage over an adversary. Oh so moral, so moral!—what shall we do with these ubiquitous moral folk? Some of us feel choked in a world made hideously moral by unconsciously-depraved joy-seekers. The Black Hole of Calcutta was a dancing playground compared with these blacker holes—the souls of self-righteous folk.

"In The South Sea Islands they have for contagious diseases a horror as great as your horror of crime. A man or woman stricken with a loathsome disease, such as smallpox, is seized,

isolated, and the individual sores of the smallpox patient are earnestly scraped with sea-shells—until the patient dies. It hurts the patient a good deal—without ever curing, of course—*but it relieves the feelings of the outraged good ones who wield the sea shells.*" These penetrating words were written by Mr. Arthur Brisbane in his remarkable editorial entitled "The Criminal" Class. He concludes his brilliant satire with this caustic utterance: "Rich, good men, nice bishops, comfortable, benevolent ladies—every man and woman on Blackwell's Island, every wretched creature living near a 'red light', would gladly change places with any of you.... Scrape away with your sea shells, but try also to give a few more and a few better chances in youth to those whom you now hunt as criminals in their mature years...."

It is interesting to try to explain why all moral natures have in common the pernicious habit of being eager to condemn what they have not taken the *pains* to understand. Understanding is a dangerous habit of mind; through the uncontaminated eyes of reflection one learns to sympathize with almost every conceivable behavior. He who understands is perilously near to condoning. To forgive calmly and dispassionately as wise men do is equivalent to depriving oneself of the ecstasies of self-righteousness. Mr. Average Man cannot so easily be weaned from that voluptuous breast. The delights of preaching and of judging will not be so lightly yielded up in behalf of the colorless duty of understanding.

We cling to morality, not because we know what it is all about; not because we have philosophic theories of right and wrong; not because we are solicitous for our neighbor's immortal soul;—no, a thousand times, no!—but only because this tedious life would be infinitely less exciting if we were less moral—and more humane. Isn't it a noteworthy fact that those who best understand life's trammeled ways; who sympathize unstintingly with all the children of men; who with disillusioned eye glimpse the tragedy of broken wills; who catch the meaning of our baffled strivings; that these seers, the only honorable moral members of our community, who can most afford to condemn, tyrannize over, and mor-

alize a decrepit mankind, are the greatest humanitarians of all?

Those pestilent small souls whose conduct is so utterly irrational, whimsical, aimless, and bungling; who, therefore, are constantly committing the most outrageous follies and trespasses and sins;—is it not significant that the most corrupt in our midst are the first to point the finger of scorn, and to wield the weapons of persecution, against a fellow-weakling? Perhaps, after all, such topsy-turveydom is not strange. Not, if we remember that experience of and by itself cannot make us either wiser or better; it makes us sadder or sillier. Only calm reflection upon our experiences can avail to make us wiser and more humane. Small moral souls are persecutors because they contrive to learn little or nothing from their recurrent experience. They don't understand. They condemn in another a fault rampant in their own hearts because condemnation yields the critic the tingling sensation of superiority. Magnanimous persons can afford to forego common delights. Only such exceptional souls are possessed of the genuinely moral nature.

OUR TAINTED ETHICS

Part Two

A world swamped by conventional morality would be a madhouse. To the extent that our civilization is swamped by the poses and pretences and prepossessions of conventional morality, it is a madhouse!

Think of conduct's obscure and tangled origins. Let a fellow sit down and make a list of his likes and dislikes, predilections and aversions, approvals and disapprovals, in short, let him try to analyze his behaviorist code. A significant truth will emerge. The more passionate his aversion, the more irrational. The more intense his approval, the more irrational. The more passionless and analytic his predilection or antipathy, the more rational. Our deepest feelings, the mainsprings of behavior are "deepest" precisely because they are disassociated from our reflective powers.

A probing analyst, a disillusioned thinker, discovers no startling contrasts of vice and virtue in our all-too-human world because he has reasoned out the bases of conduct. He has found that good and evil are indissolubly linked, enmeshed in origins and tendencies and dispositions, hardly controllable, and intensely emotional. He has learned—what the inflexible-minded call cynicism—that the specific precipitates labeled Good and Evil are merely the trivial by-products of that experiment in self-realization called Living, and that these products are unpremeditated by man. Virtuous folk, that is, lovers of pretence, become intensely enamored of their few familiar virtues; unanalyzed habits long sanctioned. *Thus the nascent good is tainted at its source by an excess of emotionalism.* And goodness is thus ever in danger of becoming fanaticism. Fanaticism is the irrational assumption that one all-embracing "good" is preessential to the salvation of an erring and unheeding mankind. These prophets of sublime folly are the romantic men of blood-and-iron (sometimes pacifists at heart): the messiahs, inquisition experts, war-lords, millenial-promoters, salvationists-by-profession. Beware the man with one won-

derful idea for saving the race. I have never known of a salvation that was not to be purchased at the cost of everything men of flesh-and-blood hold dear here below. Let us beware the hotblooded sincerities of men.

There is a passage in Prof. William Ellery Leonard's little classic, "Socrates, Master of Life," which is well worth quoting here:

"Kant founded the moral life in the good will; Socrates in right thinking. Yet each implies the factor made paramount by the other: Kant says act so that the maxim of thy conduct is fit to become universal and implies the rationalizing, generalizing, judging, knowing mind; Socrates says a man without self-control is little better than the beasts, and implies that energy of soul to which modern psychology gives the name will. A worthy moral life is impossible without both, but the romantic ethical tendencies of today need the propaedeutic of Socrates more than of Kant. *The good will we have always with us, giving often enough, with ghastly best wishes, unwittingly a serpent for a fish and a stone for bread; but the intelligence to see the practical bearings of conduct* and to discriminate between higher and lower ideals is too often lacking—to the dwarfing of the individual and to the confusion of society. *The fool in Sill's poem* (which goes deep) *prayed not for the good will, but for wisdom; and therefore the less fool he.*" (my italics).

In their "off" moments of lucid insight, men are poignantly aware of the need of tolerance, as between humans whose changeful conduct is not a premeditated selection but an impulsive realization. When "good fellows" foregather on festal occasions to reminisce, they unbuckle their hard-and-fast intolerances, loosen their make-believe moralities, unstiffen their formalities, and gladly unbind the suffocating mask of pretence, worn for the world's sake. Then they feel *at home*. On such rare occasions, the natural man steps forth from his plaster-of-Paris cast and runs free for a few unholy hours. Nothing can be more interesting than to watch this faun at play! And what does one observe? Each participant, brimful of triumphal experiences, rehearses his valorous exploits as shrewd bargainer, clever antagonist, wily adventurer, subtle victor. Always the revelation of smartness—of wrong-doing and double-dealing—seems to

delight the audience hugely. There's a zest and a gusto and a thrill in the dramatic recital of wrongdoing successfully consummated. Not the most moral heart is altogether unresponsive to that surreptitious thrill!

When they cluster in informal gatherings, men are sensible enough to make large human allowance for their "weaknesses". Perhaps because no one has the courage to moralize across the wine cups. The risk is too great, the gain too small. What is exasperating is the callous insincerity of these bourgeois folk. They will not be as tolerant toward a culprit at the moment of detection. Never. They can't afford to let a golden opportunity for mock-heroics go drifting by. Not they. The inhuman desire to suck pleasure out of another's pain is too deep-rooted and insistent. Hence, when the joy of wielding a persecutor's power is placed in their hands by law or accident, our conventionally moral folk are intensely in earnest about honesty and virtue and fair-dealing. What more convincing evidence that formal morality derives its validity from a profit-and-loss psychology of ethics, grossly tainted with self-regarding cunning?

A juror, in informal moods very human, is often a potential hangman. A judge is too often a judicial murderer. A mob, aristocratic or democratic, is always villainous. Scalp-hunting, in its Protean guises, is still a favorite sport. It is instructive to observe a curious trait in human nature. Wrongdoing, viewed in perspective, through the subdued light of memory with its soft-toned, wistful reminiscence, is no longer wrongdoing. It is simply an excusable, a forgivable mistake: a mere foolish error or stray lapse. Hence it comes about that we forgive our ancestors, but we hound our brethren! The irrationality of it all! The same person, be he teacher or judge or priest, who gleefully recites his sins of yesteryear without a blush of compunction or self-rebuke will persecute a subordinate for a similar offense because, strange to say, the misdeed should have been perpetrated years ago! Crime, reminiscently viewed, is no longer crime: it is only regrettable folly. And the para-

doxical conclusion seems to be that detection, not wrong-doing, is the real offense.

The inference is clear: Let the offender who commits a transgression at twelve o'clock set the moral alarm for seven; by noon he will have been amply forgiven! Only by some such device of evasion and concealment can the hapless fellow expect to escape the humiliation and punishment sure to be visited upon his victimized head by the moral ones. Let bygones be bygones is usually uttered too late. Men are very sympathetic—in retrospect. Why not? Vindictiveness has been appeased, a culprit has been punished, a straying fellow-human has been made a proper example of. What is more soul-satisfying than to crown one's moral conduct with the shining assurances: "I'm so sorry. Poor fellow. He wasn't really to blame, you know. Perhaps he couldn't help it. Who knows?" In reminiscence we are all so humane, so considerate. When it is too late.

For we are all incorrigibly moral, that is, self-approving and self-regarding, for our botched behavior, giving high-falutin reasons to our callous consciences. What shall we say of our undetected duplicities? What justification shall we offer of our lust-for-vengeance? How shall we ever explain away the terrible truth that another's torture moves us not—until it is too late? Perhaps we ought to condemn less and reminisce more. We might learn thereby to build us a more humane perspective. Strange, strange fact that crime, viewed reminiscently, is no longer crime, but only understandable (and forgivable?) folly. Can't we learn to crystallize into an immediately useful ethic the wisdom of reminiscence? *Why not judge crime as folly?*

Suppose we did judge crime, major and minor, as types of folly? What kind of punishment would we mete out? Surely not the justice we now know as vindictiveness. Our object would be psycho-therapeutic rather than punitive. We would honestly, and courageously, realize that a man's a man for a' that even when the beast in him has broken loose. We would view him as anthropologists do various unlike-minded human types. We would not survey the culprit as an alien species to be denominated, The Criminal

Class, a procedure that has the double demerit of being scientifically untenable and humanly unworthy. It is matter of common knowledge at least among the sophisticated that every society's Criminal Class is not in prison but rampantly and successfully out of it. Why obscure facts by spurious nomenclatures?

Must society continue the primitive ceremonial of wreaking its long suppressed wickedness upon a few scapegoats, immolated periodically as blood atonements for collective bad temper? The transmitted desire of men to make an "example" of someone is a brutal indulgence for which our ethics pay too high a price. The criminal is society's sacrifical offering to a god of wrath: that god of wrath is the personification of man's vindictive impulses. The English anthropologist, Frazer, supplies a wealth of evidence, lurid and illuminating, for this hypothesis.

Every detected wrongdoer ought to be brought before an informal court composed of humane anthropologists, educators, psycho-analysts, economists. Frank questionings asked in a sympathetic manner would surely reveal insights into human nature for the lack of which, thanks to our vindictively moral folk, so-called justice remains the hideous travesty it is today. As Judge Edward Parry says in his remarkable book, "The Law and the Poor":

"To me it appears strange that, whilst in every other science the professors of it are making earnest efforts to place the results of their studies to the credit of mankind, the law seems more incapable than theology of the march of time."

The Law is the most perfect reflex of the conventionally-moral attitudes of a people! Word-juggling, advantage-taking, persecution-by-cleverness, judging by scarlet-lettering, disquieting formalism of procedure—these are not the ways of the humanely civilized. When a wrongdoer feels that you are anxious to get his point of view, to share his difficulties, to visualize his temptations, to fathom his chaotic inner life, which is a hot-bed of instinct and impulse (and no fault of his), when he feels that you are capable of sympathetic pain—to borrow a deep phrase of Bertrand

Russell's—he will utter himself truly, significantly, and speak startling truths.

A true morality would begin by being unaffected and humane toward "wrongdoers". The souls that suffer most intensely on this implacable earth are those elemental creatures without guile or influence who cannot evade the law's spiteful punishments sanctioned by our vindictively moral guardians of "law and order". The instinct-driven creatures, whose blundering and hot and untutored impulses have made a sad mess of life, suffer for the rest of us. Vicarious atonment is an old, old dirge, the threnody intoned by broken souls in broken bodies behind walls of grey where moral men entomb their fellows as an object-lesson to a Janus-faced world to learn to evade detection.

But the greater criminals, at large in society's high places, why do they move about so complaisantly, crafty preachers of good doctrine? Why do they in their trespasses feel so secure? What special divinity shapes their ends? And always, in our make-believe society, a society in which pretense and duplicity rule the moral life, the still small voice of reason admonishes us: 'Tis not wrongdoing the moral folk object to.

'Tis not lawlessness the moral folk condemn. 'Tis not cunning's iniquities these censors despise. Nay, not these familiar practices do the censors outlaw! Only bungling is hateful to their world at large. Do your duplicitous business skillfully: the world will applaud you. Do whatever you please—only don't botch it. And the moral ones will shout, "Well done". Conventional morality is inherently disingenuous. As Freud powerfully asserts:

"We can prove to society mathematically that its code of ethics has exacted more sacrifices than it is worth, and that its procedure rests neither on veracity nor wisdom."

A magnificent utterance—if only the right people will listen to it!

OUR TAINTED ETHICS

Part Three

The most fruitful test of the expansion of morality is its attitude toward the numerous classes who have been looked down upon historically, as beneath contempt. What is our latter-day attitude toward the drunkard, the prostitute, the convict, the defective, the insane, the eccentric, the congenitally incompetent? When we reflect upon history's inquisitor treatment of these classes, poignantly we realize the inadequacy of our ancient moralities, still regnant in our day. Whatever humane progress has been made in the understanding of these groups has been markedly away from Judgment-Day, i. e. *theologic* morality toward Suspended-Judgment-Day, i. e. *humanist* morality.

We know that individuals are victims of inherited passions so rapacious that will-power—or the power of expending one's energy in equally passionate but less dangerous modes—has been impotent to interpose its vetoes. We know that instincts and impulses and habits are coercive forces of the first magnitude. We know that will-power is at best an inefficient instrument. We now realize that the mind's conscious power is small; its unconscious tendencies all-powerful.

We understand in a new and deeper sense, thanks to psycho-analytic research, that the process of inhibition is fraught with peril to the human incalculably beyond what he had ever imagined possible. We are beginning to understand how far the tragedy of human existence is remediable, how far irremediable. We are beginning to understand man, more especially that baffled variant, moral man. If there were no other utility in psycho-analysis, there would be one surviving social utility of inestimable good to mankind. Psycho-analysis is the only branch of social science which makes a continuing and exhaustive appeal to conventional man's intellectual honesty. Intellectualist psychology with its mock-austere array of generalizations and its unapplied, sterile formulae is pitiable, almost contemptible,

in juxtaposition with the gripping, personally-oriented, probing theories of this latter-day medical psychology.

Those who aspire to psychoanalytic insight must forswear their darling prejudices and poetized shames. To see one's self as one is, constitutes a fine achievement for self-deluding Homo—particularly if the unwelcome knowledge makes one neither a pessimist nor a cynic nor yet a salvationist. Unless—and not until—he abandons all his fixed attitudes, a man can not hope to become intellectually emancipated from his obsessive notions about himself and society and life-in-general. He must watch his conduct. He must study his motives. He should not be willing to give himself the benefit of the doubt—as his self-approving conventional-moral nature now teaches him falsely to do. Toward himself he should be merciless, as analyst, as autobiographer.

Broad-mindedness means resourcefulness; a fund of fruitful alternatives. Intellectual honesty is a method of approach to reality. It is not a predetermined pose. Hence religious dogmas, philosophic finalities, sexual traditions, educational doctrinarism, personal bias, all become loosened and rearranged and informalized, so to speak, by the solvent of intellectual honesty. In this sense, psycho-analysis is a fresh experiment in thinking honestly, about "sacred" and "forbidden" things. Prepossessions are lightly held; insights are the new guides; insights derived from ample first-hand observation of human material. Dr. Ernest Jones expresses it sagely when he declares:

"But a psycho-analytic conscience tends to be more unsparing in the criticism of its owner, as it is more sparing in that of others."

An admirable mating of science and humaneness!

We know that the whole tragedy of human existence is largely beyond individual control. How shall a being know —there are no infallible signs—when to curb his ego and when to impose, that is, realize it? He must experiment. If he experiments, he will make mistakes. His mistakes will be called lapses from the moral standard. Whose moral

standard? Certainly not his own. He is still developing his code of behavior. We are learning to look upon a person of rigid morality as spiritually dead. Why punish or ostracise a youth whose splendid vitality impels him at many hazards to discover for himself life's buried significance? What other inducement is there for continuing to live richly, deeply, except the knowledge that life becomes pregnant with purpose only as one experiments with its amazing potentialities?

The beginning of intelligent conduct is the desire to violate superimposed codes. To be as moral as our ancestors (and no more!) is to be as blind and bungling and uncreative. *Morality evolves by denying the validity of antecedent moralities.* Hence the inevitable tendency of rationalist ethics to push the mind out of its old moorings into the wide profound of what may be significantly called supermorality. Supermorality is primarily interested in the expansion of human personality.

Three types of thinkers represent the super-moral attitude to life. Psycho-analysts, playwrights, anthropologists. Will an analyst turn a syphilitic from his door because the latter has sinned? Will a dramatist hate his villain and dote on his hero? Will an anthropologist throw a moral fit because the human types he investigates, like the Chuckchees or Kwakiutls or Negritoes, happen to support standards of conduct strikingly unlike his own? The psycho-analytic doctor is superhuman—in his capacity as doctor. He probes causes calmly. He diagnoses impartially. He spends his talent on suggestion and analytic therapy: on counsels of wisdom. Suppose he turned priest and puritanic persecutor. What an incredible attitude for the experimenter with life! So too the dramatist. He is a lover of life, philosophically so. His interest is boundless. He penetrates the depths of passion and without spite or malice, or personal moralist bias, reveals what he there sympathetically discovers. His business is in a real sense psycho-analytical.

He too probes and diagnoses the ills that afflict man and he succeeds by compassionate appeal to our fund of com-

mon sense in making us, however reluctantly, realize the common ties that underlie our common humanity. Suppose the dramatist turned priest and rigid moralist? What would the consequences be—for good or evil? We should never behold anything profounder than melodrama!

Melodrama is popular to the extent that it distorts the realistic truths concerning good and evil by a fake, that is, a romantic presentation of their white-and-black rôle in life. For melodrama neither uplifts nor enlightens nor diagnoses nor deeply probes the maladies that molest the human soul.... And the anthropology that is properly conjoined with psycho-analysis became an honest science only a few years ago when capable, disillusioned minds set to work to eradicate our vainglorious pride in our self-complacent, *and mythically-grounded*, superiorities. The hyperbolic tales mischievously retold by curious travelers to far countries, most of them thickly prejudiced priests—all morbidly moral men—were re-examined skeptically and critically. The result was a rejection of the stiffly moral attitude toward other groups and the adoption of the super-moral attitude; the humanist attitude, if you please. "Superiority" and "inferiority" as moral epithets were wisely cast out as utterly misleading differentia. The larger view was substituted: the conduct of a group was to be judged, evaluated sympathetically, by ascertaining the group's system of values. The American school of Franz Boas deserves a high credit for this scientific and humane conception of research among different-minded types.

When we seek to understand folk in terms of their own familiar social psychology, we are behaving not only scientifically but also humanistically. Psycho-analysis happily re-affirms the wisdom and soundness of this approach to psychologic realities. We come not to judge haughtily, but only to appreciate wisely. Such an attitude is vastly different in its psychological, and therefore in its ethical, bearings from the conventionally snobbish "moral" view; from its acceptance there emerges a whole code of new and liberating values. This new code I term supermorality. Its differentia are a love of wisdom, an honest desire to under-

stand humans as they are, a scientific spirit of fellowship, sympathy with pain, an experimental attitude toward life. A psycho-analytic philosophy of behavior.

It is necessary to include a footnote on the ethics of loyalty before summarizing more adequately the nature and value of our unconventional code of ethics, alluded to as super-morality. Super-morality can't afford to endorse the narrow loyalties of men. That concession would devitalize it. It is not difficult to understand why exclusivism is a very human need. Man is not at home in the world-at large. He is tormentedly ill at ease. Only by losing himself in a herd does he contrive to enjoy life: the hours filled with clamorous delights are the hours when he "lives."

Marooned on the sullen shores of solitude, he experiences the pains of aloneness: his nerve fails him, his brain sags, his outlook grows bitter. Solitude affrights man. For in solitude the mind is face to face with vastness; a vastness that is inscrutable and awe-inspiring. In the presence of such overwhelming forces, man does not feel quite at home! Loyalism is the human discovery that togetherness is the first law of life. That necessitous law of social life is loaded with mischief. Not content with the easy co-minglings of workaday life, man strengthens his grip on existence by building special loyalties which he proceeds to characterize as exclusive, unique, superior, different. For the integrity of these allegiances he will fight hard and passionately. Loyalties afford that expansion of self-importance which delights the envious heart of man. All intense loyalties are caste-tainted, inevitably hostile to candor and truth. All intense loyalties are brazenly snobbish. People feel distinguished only when they are distinctive. Loyalty yields the thrill of self-importance; and is therefore indispensable to human development.

The problem is one of intelligent limits. How much loyalty is good for character? How badly will an excess of loyalty blight character? Perhaps we can arrive at a reasonable delimitation. Common wisdom will ratify the following discriminations: Loyalty is demoralizing when symbol is more

dear than thought. Loyalty is beneficial when the symbol is the changing emblem of thought. If a man finds that loyalty to an institution—fraternity, church, school, state, family—is so spontaneously passionate that any condemnation or criticism of its tenets evokes his impulsive opposition, he may as well recognize the fact that his loyalty is a superstition, immeasurably dangerous to freedom of thought and that expansion of the human personality which all significant life should favor. From a rationalist standpoint, our test is perfectly fair. That's why it may sound foolish to the zealous loyalists who, for the sweet recompense of surety, will volunteer their whole-hearted, unquestioning allegiance. But the terrible penalty of partisanship is intellectual inadequacy and spiritual blindness. Loyalties thus fortified by privileged security remain impervious to reason's entreaties.

Hence the duty of rationalists to oppose the tyrannies of partial allegiances. Any loyalty that denies the utility of skepticism is bad. Loyalism approves and sanctifies the latent snobbishness in the human race, its struggle to achieve caste-consciousness. How shall we tame the passion for exclusiveness? None of the types of ethics we have thus far discussed is equal to the task of humanizing and rationalizing man's conduct. There remains the ethics of humanism as a fruitful alternative.

That society is most excellent which can boast the greatest number of critical thinkers. Paradoxical as it may appear at first blush, critical thinkers are the true humanists. Let the reader recall the greatest critical thinkers from Socrates to Freud and he will note the common denominator of *sensitiveness* to life, more especially the life of understanding. And without the unflinching pursuit of wisdom, there can be no hope of amelioration. It is the critical thinkers, who in behalf of greater freedom and fuller life, courageously uncover the suffocating insincerities of the home, the claptrap, rah-rah enthusiasms of the school, the fife-and-drum chauvinisms of the state, the misleading make-believe of the special camaraderie, the smug and sleek delusions of the church, the absurd pretences of the ego.

By deriding, analyzing, and wisely undermining self-com-

placency, critical thinkers do effect an expansion in human sympathies. Such broadening of the sympathies, purchased at the cost of a few flimsy fool's paradises lost, is the first requisite of humanist conduct. Humanism is the essence of that super-morality already alluded to. When, through the process of disillusion, a thinker arrives at the conviction that what humans above all other things need is an insight into their buried inner life—the life of sacred faiths, passionate prejudices, moral confusion, instinct's vagaries, intellect's illusions—and accompanying that conviction is the desire to pursue truth whither it may lead—such a thinker is ready to take the vow of the humanist.

The humanist will know that his primary task is the analysis of conventional morality in all its forms, the revelations of its life-denying elements, the illumination of its contradictions, its primitive origins, the futility of its taboos and inhibitions and pretences, the need of a creative morality promising liberation and expansion to the too long- suppressed human personality.

Brow-beating ethics inherited from theologic days must be banished from the pulpit and the home and the state. If virtue be in truth superior to vice, it must establish its claim by the scientific method of demonstration and verification in human affairs, not by the brute method of persecution. To the conventionally moral folk we may somewhat sharply say: How dare you foist your sham superiorities upon those whose unlike behavior you have wilfully and ignorantly disqualified yourselves from judging sympathetically? By your original sin of ostracism and exclusion, have you not, in malice, cut them off from your sympathies?

Is there not an amazing impudence in the conduct of persons who believe they can succor and "redeem" those very humans whom they have in the moral premises condemned and outlawed as inferiors? Who can doubt it longer: is there not in all stereotyped morality a certain inherent duplicity? Maximum glorification for oneself: Heaven; maximum damnification for the other fellow—for the *outcaste*: Hell!

The humanist humbly assumes that the behavior of

"wrongdoers" is on the whole neither better nor worse than the behavior of the generality of mankind. Thus, sincerely dedicated to truth, he must renounce the whole pernicious code of conventionalized morality as essentially theatrical and melodramatic and duplicitous, the arch-foe of man's true felicity. The humanist will not perpetuate the inhumanity of sitting in superior judgment upon his erring fellow-men. Like the anthropologist he will study various codes of conduct under varying traditional environments. Like the psycho-analyst he will probe the inner life of man patiently and sympathetically. He will understand what Prof. Boris Sidis means when he says: "The true education of life is the recognition of evil wherever it is met." In behaving thus humanely and analytically, the humanist will have accepted the philosophy of supermorality. For humanists are lovers of wisdom, friends of mankind, diagnosticians of disease, healers of broken souls. But especially lovers of wisdom. "I cannot understand why Wisdom, which is, so to speak, the sediment of everyday experiences, should be denied admission among the acquisitions of knowledge." (Freud)

Supermorality is the honest ethic of honest analysts. Under its inspiration, to paraphrase a subtle sentence of Bergson's, the good life is transmuted into a piece of high Art.

In his interesting book, "The Freudian Wish," Prof. Holt concludes his analysis of human behavior with the dictum: "Ethics is solely a question, as Epictetus so long ago said, of 'dealing wisely with the phenomena of existence'." Wisely! In that one momentous word is summed up the futility of conventional morality and the liberating promise of psychoanalytic morality.*

* In regard to this analysis, G. Stanley Hall, America's most realistic educational psychologist, wrote:

"I read the article you kindly sent me, Our Tainted Ethics, with great pleasure and profit. I was glad to see that it had appeared in The Psychoanalytic Review, the readers of which, I think, greatly need this larger point of view.

It seems to me that you hit off in a masterly literary way the problems that the ethics of the future now faces. But what a task and what a program to bring all this home to the modern consciousness!

But it seems to me we have in such writers as McDougall, Shand, Thorndike, Parker, and even Tead and the behaviorists, (well illustrated by Watson's article in the December, 1921 number of the Scientific Monthly, which concerns itself, to be sure, only with babies), and many others, tentatives toward a more explicit and detailed new ethics which is little more positive, and I wish, if you expand your article to a book, as you really ought to, you would have a third part evaluating this."

THE TRAGEDY OF TRUTH

It has been said: "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

In that grand platitude there is more sophistry than wisdom. Knowing the truth is primarily an achievement of the intellect; being emancipated by the truth is essentially an achievement of the will... The intellect is here thought of as a mode of reasoning; the will is looked upon as a mode of acting.

Freedom, like tyranny, lives by passion's sway. Truth, like knowledge, lives by an analysis of passion's sway. A man may know "the truth" by hearsay, by repetition, by analysis, even by wisdom's meditation, and yet he may lack the will, that is, the passionate incentive, to transmute knowledge into behavior.

Conduct is essentially a rapid, impulsive, moody and familiar reaction. But truth, that is, knowledge applied to life, is of slow, unsteady growth, tentative, rationalistic, complex and imposing, quite often unsuited to the fragmentary and broken needs of the passing hour. There is a logic of thought and a logic of action. An eternal conflict exists between them. Truth and life are not congenial bedfellows.

Men know that war is hell; why don't they free themselves from the war lust? Men know that prostitution is a blight and a terror; why don't they control themselves? Men know that competition is villainous. Why don't they supplant it? Men know that child-labor is a shame and a betrayal. Why don't they abolish it? Men know that life is a serious business, agonized for, fretted over, conceived in pain and fear, costly, precious, the product of aeons of writhing labors—why do they light-heartedly sacrifice it to whim and expediency and chance and profit? Why do men hold life so cheap?

Men know that fecundity is an evil and a blasphemy; why do they preach it? Men know that poverty is a curse, the negation of humaneness, the death of ambition, the ruin

of aspiration, the denial of all opportunity to develop, the hotbed of vice and enmity and strife and ignorance—why don't they admit the truth and strive to eliminate poverty? Men know that equality before the law is a fiction and a lie; why aren't they free to change the fiction and to transmute the lie? Men know that they are selfish beasts, physically and intellectually eager for unquestioned power over others whom they exploit and mercilessly use up at so much per hour—why don't they use their knowledge to free themselves from the wild passion for power?

Men know these truths and a thousand others; does the truth make them free? Free to improve? Knowledge is easy of attainment; not so freedom. We are slaves by inheritance. We are slaves by tradition. We are slaves by imitation. We are slaves by instinct. We are slaves by compulsion. We are slaves by choice.

After we shall have emancipated our minds from the bullying passions of sensuality—in itself a wonderful achievement—we shall have before us the insoluble problem of emancipating our minds from the bullying passions of intellectuality. The thinker's lot is not a happy one!

The man who comes nearest to achieving freedom is he who understands the limitations of things; he must be so radically disillusioned about life's values and possibilities that no passion, no dream, no hope, no accomplishment, no idea, no loyalty, can tyrannize over his reason and his judgment. Wisdom must pay dearly for its few precious superiorities.

Such a man would, to a great extent, be deprived of life's emotional excitements and surprises and thrills and shocking experiences. He would become a sort of human god of insight, with feet planted on the earth, eyes intent upon human amelioration, mind preoccupied with problems and solutions and insights. He would be the philosopher, without passionate hobbies to ride. The world needs such disillusioned seers.

How shall a thinker become a disillusioned seer? The whole answer may be summed up in one pregnant sentence:

He must learn to play with ideas. Playing with ideas is the best solvent for peccant humors—and peccant humors saturate our numerous passionate likes and dislikes.

Our likes, no less than our dislikes, are either too morbid or offensively maudlin. To substitute intelligence for "Temperament" is the method of subduing irresponsible passions. Our hobbies are too passionately ridden.

It is not mere historical accident that the land which has tolerated the greatest freedom has also produced the greatest Humorists and Wits. Great Britain, or rather, England, the classic example of libertarianism (in a certain relative sense), has surpassed in tolerance all other European nations. Why? There are many valid explanations.

From an intellectualist point of view, the most satisfactory reason is, perhaps, the love of play; among the great ones, perhaps, a genuine love of Fair Play. I am not referring to a national trait: there really is no such thing; nor to an intuitive endowment: mere Anglo-Saxon vanity; nor to any cultural innate superiority: pure self-delusion; nor to any general maxim of behavior indigenous to Great Britain.

I refer simply to the conspicuous fact that a wonderful choir of great men for centuries together sang the lofty theme of Intellectual Freedom and their song became popular among the educated. If you analyze the Epic of English Freedom, you will discover a care-free spirit of playfulness, a love of turning ideas topsy-turvy, a delight in heresies, a fine joy in nonconformism.

"In England toleration has become an institution, and where Tory and Socialist, bishop and infidel, can all meet at the same dinner table and spend an agreeable week end together there is no need for defensive segregations." Thus wrote the exuberant Mr. Wells several years ago. There is a measure of noteworthy truth in his dictum. Not for that reason need radicals look with anything but suspicion upon so sweeping a theory of mutual class tolerance, in an inexorably stratified society.

This talent for playing with ideas is the quintessence of the philosophic spirit, the true basis of Tolerance. To be

sure, every nation of western Europe, including "effete" Spain, has contributed her geniuses of Intellectual Play. Only, to Great Britain falls the honor of having been most prolific in her production of Great Wits. Isn't the history of English Philosophy, that is, of English Philosophers, the story of wise men who knew the joys of playing with ideas?

Next to England stands France in her grants of tolerance to thinkers. England and France have been the homes of the most brilliant and far-reaching radicalisms and humanitarianisms. Germany is the one great nation which has exalted Pompousness to the rank of a virtue. The one classic example of achievement without playfulness is Deutschland. German professors, even more than American, lack a sense of humor.

As Romain Rolland reminds us:

"Intelligence of the mind is nothing without that of the heart. It is nothing also without good sense and humor—good sense which shows to every people and to every being their place in the universe—and humor which is the critic of misguided reason, the soldier who following the chariot to the Capitol reminds Caesar in his hour of triumph that he is bald...."

Their desperate search for finalities, their fetichist attachment to systems and dogmas and symbols, are so many evidences of heavymindedness. Heavymindedness is the malady of the scholar *lost* in thought. A scholar lost in thought is really too bewildered to "see the joke." The greater his bewilderment, the more stolid his seriousness, the more pathetically does he cling to "World Outlooks" that leave no standing room for Wit and Humor.

It is interesting to note that the educational system of America, deeply imitative of the German system in so many of its vital features, reveals many of those tendencies toward self-complacency, heavymindedness, bureaucratic officialdom, professional pseudo-scientific erudition, which collectively have been aptly characterized as the prussianization of our educational enterprise.

German savants don't know the tonic delights of *playing* with ideas.

"Insolence still continues to impress the average German. The spirit of English scientific intercourse forms a highly pleasing contrast to the German habit. Take such writers as Mill and Darwin. They speak to the reader as though he did them a favor by listening to them, and whenever they enter upon a controversy they do it in a manner which expresses respect and a desire for mutual understanding. The German scholar believes that it will detract from the respect due him if he does not assume a tone of condescension or overbearing censure. Examine the first scientific journal you may happen to pick up; even the smallest anonymous announcement breathes the air of infinite superiority."

Thus wrote Friedrich Paulsen some years ago.

Dogmatism, intellectual tyranny, hierarchic absolutism, thinking by authority—these are the evil by-products of pompousness in scholars.

Why is scholarship so top-heavy, so humorless?...

The ultimate tragedy of truth lies in this historic fact: Truth, *beginning as the emancipator*, soon becomes ossified into dogma. Hence, the history of freedom of thought is hardly more than the story of the shifting of men's allegiances from dogma to dogma. And dogma cannot make men genuinely free!

Human Nature in Reality

Persons with bellicose inclinations are apt to overlook the consideration that undue respect for authority is a form of cowardice, perhaps greater than cowardice displayed in war, inasmuch as it is moral cowardice. They overlook this because respect for authority involves no hindrance to efficiency in war. On the contrary, it promotes such efficiency by facilitating obedience....Respect for authority is probably an outcome of the frame of mind associated with a bellicose disposition, just as contempt for authority flourishes most in connection with the mentality of peace.

MATHILDE AND MATHIAS VAERTING.
("The Dominant Sex").

Mystery, awe, reverence, superstition—these are "moods" which affirm and perpetuate the sovereignty of things over man; these are man's greatest inhibitions; but reason in its very constitution is the heroic affirmation of the present and potential mastery of man over things; and as such, it is the eternal truth of man. For man's meaning and destiny—the *only* one which concerns us on this star—is to attain absolute empire over himself and the world, and in the most complete and unconditional sense, to master Fate. To "be true to the earth", to use Nietzsche's phrase, this is the highest possible thing—and it is possible.

EDWIN MUIR.

DEPTHS OF REALIZATION

The prevalence of grim humor, compounded of stupid, obscene jests and seemingly frivolous anecdote, attests weirdly to the human disinclination to realize to the depth the nature and inevitable consequences of one's inhuman conduct.

Read this excerpt as typical of the general situation at the front: "Then the whistle sounded again. This time twice. We adjusted our straps. Each man took a look at his neighbor's equipment. I turned and shook hands with the fellows next to me. They were grinning, and I felt my own nerves a-quiver as we waited for the signal. And yet, in all their chatter there seemed to be an unusually sharp note.

"The jokes all had an edge to them. References to one another's death were common, and good wishes for one another's dismemberment excited only laughter. Just behind me I heard King express the hope that if he lost an arm or a leg he would at least get the 'medaille militaire' in exchange. By way of comfort, his chum, Dowd, remarked that, whether he got the medal or not, he was very sure of getting a permit to beg on the street corners."

The more earnestly one reflects upon it the more deeply is one convinced that the power of self-conscious realization is very weak, one might almost say, defective in most human beings.

Suppose a soldier, after having fulfilled his duty to "his" country, (and to his God) by having murdered a number of the enemy and having assisted in the burning and devastation of the enemy's country, were quietly to sit down and in the mood of an intellectually honest observer were to ask himself a few serious questions such as:

After all, what in the world am I, concretely and specifically, fighting for? In what sense is there an irreconcilable enmity between the other fellow and myself? In sober truth, haven't we immeasurably more in common than warlords and profit-seekers would have us believe? What impulses within my brain drove me to murder human beings

against no one of whom I could possibly mention the least grievance?

Now, that the war is over, what particular contribution to the fulfillment of those so-called ideals, for the realization of which I was swiftly and unthinkingly jammed into the war enterprise, am I called upon by my superior masters of destiny to make? Will the scheming diplomats call upon me or my kind to contribute our mite of intelligence to the solution of world problems?

Mustn't I now, that the war is presumably over, go back to the same old harassing and perplexing bread-and-butter problems? Has my bitter participation in the war brought me any greater security as a workingman or as a voter? Will not the political parties continue to juggle the finances and destinies of the nation without deigning to consult me in the matter?

Come to think of it seriously, I want to know how in the world the outcome of the war has actually furthered those highfalutin ideals, those brass-band patriotisms which I, in my blindness, was taught to believe were the genuine objects of war? Besides, I mustn't overlook the fact that, even if the ideals fought for were genuine, there is no guarantee, after millions of us poor blind tools have been shattered to pieces, that the strategic manipulators of the fate of nations will find it either necessary or profitable to institute methods and devices making for the realization of any of the antebellum ideals.

Has soldier boy ever reflected upon these simple truths enunciated by Norman Angell, the most enlightened publicist in the English-speaking world: "Are we, in blind obedience to primitive instinct and old prejudices, enslaved by the old catchwords and that curious indolence which makes the revision of old ideas unpleasant, to duplicate indefinitely on the political and economic side a condition from which we have liberated ourselves on the religious side?

"Are we to continue to struggle, as so many good men struggled in the first dozen centuries of Christendom—spilling oceans of blood, wasting mountains of treasure—to achieve what is at bottom a logical absurdity, to accom-

plish something which, when accomplished, can avail us nothing, and which, if it could avail us anything, would condemn the nations of the world to never-ending bloodshed and the constant defeat of all those aims which men, in their sober hours, know to be alone worthy of sustained endeavor?"

There are so many pains of disillusion which a soldier sobered and returned to his reflective senses must bitterly experience!

How can he ever reconcile himself to the bloodthirsty past which his conscience and his whole mental outlook have been saturated with?

How can he walk along in security, or think in peace, or dream in serenity, when in his haunted brain a thousand cruelly biting suggestions and self-accusations and qualms of conscience dance like hideous nightmares, affording no peace, no cessation of tormenting doubt?

Let us be fair to the deluded soldier boy. He doesn't understand. He never did understand. If the power to reflect upon the consequences of instinctive conduct had been an integral part of his spiritual makeup, he never could have consented to make himself the junior partner in the relentness business of mechanized murder.

One can imagine their torments of self-realization if, in the very thick of blood-lust and carnage, a handful of the more sensitiveminded of the irresponsible young assassins had paused just long enough to view with sympathy and fellow-pity the mutilated bodies of the dead and the dying. What an excruciating sense of pity, mingling with a morbid realization of the infernal horror of the whole primitive indulgence, would have seized and twisted the brains of the onlookers!

Thinking soldiers are (in the nature of the case) as rare as honest diplomats.

All the more welcome, all the more inspiring, the confession of a soldier-thinker whose piercing humaneness rescued the feeling man from the desecrations of the warrior. For every soldier needs must have a dual personality. One who

knew the torments of remorse indited this revelation of the warrior-soul as it pauses in its career of inhumanity to reflect upon its own submerged humanity:

"The dead face smiled up from the ground, and the simple gentleness of this old man, so little formidable, so clearly a stranger to the lusts and passions which we on the 'Christian' side liked to associate with the name of Turk, made its direct appeal to the normal instincts which war can silence only in the rushing hours of animal excitement.

"I understood at length that that military discipline which I had been proud to obey myself, and to impose on others, was the necessary condition of this criminal stupidity called war. Men can be got to shoot at other men with whom they have no quarrel only because they have first been taught to lay aside their own personality, their own judgment, their free choice between good and evil. They become automata which shoot at other automata as little conscious of what they do as the rifles in their hands."

Soldiers mustn't be permitted to think twice or to feel pity or to ask civilized questions or to doubt the sanctity of their own devilish behavior.

One of the profoundest duties of the educator is the stimulation and wide-awakening and cultivation of depths of *realization.*

For realization, while an intellectual achievement (to a large degree), has its firmest roots in the moral, more accurately, the spiritual nature of man. Sympathy, fellow feeling, quick visualization of consequences, are the healing streams that nurture and sustain and cleanse the moral man.

Of course, we shall make precious little headway with the problem and technique of realization if we continue to preach and to practice those estranging provincialisms, those self-centered, poisonous patriotisms which today constitute the moral stock-in-trade of education.

Professor Dewey made a very keen observation, worth while alluding to in this connection. He pointed out that before war, soldiers run wild in their patriot glorification of war as such; once in the tempestuous and fiendish midst of battle, instictively they shift their beautiful appreciation

from war to the ideals supposedly actuating them. What an interesting subconscious shift of realization!

The duty of rationalists is clear enough. The soldier boy, long before he is threatened with the horrible discipline of war, must be baptized in the fires of realization—realization of the essential insincerity and desperate untruthfulness of the war motive, realization of the duplicities of the war manipulators, realization of the inexpressible futility of the entire war enterprise, realization of the moral obloquy of consenting to perform in war time deeds so monstrously inhuman as to arouse his uttermost shame by mere contemplation of them in peace time.

The fundamental problem is *the problem of realization.*

In the Atlantic Monthly (February, 1916) there appeared a remarkable soldier confessional under the caption "A Radical's Progress." If the patriotic reader still clings to any fife-and-drum conceptions of the glory of war, this truthful narrative of war's indescribable fiendishness will help to disabuse his mind of its infantile delusions:

"You ask what started me on my course of radical thinking. Two incidents; both from the Boer War.

"The thin end of the wedge entered my mind from seeing an old Boer farmer bayoneted. I myself had killed a man before that. But this day, as I was riding along, I saw a sergeant order an infantryman—a West Kent man—to capture an old Boer who was making for a horse—his own, I fancy.

"The man dropped out of the ranks and took after the Boer, who was an 'Eighty-Oner,' white-bearded, with black crepe on his hat; they never surrendered.

"'Halt!' yelled the Kent man.

"The Boer kept on after the horse.

"'Halt! you old beggar!' yelled the Tommy again.

"The Boer paid no heed.

"'I'll give you one more chance. Up with your hands!'

"The Boer kept on.

"I saw the West Kent man take the step for the bayoneting—a purely mechanical motion. The old man reached round and

gripped the blade tightly with both hands. The Tommy gave it a twist. All the Boer's fingers dropped off. The Tommy drew his blade out of the two bleeding stumps and stabbed the old man to the heart. The Boer fell dead.

"Then the Kent man unfixed his bayonet, wiped the blood off on his sleeve, fixed it again, and fell back into his place in the column.

" 'You beast!' thought I, and waited for him to pass me expecting him to have the face of a fiend.

"As he came near, he turned his head my way and I got a good look at him. It was a worse shock than the sight of him killing the Boer.

"In his face was everything that manhood holds best. He was a fine-looking fellow—a man of character.....

"Two days before I had killed a man myself. It was in a skirmish. My regimental chum sang out at me, 'Step right!' I did so instinctively, and this fellow lunged past me, and fell with the force of his missed blow. I brought down the butt of my rifle on his skull and crushed it, as one breaks an egg.

"All the rest of the day I vomited at intervals. Once I cried. I could not eat. Two days earlier had come a letter from my mother asking me not to take life if I could help it.... It wasn't the letter. It was the physical shock of seeing a man's brains beaten in like jelly. I made up my mind then and there that I had had enough of patriotism."

If soldier-boy, driven to self-interrogation by a tormented conscience, dared to look into the mirror of his own bespattered soul, the hideous realization and revelation of the *truth about war*, merciless and dehumanizing, would threaten his sanity. I suppose that's why he instinctively never asks himself moral questions about his heinous offenses against humanity.

The cultivation of a sensitive individual conscience, which means the development of personal responsibility for one's conduct, promises to be a more effective inhibition of the impulses leading up to and arising from war-madness than any other, psychologically, that one can think of.

We mustn't overlook the psychologically important fact that the majority of human beings (in a certain sense, all

human beings) are fundamentally victims of moral codes. We are all habitually moral in the sense that a melodramatic realization of shame and its consequences does at least tend to thwart some of our baser impulses.

Taking our clue from this spiritualizing fact, we ought to burn into the consciousness of average men (including our humble selves), the ethic of personal responsibility for one's conduct, the ethic of self-realization.

Once the potential soldier can be weaned from the succor afforded by the state (the pap of moral irresponsibility), the whole ethical attitude of subordinate citizens will be in the process of change for the better.

The ultimate terrifying question is this: How many more centuries will elapse before Mr. Average Man will have learned to bestow upon himself the respect which he now lavishes upon his so-called superiors?

COURAGE AND COWARDICE

Undoubtedly, if we were capable of quick sympathies for every unfortunate human crushed in the blind struggle for mere existence, we should certainly thereby unman ourselves for the rugged business of daily drudgery. Callousness preserves the mind from lunacy.

If a soldier in the act of firing stopped short and allowed his brain to *feel* compassion for the comrade "across the border," can you describe the reeling thoughts hotly surging and wildly leaping from nerve to nerve in his obsessed mind? But soldiers do not think, and dare not feel. Theirs but to do and die: so the fatalistic sequence runs.

The coercive "state" is very good to its soldiers. It relieves them of the crushing burden of thinking and feeling. How so? By the historic device of veiling (cold-blooded) reality in mystic symbols. Civilization, God, Humanity, Justice, Fatherland... are a few of the most hackneyed catch shibboleths that hypnotize man's pitiful reason and hold his ignorant emotions of fear and pride literally spellbound. If we could only, in an emotional crisis more especially, remember steadfastly that Abstractions are the sources of our illusions, and that Concretizations are the sources of our disillusions, we should play the dupe less frequently. Think *specifically*, and the coercive state cannot capture your soul.

The conscripted individual need no longer feel responsible for his murderous acts. The irresponsible State will gladly bear the brunt of that consecrated indulgence. By developing a mystic diction of fine-sounding symbols, the State establishes its code of glory among its uncritical soldiery. Endless repetition induces the automatism of loyalty.

Automatism is the very nihilation of sympathy. That is precisely what *militarism* seeks to accomplish—a glorified *callousness*.

If these deluded ones, cut-throats in soldiers' uniform, dared, only dared, for one terrible moment, to review their crazy conduct, the hot-blooded indecencies of war—the

maimings, the killings, the crimson carnage of shame trailing after their lustful feet—could they live on? Dare soldiers, so recently warm-hearted human beings, feel any real sympathy for their victims, real and unknown? Or is the mind too fragile a mechanism for so rasping a strain?

In her graphic drama, "Across the Border," Mrs. Dix makes the poor, deluded young soldier go crazy after his *realization* of what he had, in hot-blooded blindness, perpetrated. How much *realization* are common mortals capable of?

We humans cannot face the dire consequences of our wanton acts of wickedness. We haven't the moral or intellectual resourcefulness to meet and resolve the bewilderments of life (and death) sanely, wisely.

How can we make soldiers realize that the Coercive State is employing them as it would professional murderers? There may be—there often is—a pool of genuine sentiment in the heart of the soldier, fired by the gorgeous mythology of statecraft; but in the wily heart of the "State," what faded sincerities lie rotting there?

Skillfully exploiting the religion of vainglorious self-regard, the repressive State has intimidated most of us into accepting its disreputable conception of the function and uses of Courage and Cowardice. Why are we so pathetically worried by the enemy's allusion to our self-willed secession as Cowardice? How shall we teach young men to break the magic spell of that hypnotizing epithet? Why the paralyzing potency of that word?

Hint to the wise: If you envisage an odious epithet long enough, and look it "square in the eye," so to speak, you will counteract its hypnosis! Hissing by-words melt into impotent wrath when they collide with fearless common sense. That little word, "coward", frightens us too much.

Talk about Cowardice! What does the whole "Science" of war mean when reduced to its plainest terms? What else can the technique of war be but the scheming for dishonorable advantages? What else does that vicious motto imply, "All's fair in war?" It were more honorable to assert that *nothing's* fair in War!

You read of the marvelous militarism of the Prussian soldiery and what do you find that heroism to consist in? A shameful assault upon defenseless towns in Belgium and France! You read of the disciplined bravery of the Czarmen and what noble heroism is recounted of them? A brutal attack upon a handful of ill-equipped Austrians! Why, of all the disreputable and foul-smelling cowardices, the heroisms of war are the most dishonorable.

We speak of strategy. What's that but a cold-blooded plotting for dishonorable advantages? Are armies fair to one another? Are they in the mood for fair play? Vile scheming, spying, plotting, ruthless advantage-taking, merciless assaults, savage strategies, hunting and trapping and flaying.... O! inspiring heroisms, what fitting tribute shall poet and statesman embroider upon thy indecent cerement?

Half-crazed Youths—boys who have hardly cut their wisdom teeth—are shamelessly lied to and bullied into glorifying conduct the like of which they would never dare to confess to their God on Judgment Day. There is a kind of heroism that is not so much heroism as emotional drunkenness, madman's irrationality, an intellectual spree, a debauch of the primitive instincts.

Is love of death a virtue? Is reckless disregard of life a virtue? Is murderous delight a virtue? Is physical bravery the sum and substance of all the virtues? What of the disquieting fact that the physically brave are so often the intellectually and spiritually bankrupt? Is the pugilist the apotheosis of courage in a world that pretends to a high degree of civilization?

May not a man be a fearless fighter in the hundred years' war of ideas and yet be physically insignificant? Shall he be written down as coward? What of the blighting intellectual and moral cowardice that keeps a nation of physically brave citizens in superstitious fear of salaried superiors? Why do the "brave" submit to the outrageous tyrannies of ante-bellum and *post*-bellum eras?

Isn't fife-and-drum bravery a little heady? Isn't embattled courage, often, no doubt, beautifully dare-devil and

awe-inspiring, nowadays mechanized to the *n*'th degree, often sheer instinctive fear or ignorance of consequence, too flustered to act premeditatively? Are not average men most courageous when they fail to count the costs and the consequences? Isn't bravery too often the show-off virtue of flattered subordinates utterly helpless in a predicament?

What of the courage that is too wise to be brave at so disproportionate a cost as melodramatic heroism usually entails? What relation has man's heroism to the inborn theatricalism of crude, unreflective egotism? Does civilization flourish and expand by dint of the melodramatic heroisms praised for a day (by the stay-behinds) and forgotten, sadly enough, forever after? Why does calm thought oppose and suspect familiar hectic heroisms?

Suppose soldiers turned their coloratura braveries to the service of the Proletariat in its useful and world-improving struggle against the Capitalists;—those shrewd exploiters of common heroism so long as it serves their unheroic purposes. Would their high courage, newly dedicated, be praised in rhyme and in marble? It would not. And why not? The critical-minded need not be enlightened as to the whys and wherefores.

The plutocracy is naturally interested in those acts of heroism that either exalt its power and prestige at home and abroad, or that tend to diminish the power and prestige of its opponent, the rising proletariat. The brilliant heroisms that frustrate or bridle capitalism's aims are not made the subject of laudation at rich men's banquetings. No, sir!

It is important to understand that another's act is deemed courageous when in some not too obscure manner it furthers "our" purpose. If a fellow happens to have the good sense to refuse to sacrifice himself blindly to the unanalyzed conscript-call of a panic-stricken mob, he is unceremoniously alluded to as a "quitter", "coward", "woman",—or philosopher. People in a panic have scant respect for conscience or wisdom or self-will.

Courage is a virtue, vastly useful in every way, when it is purposive and reflectively self-willed. The most usefully courageous men on earth have always been the Great

Thinkers. Their heroism is continuous, purposive and cumulative; all the generations are benefited by their intellectual and spiritual self-sacrifices. The profoundest courage may be known by its contributions to our knowledge of how to control the only beast that man has thus far lamentably failed to control: *himself.*

No virtue is sufficient unto itself. Reckless bravery is less a virtue than a species of uncontrollable folly. Men who have the courage to drop bombs from a safe height on a village of peaceful, innocent men, women and children, are peculiarly courageous! Shall we extol their eccentric bravery?

How damnably unworthy is the tribal patriotism that screeches: "I wouldn't hesitate a moment to give my life for my country, right or wrong." Does that significant inclusion, "I shouldn't hesitate a moment", hint at the large philosophic truth that he who hesitates and reflects will not go to war? *Is thinking at odds with the pretences of chauvinism?*

Which shall we evaluate as finer for the race's welfare: Reflection or Intoxication? And if we find that the man given to reflection is called, in a crisis, coward, while the fellow given to intoxicating himself, though it be emotionally, is called brave, need we who understand be so ashamed of the company of sober self-analytic comrades? When men are sober, they tend to be less brave but a heap more useful.

Let us decide to develop a sober, sensitive civilization even if it affords fewer opportunities for theatrical heroisms, for the evanescent realisms of the melodrama.

There is a type of courage that is sheer animal ferocity. There is a type of cowardice that is the essence of wisdom. Perhaps our world, as we know and experience it, has abundant need of the courage that is the overflow of uncontrollable animalism, and of the cowardice that is the by-product of wisdom. A strange universe. Most strange!

THE CULT OF IRRESPONSIBILITY

While on the subject of cowardice, it is interesting to take note of the flagrant moral contradictions inextricably rooted in the war situation.

Soldiers are usually lauded for bravery, and humiliated, even shot, for cowardice. Very few soldiers are physical cowards. They don't know how to be. The mechanics of the situation do not promote that kind of self-indulgence.

Interestingly enough, viewed *morally*, any act which conduces to victory or to the hope of victory is praised and approved as soldierly, that is, as heroic.

What are some of the great heroic acts? The dropping of bombs on helpless non-combatants; the sinking of unprotected vessels; spying, stealing information, tampering with the mails, prying into secrets; starving an enemy nation by rigorous blockade; outraging women, and while the war passion rages, even massacring children; slyly waiting for the opportunity to strike unfair blows; scheming by means of every foul and underhanded treachery to starve or brutalize or, if necessary, even exterminate the so-called enemy —why multiply illustrations?

The very life-cord of the war business is mean advantage-taking.

One who knew, James Norman Hall, author of "Kitchener's Mob," reports a melodramatic incident that luridly depicts the play of sub-human ethics in the war situation:

"They knew also that men become so utterly weary of living in ditches, living in holes, like rats, that they are willing to take big risks, when moving in or out of the trenches, for the pure joy of getting out on top of the ground. Many a night, when we were moving up for our week in the first-line trenches, or back for our week in reserve, we heard the far-off rattle of machine guns, and in an instant the bullets would be sip-sipping all around us.

"There was no need for the quick word of command. If there were a communication trench, we all made a dive for it at once. If there were no friendly cover at hand, we fell face down, in ditches, in shell holes, in any place which offered a little protection from that terrible hail of lead. Many of our men were killed and wounded nightly by machine-gun fire, usually because

they were too utterly weary to be cautious. And, doubtless, we did as much damage with our own guns.

"It seemed to be horrible, something like murder, that advantage must be taken of these opportunities. But it was war, and, fortunately, we rarely knew, nor did the German gunners, what damage was done during those summer nights of 'calm along the entire front.'"

No tactic is too savage, no advantage is too contemptible, no scheme is too uncivilized, no means too degrading for the unspeakably filthy and dehumanizing pursuit of "victory."

Poison gases, wire entanglements, wholesale indiscriminate slaughtering, diabolical devices for driving men insane—the most lurid and grotesquely hideous imagination of the cruelest of the primitives could not conceivably match in rank ingenuity the crazy exploits of the poor little soldier boy, driven irrational by the agonizing exigencies of mechanized warfare.

Why should we who know the truth continue to spout patriotic bombast about the morale of army discipline? Soldiers may find it necessary to hug the delusion that they are conducting themselves like heroic men. We know that they are not. Whatever bravery they manifest is the impulsive manoeuvering of the wild animal instinct of self-preservation, made doubly ferocious by excess innate pugnacity.

Every other manifestation of their irrational conduct is, and perforce, must be, immoral and inhuman, and in a fundamental sense cowardly, in the very adequate sense that it is motivated by a desire for sneak advantages which, even if practised under our modern régime of semi-civilized peace, would arouse the moral wrath of the whole population.

Why must we continue to lie about war's heroisms?

Are murderers sublimely heroic? A few startling verdicts on war morality, conned from very reliable texts, will disillusion the most sentimental "idealists."

A British officer confesses that—

"Soldiers as a class are men who have disregarded the civil standard of morality altogether. They simply ignore it. It is, no doubt, why civilians fight shy of them. In the game of life they do not play the same rules, and the consequence is a good deal of misunderstanding, until, finally, the civilian says he will not play with Tommy any more.

"In soldiers' eyes, lying, theft, drunkenness, bad language, etc., are not evils at all. They steal like jackdaws. As to language, I used to think the language of a merchant ship's forecastle pretty bad, but the language of Tommies, in point of profanity and in point of obscenity, beats it hollow. This department is a specialty of his.

"Lying he treats with the same large charity. To lie like a trooper is quite a sound metaphor. He invents all sorts of elaborate lies for the mere pleasure of inventing them. Looting, again, is one of his preferred jobs, not merely looting for profit, but looting for the sheer fun of the destruction."

Morlac, in his gripping essays on "A Soldier of the Legion," somewhere writes:

"Of the Legion, I can tell you at first-hand. It is a story of adventures, of criminals, of fugitives from justice. Some of them are drunkards, some thieves and some with the mark of Cain upon them find others to keep them company. They are men I know the worst of. And yet I am proud of them—proud of having been one of them; very proud of having commanded some of them.

"It is all natural enough. Most men who have come to know them as I have would feel as I do. You must reckon the good with the evil. You must remember their comradeship, their esprit-de-corps, their pathetic eagerness to serve France, the sole country which has offered them asylum..."

Little surprise that Brutalism, deranging the reason, begets its coarse justifications in fearsome "philosophies" of Might, philosophies of Blood and Iron, philosophies of the Mailed Fist.

Savages can quote authoritative texts to prove the sanity of their unholy purposes. As a German warlord scripturalized it:

"A Perpetual peace," declared the Field Marshall, "is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. War is one of the elements of order in the world, established by God. The noblest virtues

of men are developed therein. Without war, the world would degenerate and disappear in a morass of materialism."

Some humorless people still feel creepy about believing Shaw's perfect characterization of the soldier released from brutality's irksome bondage and re-enlisted in civilization's steadfast pursuits. But Shaw is recording the obvious truth when he tells us that:

"For permanent work the soldier is worse than useless; his whole training tends to make him a weakling. He has the easiest of lives; he has no freedom and no responsibility. He is, politically and socially, a child, punished like a child, dressed prettily and washed and combed like a child, excused for outbreaks of naughtiness like a child, forbidden to marry like a child, and called "Tommy" like a child. He has no real work to keep him from going mad, except housemaid's work."

One of the cleverest satires I have ever had the pleasure of reading was quoted in one of Norman Angell's books. This brilliant caricature of war morality was written at the time of the Boer war by a lively ironist and printed in the Manchester Guardian. It runs as follows:

"Still, man's moral nature cannot, I admit, live by war alone; nor do I say with some that peace is wholly bad. Even amid the horrors of peace you will find little shoots of character fed by the gentle and timely rains of plague and famine, tempest and fire; simple lessons of patience and courage in the school of typhus, gout and stone, not oratorios, perhaps, but homely anthems and rude hymns played on knife and probe in the long winter nights. Far from me to 'sin our mercies,' or to call mere twilight dark.

"Yet dark it may become, for remember that even these poor makeshift schools of character, these second-bests, these halting substitutes for war—remember that the efficiency of every one of them, be it hunger, accident, ignorance, sickness or pain, is menaced by the intolerable strain of its struggles with secular doctors, plumbers, inventors, schoolmasters and policemen.

"Every year thousands who would have been braced and steeled by manly tussles with smallpox or diphtheria are robbed of that blessing by the great changes made in our drains. Every year thousands of women and children must go their way be-

reft of the rich spiritual experience of the widow and the orphan."

The pathos of war insanity never was so harrowingly revealed as in the simultaneous conversion to Folly and Wickedness of a brood of "Intellectuals"—English, German and French—who at the outbreak of the war committed what we may term moral hari-kari. It is useless to repeat what every well-informed person knows by heart. However, one conspicuous case, that of a distraught Socialist, deserves dishonorable mention.

Sheer lunacy rarely knew a more competent exponent than it discovered in the mad person of one Robert Blatchford. One of his most notorious fulminations reads as follow:

"Always go one better.... If we can make a gas as deadly, a gas still more lethal and horrible, I say it is our duty to our soldiers to make as much of it as we can and to use it upon the brutal dastards opposed to us without remorse or pity."

Lunacy begets a logic of its own. To be sure! When a German committed murder, it was Murder! When a British emulated his malignant adversary and retaliated by committing more exquisite murder, that (my good sirs) was Moral Indignation.

From an English Liberal we gather this eloquent evidence of the potency of the Two-Power Ethic of Combat:

"When the first Zeppelins appeared in England, and children were killed, the English press quite sincerely described the act as murder of the vilest kind.... And yet, within a few weeks, English and French officers were killing women and children with bombs thrown from airplanes; the German press was recording the numbers of the slain, and the English press in some cases was publishing the reports...."

Do soldiers realize exactly what they are expected to do? Do soldiers realize what they actually do?

The problem of realization is of the first importance. One intelligent soldier writes:

"How we cheered at the first faint sound, which was to become so deafening, so terrible to us later! For we were like the others who had gone that way. We were boys. We knew nothing of war; we thought it must be something adventurous and fine, something to make the blood leap and the heart sing. We marched through the quiet village and down the poplar-lined road, surprised, almost disappointed, to see the well-kept houses and the pleasant, level fields, green with spring crops. We really had hoped to see everything in ruins."

Another soldier confesses:

"I think we moved forward simply from habit. With me, it was like a dream as we went on, ever on. Here and there men dropped, the ranks closing automatically. Of a sudden, our own fire curtain lifted....

"Then the spring gives, and the great horror masters me, for I have fired straight into a living face. Murderer! Murderer! You have shot the only son of his mother dead. Thou art thy brother's murderer.....

"I take a hold on myself. I pull myself together. A murderer?

"Folly! A spook.

"You are a soldier.

"Soldiers cease to be human beings. The fatherland is at stake.

"And, without turning a hair, I take aim at the enemy. If you miss him, he will get you.

"'Got him! In the middle of the chest.'"

Thus writes Wilhelm Lamzus in "The Human Slaughter House".

HUMAN NATURE IN THE CONCRETE

What is it?
Can it be radically changed?

The Human Complex

Instinct	Emotion	Impulse
Habit	Automatism	Custom
Intelligence	Selection	Judgment
Interests		Rational Choice
1) Personal		1) Individual
2) Social		2) Collective

Somewhat simplified, Human Nature, on its psychologic side, embodies the interplay and compromise of *Instinct* and *Intelligence;* on its sociologic side, it embodies the conflict and interaction of *Custom* and *Rational Choice.*

Instinct is bound up with impulse and emotion.
Habit is bound up with custom and automatism.
Intelligence is bound up with judgment and selection.
Interests are bound up with rational choice and ideals.

As ameliorators of the common destiny, our problem is to decide which of the factors enumerated in the diagram analysis are hardly modifiable, which more easily modifiable. The theory of evolution assures man that even the most deep-seated elements in his human nature must have gone through long periods of infinitely small variabilities in order to be suitably adjusted to environmental needs. A kind of loose, unstable rigidity underlies the very firmest of man's characteristics.

Instincts persist, but their intensities vary, their direction and expression are largely modifiable. Habits may be uprooted by instruction. They are replaceable by "better" adaptations. Customs change slowly. They may change more rapidly. A philosophy of insights (*i. e.* of Disillusionment) may teach us to reject without serious ado a whole heap of stale customs. Intelligence, tending toward routinism and fixity may be jolted into revaluations by the driving force of criticism. Interests, essentially conservative and self-perpetuating, are subject to the sweeps of change:

change in ideals; change in group-correlation, change in inventions and in ingenuities.

Before we can estimate the efficiency of any suggested changes of "human nature", we must be clear about certain points. In the world as we find it, what specific human elements are most often called upon for social service? Instinct, impulse, habit, custom, intelligence, selection, egotism or altruism? To be sure, all the elements in varying degrees and combinations are necessary to the finished social life. The point is, can we leave some elements comparatively unmodified and yet hope for a very substantial "progress" to be achieved by the modification of the other elements? I believe so. Instincts survive, little altered in intensity, *not because they are unmodifiable* but because conditions of coexistence beyond the control of man require the intense continuance of the primal instincts. The instincts may be mad; if so, there is a method in their madness. Have we any doubt about our ability to change habits, customs, the range of intelligence, the nature of interests?

The doctrine of the changelessness of human nature is the defense of the privileged conservative, fretful and fearful, lest radical change deprive him and his tribe of special prerogatives. All the *practically-important* elements in human nature can be deeply reformed either by the individual himself or by the collectivity. Two specific instances of remarkable changes in "human nature", exploited with signal success by Norman Angell, are the disappearance from the "civilized" code of honor of the duel as a method of confuting personal indignity; and the disappearance, to a great extent, of The Tactic of Coercion as the State's way of imposing religious beliefs upon intractables.

Human nature has changed! *We no longer*:

(1) eat one another (in the flesh!).
(2) bury parents alive.
(3) expose children to the murderous cold.
(4) burn witches.
(5) burn heretics.
(6) take religion superstitiously.
(7) practise Suttee.
(8) sanctify sexual servility in woman.

(9) approve of wife-beating.
(10) approve of body-slavery.
(11) justify prostitution.
(12) fear Nature's phenomena.
(13) praise gladiatorial arenas, pugilisms, duels, feuds and insane asylums.
(14) believe in Hell or Heaven or God or Satan.
(15) take Christianity seriously.
(16) dignify drunkenness in "high" places.
(17) worship the warrior-hero as intensely as was our ancient bad habit.
(18) take our own stupidities so pompously.
(19) brand a scarlet letter upon the brow of the adulterer.
(20) think of law and justice as having any vital relation to one another.
(21) believe that priests are holy or rulers superior or elders wise or parents tender.
(22) feel that sex love is shameful or the body impure.
(23) look upon criticism as a violation of good manners.
(24) think of life as something to repress and deny.
(25) take our morals too sanctimoniously!

It is baffling to realize that in spite of these wonderfully wholesome changes, human nature still remains so incorrigibly inhuman!

THE EVOLUTION OF SINCERITY

Insincerity is Fear's attractive disguise. Insincerity is a shock absorber. The insincere person is driven to his insincerity by the fear of pain. The pain may be a loss of income or a degradation of place. In either event, the loss has inflicted the disquieting pain of humiliation. Insincerity is the graceful mode of evading such humiliation. Because Profit and Prestige are the co-emperors of man's destiny among competitive fellows, Insincerity has come into the realm as a mitigator of harsh decrees.

What social forces still prevalent put so high a premium on insincerity? The most fruitful source of insincerity is the confounding of God's business with Man's Wherever priests rule, there insincerity is rampant; and must be so. When you pretend to be carrying out a god's purposes, your pretense will be accepted as net sincerity while your deeds are manifestly good. So soon as your deeds are manifestly evil, your pretense will be appraised as gross insincerity. In a pinch, man saves his god and damns his fellow man. Ergo, to rescue sincerity, abolish Man's God. The affectation of supra-human wisdom or virtue is a dangerous pretense. The credulous too easily become the dupes of poseurs. Charlatans are not slow to apprehend the advantages inherent in pretense. "God" has been the profitable prop of gay religious deceivers.

Supra-human intervention so often clashes with intra-human intention that no one is wise enough to know what is God's and what is Man's. The sanest course for reasonable men to follow is the clear separation of Divine and Human. What is so-called Divine we leave to the Powers beyond Man. What is distinctively Human we leave to the Powers Within Man. God has his work cut out for him. Man is similarly tasked by problems of his own.

Insincerity results from a blending of the two ventures. Man pretends to know the God whom he does not know. Man begins to reason intelligently when he has abolished God. "God" will not be outraged at man's fine discrimination. God, I am reasonably certain, must have a keen

sense of humor. Religious insincerity is the fear of offending an unknown and unknowable Deity by confessing to a legitimate ignorance of His (or Her) inscrutable mysteries.

In an interesting essay on "Protective Coloration and Education," Dr. McChord Crothers relates without intentional irony how Science had to ingratiate itself with the Theologic Culture in order to get itself decently accepted. In his playful manner, he alludes to this insincere overture of science as a species of protective coloration, a mode of survival in a hostile environment. It didn't occur to him to state his honest opinion of a Culture that compels a new idea to use insincerity and "soft-pedaling" in its timid approach. Science was insincere only so long as it feared to be throttled by religious dogma. Science hasn't continued to be insincere. It is frank and free and beautifully audacious. It doesn't have to practice villainous hypocrisies in order to win the approval of devotees.

The first sign of a sprouting sincerity is disrespect for Divinity.

The second sign of a growing sincerity is denial of the theatrical Reward-Punishment theory of conduct. Many souls are thoroughly convinced of their innate depravity. They will not believe themselves capable of doing the right, as they see it, just for the fun of it. They pine for the stimulus of extra-human rewards. A secure berth in Heaven, they assume, is a very nice compensation for decent manners on Sundays and on any other two significant Holy Days. An insecure bunk in Hell, they believe, is a corking good punishment for their neighbors. Only on these uncanny conditions will they promise to be good or to avoid doing evil. So they say. It isn't a far cry from this elemental self-delusion to the conventional romance about "Virtue" being its own reward and the wages of "Sin" being death. Virtue is not its own reward, never has been, and never will be. The wages of sin is not death, never has been, and never will be. These simple beliefs of mad, vindictive minds are fecund carriers of insincerity. Unscrutinized selfishness parades as virtue. Undetected sin masquerades as virtue.

Thanks to the current theory of virtue, Motive and Conduct are hopelessly sundered and dissevered. Any one who reads Professor Ross' brilliant little volumes on "Latter Day Saints and Sinners" and "Sin and Society" will get a piercingly vivid picture of Sinners parading as Philanthropists. Under our present profit-grubbing economy, reward goes to rapacious souls and the human virtue of self-conscious success falls to their lot, too. Death is meted out to the meek, the impotent, the guiltless—brutally meted out by the Guilty. Under capitalism the wages of sin is more interest, more rent, more profit, for the sinner. All this is too familiar to be further dwelt upon. The "philosophy" of Reward-and-Punishment is a dishonest ethics useful to clever exploiters in their dealings with timid workers. The meek serve God and rot in misery. The rapacious serve Mammon and riot in glory.

The third sign of a luxuriant growth of sincerity is a bright contempt for all Traditional Values. A child can't grow to be sincere when elders graciously wheedle it into accepting their parrot approvals of this and that. As Professor Bury insists, children should be encouraged to be fresh and quizzical, even at the sacrifice of ancestor worship! I hereby agree. Tradition is a hunch-on-the-back of the young. I can't see why vain parents should look approvingly upon so unprepossessing a sight. Yet that's exactly what they lazily do. They allow their youngsters to grow up mentally deformed. If we want our children to be straight, we must discourage the familiar self-abnegating crouches before tradition. We all find it alarmingly congenial to fall on our knees—as toddlers, as worshippers, as lovers, as citizens, as friends. The erect posture is too bracing for beggars!

The fourth sign of an exuberant maturing sincerity is intellectual courage exercised in behalf of "novel" ideas. Darwin was supremely sincere. He feared no jealous gods. He crouched before no overawing traditions. He accepted no puerile theories of reward and punishment in this world or the next. If he had, he might have feared to announce his wonderful discoveries. He was fearless because he knew

sincerity. No man can experience the thrill and valor of intellectual courage until he has bravely, almost recklessly, jettisoned his surplus freight of outworn respects and antiquated fears. Sincerity uncramped and unburdened by tradition is the substance of courage. Insincerity is necessarily cowardly. It relies upon tricks rather than upon truths.

The fifth sign of a full grown sincerity is Shamelessness. Wicked scheming men always correlate obscurantism with virtue. Courageous outspoken men know better. They perceive the evil function of obscurantism. Sincerity may be recognized infallibly by this test: Does a mature sensitive man prefer to hide behind closed doors for the discussion of "sacred" relationships, or will he gladly resort to open places for the talk? Cowards feel ill at ease, except when doors are barred, windows curtained, keyholes stuffed, lights turned low, whispers secretly breathed, everything stifled and stuffy and dark and safe...

By these signs shall ye know the sincere person:

(a) by his spurning of Divinity
(b) by his rejection of rewards and penalties as a guide to conduct
(c) by his contempt for oppressive traditions
(d) by his intellectual courage
(e) by his shamelessness.

The master of sincerity believes in Analysis, believes in Modernity, believes in Intellectual Courage, believes in Purity. Analysis, as a guide to understanding life. Modernity, as a guide to sympathizing with life. Courage, as a guide to championing life (and growth). Purity, as a guide to bequeathing Shamelssness to Life. The most *intellectually* courageous man in the world is Bernard Shaw. More than any other human being he combines in his own person all those qualities of disrespect, contempt, shamelessness and keen judgment pre-essential to the full-fledged blossoming of Sincerity. Courage and Sincerity are so mixed and perfectly interfused in him, the world cannot tell whether Shaw is greater for his sincerity or for his courage.

THE EVOLUTION OF SINCERITY

Sincerity is, emotionally, a release of the fear-complex and its re-absorption into the stream of personality as self-conscious audacity.*

The quietus for insincerity's fear is sincerity's boldness. When you have nothing to fear you may be utterly and perfectly sincere!

If Profit is your God or Prestige your Idol, then insincerity must remain your highest value.

For to be sincere, intellectually sincere, one must be ready to sacrifice everything traditionally good: God, Heaven, Hell, Ancestors, Tact, Modesty, "Society"!

And the price is not too much to pay. At least, so we like to think in our sincerest moments.

We shall have to reconcile ourselves to a flickering mortality. "We long for immortal imperfection; we can't have it."

No less anxiously since the dawn of time have humans longed for Miracle-makers, Messiah-men, Deliverers-by-profession.

They continue to dream these iridescent fatuous dreams of salvation because disappointment does not thwart deep desire.

The vast majority of human beings are still densely theologic-minded, believers in special providences, in paternalist gods, and in a goody-goody, wickedy-wickedy theory of "divine" justice.

So long as their wistful ignorance of life's evolution continues unfathomable, and their workaday lot precarious and unlovely, how shall we presuade them that all the prayers in the universe can't make two blades of grass grow, physically or metaphorically, where only one grew before?

How shall we persuade them that no Messiah-man, even if he had the "heart", ever possessed the "brains" to twist the course of social evolution in favor of the meek and needy? How shall we persuade them that only by their own hard disciplines in emancipation—the task of centuries—can they learn to safeguard their co-operative rights and privileges? If they could indeed accomplish so much, their historic need of a Deliverer would vanish.

As men learn to "solve" their own perplexing problems, they come inevitably to rely less and less upon Intercessors and Messiahs.

As knowledge grows, theologic hope withers and the theologic god is shelved in a museum of natural history, forgotten by living men.

When in the days of oppressive Rome, the desperate strivings of the plebeians availed so little to assuage their anguish or to alleviate their poverty, other-worldliness came as a trumpet call of consolation. That was a Messianic

call to a stupefied mankind. When bitter wretchedness seemed their only fate on this earth, why marvel that the people turned like little children, broken by despair, to a simple and incredible preachment of other-worldly contentment? When man is exhausted, he doesn't think; he believes.

Extreme perplexity produces faith in a Redeemer. Those amiable Christians who believe in vicarious atonement have simplified life so naïvely as to have robbed it of all meaning whatsoever. As futile and enervating as the passion for immortality is the longing for the millenium. How much nearer to both these spiritual consummations would life have moved had the vast misdirected human energy, poured into queer faith in the unattainable, been converted into modes of cleansing and ameliorating the earthly condition of common folk!

The ethics of Jesus are the fragmentary ethics of a defeated intellect, the exhortation of a noble mind perplexed by the concrete discordances of a "pain-economy"—to borrow Professor Patten's graphic phrase.

Now that we are emerging into a "pleasure-economy"—the achievement of materialism, we require an ethic of worldliness, an ethic of aggressiveness.

Defeat breeds the "virtue" of humility. Poverty breeds the "virtue" of submissiveness. These so-called Christian virtues have outlived their mass usefulness, as have the other-worldly ethical precepts of Jesus.

The social surplus permits a radically fairer distribution of worldly *goods*. (Note the spiritual root in this materialist term). Any ethic which fails to stress material comfort—whence flow spiritual and intellectual achievement—for the Masses, as the center and circumference of social progress, is a sham.

Tolstoi, in the religious period of his life, became the colossal blunderer he was because he erected into a living creed a simpleton's theory of human welfare.

Tolstoi lacked that quality of the inter-penetrating mind which cannot brook the substitution of consoling illusion for corrupting reality. His intellect must have experienced a

very serious derangement when he was able to utter in all sincerity this irrelevant gospel:

"The disciple of Jesus will be poor, but that is only saying that he will always enjoy the gifts that God has lavished upon men. He will not ruin his own existence. We make the word 'poverty' a synonym for calamity, but it is, in truth, a source of happiness, and, however much we may regard it as a calamity, it remains a source of happiness still..... Poverty is one of the conditions of following the doctrine of Jesus, a condition indispensable to those who would enter into the Kingdom of God and be happy."

How quixotically distant and unrelated this primitively Christian faith sounds to our ultra-modern materialist heart!

The world is in the throes of an economic fever. The active world of the faithful is dedicating itself to the simple materialist problems of those who in other days prayed for bread, but were given a stone. Prayer which was never quite natural to the rich is becoming quite as unnatural to the poor. The reason lies in a deep disillusion, as a result of which man is transferring his olden faith in God to a very real new-found *faith in himself.*

A well-balanced world will emerge in which sociology will utterly supersede theology; the human world will be an infinite gainer by the change. In that new era impossibilist longings, "rigged in the eclipse," will survive as the pastime of sentimental poets, no longer the serious hopes of a drugged and deluded humanity. The profoundest fact in human history is the deepening of the self-consciousness of the common people. The new division of labor assigns to God His appropriate sphere of influence in the unknown and unknowable, and to man assigns his appropriate and exclusive sphere of influence right here on earth....

The world is still puking and puling and writhing in agony. It is diseased. It would be cured. Scientific Medicine is as slow and wasteful of life as Nature itself. Only laboratory researchers can patiently plod and wearily wait and quietly hope for results—while a wretched and incurable army of sad-eyed men and women knock at the doors

and plead for quick assistance. No first aid can be given to all the afflicted. A great number must be turned away from the hard gate to seek relief in other shelters and sanctuaries —or die. And the weary white procession turns to Hocus-Pocus Priests and Magic Jugglers and Miracle-Men. These healers know how to tap the infinite source of good which God in His forethought has provided even for the lilies of the field, no less than for His own human kin!

Prayer and Faith and Providence and Priest all flourish because Science is too honest and too slow, and the miserable people perish, not divining why.

Hectic faith suffuses the mind with its crimson delusion about our Merciful Father in Heaven, making life "tolerable" to those who do not understand the stony nature of the universe.

Wisdom is the perception that our deepest longings are incapable of realization.

Our longings spring from our capricious instincts; and our instincts are life's tricky ways of enticing us into the delusion that our dearest dreams must come true.

The wise men of our species have simply grown a-weary, not to say ashamed, of those childish longings variously yclept eternal youth, personal life after death, vicarious atonement, salvation, redemption—and all the rest of the precious theologic folly that has undermined so disastrously man's power to think for himself and his will -to-live-unhampered-by-the-fear-of-bugaboos.

The growth of materialist science with its critical-minded skepticism is responsible for the decline of the ghastly potency of the feeble immortalities of yore.

The first fruit of Disillusion is Self-Reliance.

The soothing but enervating hymn:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest.
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed"

may be appropriately sung by school children—though

the wisdom of blind faith among the young makes even this apparently innocent self-indulgence worth re-examining—who recapitulate the intellectual naïveté of our hard beset ancestors to whom Faith was omnipotent because Knowledge was impotent. Adults had better give their spiritual attention to the music and the philosophy of "The Song of the Shirt."

Swinburne, fearless in his visions of a re-created universe, wrote in the "Hymn of Man" this fiery indictment of theology's Deity:

"By thy name that in hellfire was written, and burned at the point of thy sword,
Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten; thy death is upon thee, O Lord,
And the lovesong of earth as thou diest resounds through the wind of her wings—
Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of things."

Bury, the rationalist historian, remarks:

"The progress of civilization, if it is partly conditioned by circumstances beyond man's control, depends more and in an increasing measure on things which are within his power. Prominent among these are the advancement of knowledge and the deliberate adaptation of his habits and institutions to new conditions."

Man's fealty to God is wavering: among the most intelligent it is theologically non-existent. When Charles W. Eliot spoke of substituting social service—the so-called religion of humanity—for Deity-worship, he expressed, though belatedly, the educated man's attitude toward religion's orthodox decline.

When the philosopher Eucken, clinging mystically to Christianity as a panacea for mortality's derelictions and transgressions, asserts that the organized church is antiquated and humanly inefficient, he, too, marks that radical departure from a theologic, ritualistic religion which believes in a personal, benevolent God... With Laplace we say of Deity—only more reverently—"That hypothesis is not necessary."

Man's fealty to king and monarch and regal potentate is crumbling under the pressure of a menacing Social Democracy. Man's fealty to bureaucratic superiors is vanishing under the pressure of political democracy. The ancestral taint of "lèse majesté" is being washed out by the serum of popular education. The whole superior-inferior superstition, with its elaborate pretense and disguised quackeries, is disintegrating (though too slowly) under the stress of large-scale co-operations. Social Democracy, that amazing Leveller-Up-and-Down, is abolishing class, caste, snob-status and parasitism, and establishing, under the compulsions of disillusionment, a more radical equality of opportunity and of reward—economic, political, educational—than the world in its dark days of faith ever imagined attainable for the mass of underlings. This is the age of the Disinherited.

The new humanitarianism will ring in its victories in the transposed order of the French Scripture, sounding thus: Fraternity, Equality, Liberty. Men must learn to work together which spells *Fraternity*, that is, class consciousness; they must learn to respect one another's desires and rights: which spells *Equality*, possible only among the proletariat; finally, they may allow to one and all a widening latitude for the exercise and enjoyment of those desires: *Liberty!*

Man's loyalty to himself will be given an enriched and expansive significance, conceivable and attainable only when reliance-upon-other-superior-powers has been abandoned in favor of one vast and enduring self-integrity.

Man must become, in the most omnipotent sense achievable, the measure and master of all things.

A MORSEL FOR PESSIMISTS

What men call wisdom is the perception that our deepest longings are incapable of realization.

All wisdom is tinged with pessimism. All wisdom is tinged with cynicism. And that is because our wisdom is so limited, we can't recover from the disillusionment of actuality.

Tolstoi tells of the experiences of one Sakya Muni, a young and happy heir to a great throne, from whom had been kept the sight of illness, old age, and death.

Once while out driving he saw a horrible-looking, toothless, slavering old man. Stunned by the realization of old age, he childishly inquired what it meant: whether every person is liable to a similar fate?

Saddened by the spoken truth, he petulantly shut himself up in his sanctum and gloomed for hours over reality. His dream was broken. His joy was struck dumb.

He sauntered forth a second time and encountered a sick man. "Oh, unhappy world," cried Sakya. "What is this I see before me?" Bitter and desponding, he excommunicated himself and gloomed apart, pondering on reality.

A third venture brought his innocent soul face to face with death. He refused to believe. Death, too? What mocking recompense for brief mortality was this? And Sakya Muni, wiser and sadder, slipped slowly back to the land where the dead dreams go. In very human soul, a Sakya Muni sojourns for "years and years together in his dwelling underground."

Disillusionment is the chilling romance of facts. Man's mind is unhabituated to facts. His longings are still child-like, fanciful, wildly fantastical, of the nature of make-believe.

Humans have longed for eternal youth. Their nearest consolation has been the discovery by Élie Metchnikoff that the large intestine—a heritage from the graminivorous progenitor—the seat of so many germ diseases, will one fine day be surgically removed! Man's life will be prolonged to twice three score and ten. The eminent disciple

of Pasteur counsels those in haste for longevity's recompense to drink plentifully of sour milk. The fountain of eternal youth, by the alchemy of science, has been transmuted into a spring of sour milk. That dream of youth perpetual has run dry. With an unquenchable, pathetically-insistent sincerity, humans have longed for immortality. Not a man honestly believes that his neighbor will be voted as meritorious an immortality as befits himself.

Men do not feel secure in their super-rational claim to disembodied perpetuity. If man's faith in immortality has been genuine and organically precious, why has he not yet reconciled himself to death, the most commonplace fact of sentient existence? Why have men, since the dawn of life, in all times and climes, sought to invent religions of consolation? Evidently to soothe the pangs of oppressive mortality, which they preferred to endure rather than risk the delights of a healing immortality. Strange contradiction!

Man's desire for immortality has been a self-deluding folly. In "Ozymandias of Egypt," Shelley wrote prophetically:

> "I met a traveler from an antique land
> Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
> Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
> Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
> And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
> Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
> Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
> The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
> And on the pedestal these words appear:
> 'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
> Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.'
> Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
> Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
> The lone and level sands stretch far away."

So is it inscribed on life's scroll; everything perishes but man's vain desire for imperishability. When we think concretely, we realize the puerility of the immortalizing passion.

After his father's death, the marvelous Heine wrote:

"Yes, yes! You talk of reunion in a transfigured shape. What

would that be to me? I knew him in his oldbrown surtout, and so I would see him again. Thus he sat at table, the salt cellar and pepper castor on either hand. And if the pepper was on the right, and the salt on the left hand, he shifted them over. I knew him in a brown surtout, and so I would see him again."

In Ibsen's "Brand" the afflicted Agnes, her heart breaking from her recent bereavement, replies to her ineffectual husband, who tries to console her with the assurance,—

"That which lies beneath the sod
Is the corse; the child's with God."

* * *

"Oh, can'st thou without remorse
Thus our bleeding anguish tear?
What thou sternly call'st the corse,
Ah, to me, my child is there!
Where is body, there is soul:
These apart I cannot keep,
Each is unto me the whole;
Alf beneath the snow asleep
Is my very Alf in heaven!"

Mankind, not yet out of its intellectual swaddling clothes, is terribly infatuated with Self. Yet, oh, unkindest thought of thoughts, how ignominiously little survives in the general shipwreck of mortality, of that glorious self-adulation!

William James wrote touchingly:

"The pathos of death is this, that when the days of one's life are ended, those days that were so crowded with business and felt so heavy in their passing, what remains of one in memory should usually be so light a thing. The phantom of an attitude, the echo of a certain mode of thought, a few pages of print, some invention or some victory we gained in a brief critical hour, are all that can survive the best of us".... (And the worst of us?).

The self-same sentiment, more poetically embroidered, is woven into Oscar Wilde's perfect play, "A Florentine Tragedy":

(*Simone speaks to Guido*)

"And the roses! Are they not finely woven?
I think the hillsides that best love the rose,

At Bellosguardo or at Fiesole,
Throw no such blossoms on the lap of spring;
Or, if they do, their blossoms droop and die.
Such is the fate of all the dainty things
That dance in wind and water. Nature herself
Makes war on her own loveliness, and slays
Her children like Medea."

What do the countless bygone ages mean to us? Nothing —almost nothing.

We weep honest tears at the sudden demise of a beloved statesman like Lincoln. We lament the brutal taking off of a great Comrade like Jaurès. We stand uncovered at the grave of a dear familiar. We bleed with noble pity when our nearest are laid to rest.

All sincere emotions—for the transient moment. How long do they abide in our hearts? Voltaire in "Zadig" told the truth about our superficial sincerity.

In Ibsen's poignant tragedy of "Little Eyolf," the unhappy Allmers, in soothing conversation with his childhood companion, Asta, is suddenly astounded at the prosiness of his desires in the midst of "tenderest" thoughts of his drowned son.

"Allmers (drawing a deep breath, audibly)—It was good to deaden the sorrow and heartache for a moment.

Asta—You must do so, Alfred.

Allmers—But don't you think it is terribly weak and unfeeling of me—to be able to do so?

Asta—Oh, no; I am sure it is impossible to keep circling forever round one fixed thought.

Allmers—Yes; for me it is impossible. Before you came to me I sat, torturing myself unspeakably with this crushing, gnawing sorrow—

Asta—Yes?

Allmers—And, would you believe it, Asta? H'm—

Asta—Well?

Allmers—In the midst of all the agony I found myself speculating what we should have for dinner today."

Will human beings ever learn to see themselves as they are

and deign to lay aside those melodramatic trappings in which they love to play their mock-heroic parts?

Our very sympathies are so routine and conventionalized, running, as it were, on schedule time; our engrossment in the world of paltry self-satisfaction is so hot and persistent, that our tenderest emotions are dragged in the mire of expediency, because, forsooth, we lack the time to feel—to feel deeply.

We long for immortality because we have so shamelessly abused our mortality.

We beg for "one more chance." It is doubtful whether Eternity is a huge reformatory for the housing of hard offenders who implore the sweet satiety of blisses as a compensation for their carnal inhumanities to man. The dream of immortality is a nightmare.

A cold spray of honest self-analysis will rudely arouse the somnambulist from his hallucination.

We shall have to reconcile ourselves to a flickering mortality.

We long for immortal imperfection; we can't have it...

In that beautifully written little classic, "Socrates, Master of Life," William Ellery Leonard writes this philosophic footnote on man's incorrigible credulity:

"Out in the Southern Pacific, 2,000 miles from Chile and a thousand miles from hithermost Polynesia, far off the beaten route of steam and sail, lies a small volcanic island, but a brown dot on the blue and green map of the world.

"It is the dwelling place of the dead idols of men. Colossal heads of bleak, black stone, quarried by a populous and awful race that came, no one knows whence, people its treeless slopes; some are still half carved in the pits, never to be fully born of the primordial rock; some lie cracked and prone in the upper brush; others have rolled down to the narrow beach, where the incoming tides are wearing them away; but many are standing erect, fantastic, austere, their gigantic necks firmly imbedded in the tufa and talus, with wide, grim lips compressed, and with sightless eyes staring vacantly through times of solstice and trade wind out upon the eternal seas.

"It is the dwelling place of the idols of men. For the men are gone. And then only do the idols die."

THE PROMETHEANS

(*A Bird's Eye View of Disillusionment*)

1543—1859—1900
Copernicus-Darwin-Freud
Disillusion-Disillusion-Disillusion!

Man thought his earth was the centre of the universe and he the lord of that central earth. Copernicus slew both illusions. In 1543!

Man thought his earth was by two orders of living things largely inhabited: animals and human beings; the lower species and the higher; the higher having been specially created by a benignant God. Darwin decapitated these twin man-made illusions. In 1859!

Man thought his civilized brain infinitely superior to the savage mind; his desires infinitely superior to the savage's desires. Freud annihilated both these puritanic illusions. In 1900!

Copernicus robbed man of his Heaven.
Darwin robbed man of his God.
Freud robbed man of his Soul.
Heaven—God—Soul: only Man, the Animated Machine, remains.

Man once believed the Earth was the Be-All of Things. Copernicus has taught him humility.

Man once believed the Human Species Divine. Darwin has taught him humility.

Man once believed himself Civilized. Freud has taught him humility.

In the quaint history of Disillusionment, three courageous thinkers will forever merit the praise of those who think they love the truth. The first shattered man's conceit and gave him Knowledge. The second shattered man's conceit and gave him Truth. The third shattered man's conceit and gave him Wisdom.

Man hates disillusion. Let's be patient. You can't expect frightened children to be happy without a heavenly

father—and in the uncanny dark, too! You can't expect distraught children to dream vastly if you make them feel like gibbering anthropoids. You can't expect humanity to embrace the thought of soul-lessness as a radiant self-elevating joy. The immeasurable unhappiness brought into man's naïve world by the revelations of the Disillusioned will never be adequately grasped by the imagination of the unsympathetic!

The history of disillusionment is the story of the tragic destructions of the loveliest consolations the untutored child mind of man is capable of weaving for his soul's delight. Oh, broken-hearted child of Delusions, how my heart goes out to you. Your misery is irremediable. Your soul will never more be whole. Never. Never.

A VITAL NOTE ON TRUTH

If there are objective universal tests for truth and if men can be persuaded by purely intellectual methods to "see" the objective truth, how shall we adequately account for man's undiminished allegiance to an idea or to a system of ideas if the abandonment of said idea or ideas entails:

(a) loss of profit
(b) loss of prestige
(c) a radical revision of prejudices
(d) the need of acquiring (vast) new knowledge
(e) painful readjustments in conduct
(f) the creation of new ideals and half-strange loyalties.

What forces determine truth's choices?

Why, for example, do Catholics cling to Catholicism? Why don't they approach with equal zest the claims of Protestantism or Judaism or Mohammedanism or Atheism? Why don't the Capitalists *think* like wage-earners? Why don't the nervously sensitive think like the brutishly vigorous? Obviously, though some metaphysicians enjoy repudiating the obvious, *there must be deep-rooted physiologic, psychologic and economic differences which, in the mature strife of wills, create conflicting theories of truth.* In a certain sense, the problem of truth is not a problem but a Chinese puzzle.

The truth, so far as the human sciences are concerned, is a mediaeval concept, generalized from the belief in *superhuman* arbiters, omniscient and omnipotent. The priest, God's representative on earth, was supposed to be the superhuman judge, the spiritual know-it-all. That divinely simple illusion has been shattered. The modern aspiration toward human equality has as its central inspiration the dethronement of the doctrine of the divine rights of judges. The omniscient judge, theologically referred to as God or His Referee on earth, is no longer a popular idol and with his dethronement has arisen a theory of truth and justice founded upon an interpretation of clashing self-interests. *Ego-interests,* compounded of pride and prejudice, and the

pursuit of power and profit and prestige, are the latter-day sources of the most fruitful philosophic speculation on the nature of truth. Metaphysicians had better give up their sky-scraping quixotisms and come down to earth—as wise men do (though they need not stay there forever and a day!)

Truth has undergone an interesting evolution of its own:

(a) There is Truth as Consolation, embodied in Religion.
(b) There is Truth as Rationalization, embodied in Metaphysics.
(c) There is Truth as Knowledge, embodied in Science.
(d) There is Truth as Inspiration, embodied in Art.
(e) There is Truth as Disillusion, embodied in Philosophy —*as criticism.*
(f) There is Truth as Realization, embodied in Wisdom.

Wisdom—*Truth as Realization*—embodies:

(1) a vivid Knowledge of the Illusion and Disillusion resident in every conception of Truth;
(2) an analytic awareness of the inevitably and inherently *limited* nature of every conception of Truth;
(3) an insight into the psycho-sociologic origin of Truth which by its very nature represents a nice inter-relation between a specialized hind and a specialized society, i. e. between human nature and social situation;
(4) a theory of values to account for the rise, supremacy and fall of Truths.... Truth as Realization, that is, as Wisdom, perceives *why Untruth*, including Illusion, Make-Believe, Error, Falsehood, *is equally valid with Truth*, including Critical-Mindedness, Objectivity, Scientific verifiability, Logic, Fact—in a totally adequate view of Reality; i.e. of Life; of Mind; of Human Nature; *of Truth!*

Every order of Truth lives on as a vital consummation—as the "summum bonum" of life—for that level of mind and of social situation which are best adapted to its welfare: its power and its prestige in a human world. The most simple and the most subtle minds; the most primitive and the most

civilized situations; the most credulous and the most disillusioned philosophies; all dwell together—willy-nilly—in our mixed and chaotic world. For example:

Truth as superstition belief, *i. e.* Religion
Truth as dogmatic assumption, *i. e.* Metaphysics
Truth as tentative hypothesis, *i. e.* Science.
Truth as passionate intuition, *i. e.* Art
Truth as skeptic reconstruction, *i. e.* Philosophy
Truth as disillusioned insight, *i. e.* Wisdom

all set up their separate and sovereign jurisdictions in the world of ideas—with results so eloquent of confusion and chaos as to make wise men wonder which type of truth has contributed most havoc to an already distraught and incredibly self-deluded mankind—the type of truth embodied in Religion or in Metaphysics or in Science, in Art or in Philosophy, or the type of truth embodied in Wisdom!

What is Truth? What is Untruth? What is Reality? What is Illusion? We sorely need not more "Truth" but more Wisdom.

TRUTH: LOVE OR HATE?

If the end-function of truth is to increase the fund of human happiness, then love is adequate as the inspiration of truth.

If the end-function of truth is the promotion of insight, (with happiness or unhappiness as a by-product), love will not do: hate is the safer guide. As we shall see.

Love is the mood of concordances. Hate is the mood of discordances. Love lives by approvals. Hate lives by disapprovals. Approval is the harmony of assent. Disapproval is the harmony of dissent.

Assent spells smoothness. Dissent spells friction. He who cherishes love cannot tolerate friction. He who cherishes hate cannot easily tolerate smoothness.

Now it so happens that the pursuit of truth necessitates frequent readjustments to novel situations involving the costly annoyances of friction and dissent and disapproval. Lovers of wisdom must pay handsomely for their hobbies!

The credo of Hate, in the scientific sense, is equivalent to the declaration that knowledge is more precious than immediate comfort, wisdom is more excellent than harmony, truth is more inspiring than dogmatism.

Hate risks the securities so dear to happiness-seekers; it will take its chances on the insecurities.

Love is on the side of lying, if lying can enhance its joy. Love is on the side of distortion if distortion can augment its happiness. Love is disreputable; if its felicity be not destroyed by mal-practices, disreputable it will forever continue to be.

But noble hate, the keen-eyed, sees shrewdly, criticizes deeply, functions as effectively as a winnowing-fan, refuses to confound life's values (as love mischievously does), dwells fondly on folly and foible and limitation, dissects this life's sweet felicities, neither wincing in its finds nor apologetic in its pursuit.

Oh, "hate" can plumb depths all right. *Truth is the creation of unsweet minds.*"*

* In "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," the humble disciple, Giovanni Boltraffio, records these words of his Master:

"Listen with long-suffering to the criticisms which men pass on your picture; and weigh their words to see if, perchance, they, faulting it, be in the right. If they be right, correct; if they be wrong, feign deafness; or if they be persons worthy of notice, show them their error. The judgment of an enemy is often nearer the truth than the judgment of a friend; hatred is often profounder than love. The intellect of him who hates, sees and penetrates better than the intellect of him who loves. A true friend is like thyself; but an enemy resembles thee not, and in this is his strength. Hatred throws light. Remember this, and despise not the criticisms of thine enemy."

The Higher Learning:
A Study in Wisdom and Folly

Accordingly, no one familiar with the actual working of academic institutions is likely to fall into the error of pinning his faith to them. They are, of course, designed for the purpose of preserving and promoting the highest and most advanced knowledge hitherto attained: but do they anywhere fulfill this purpose? Its execution must of necessity be left to professors not exempt from human frailty, always selected by more or less defective methods, whose interests by no means coincide with those of their subjects. The interest of the subject is to become more widely understood and so more influential. The interest of the professor is to become more unassailable and so more authoritative. He achieves this by becoming more technical. For the more technical he gets, the fewer can comprehend him; the fewer are competent to criticize him, the more of an oracle he becomes. . . Truly, as William James once exclaimed to me, apropos of the policy of certain philosophers, "the natural enemy of any subject is the professor thereof!".....

Thus educational systems become the chief enemies of education, and seats of learning the chief obstacles to the growth of knowledge,....*The power of the professor is revealed not so much by the things he teaches, as by the things he fails or refuses to teach.* (my italics)

F. C. S. SCHILLER.
("Tantalus or The Future of Man").

The views that prevail concerning the intelligence of a class, a caste, or a sex, are purely the outcome of the relationships of power. The dominant class, caste, or sex, uses its power to diffuse the idea that its members are endowed with exceptional intelligence. Of course it may chance that the more intelligent win to power. But it may equally well happen that the less intelligent gain dominion over the more intelligent. In either case the dominants, in order to stabilize their power, will spread the notion that they are more intelligent than the subordinate. Proofs of this abound. In almost all countries, the supreme rulers, the kings, have gone so far in the cultivation of the belief that they are cleverer than their subjects as to claim Kinship with the Divine. The Pope is reputed infallible when he speaks as the ruler of Christendom. Perhaps the plainest proof that our valuations of intelligence run parallel with the actualities of power is to be found in extant opinions concerning the relationship between the congenital aptitudes of children and the social position of their parents. It is generally assumed, not merely that the upper classes, the rulers, are more intelligent than the lower classes, the ruled; but in addition, that the scions of the

well-to-do are from birth better endowed than the children of the working class. The same mistake is made as regards men and women. When men rule, they see to it that their sex enjoys the prestige attaching to superior intelligence; when women rule, they do exactly the same.

MATHILDE AND MATHIAS VAERTING.
("The Dominant Sex")..

Truth is the name we give to errors grown hoary with the centuries.—*Spinoza.*

Now, it may be conceded without violence to notorious facts, that these official leaders of science do commonly reach conclusions innocuous to the existing law and order, particularly with respect to religion, ownership, and the distribution of wealth. But this need imply no constraint, nor even any peculiar degree of tact,much less a moral obliquity. It may confidently be asserted, without fear of contradiction from their side, that the official leaders in this province of academic research and indoctrination are, commonly, in no way hindered from pushing their researches with full freedom and to the limit of their capacity; and that they are likewise free to give the fullest expression to any conclusions or convictions to which their inquiries may carry them. That they are able to do so is a fortunate circumstance, due to the fact that their intellectual horizon is bounded by the same limits of commonplace insight and preconceptions as are the prevailing opinions of the conservative middle class. That is to say, a large and aggressive mediocrity is the prime qualification for a leader of science in these lines, if his leadership is to gain academic authentication.

And, it may be remarked by the way, the influence of this academic science, both in its discipline and in its tenets, appears to be wholly salutary; it conduces, on the whole, to a safe and sane, if not an enthusiastic, acceptance of things as they are, without undue curiosity as to why they are such.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN
("The Higher Learning in America")

That man makes an ass of himself and elects himself a saint only adds zest to the study of human behavior.

GEORGE A. DORSEY

* THE HIGHER LEARNING

One of the traditions in social science no longer very creditable is the habit of sweeping generalization. Almost invariably the habit proceeds from a dogmatic temper of mind which in turn has its origin in an intellectualist love of unity, coherence, clarity. There is no doubt that the dogmatic temperament tends to achieve clarity though usually by the process of over-simplification. The tumult, the contradictoriness, the discord and inexplicable confusion are neatly ruled out as too recalcitrant for logic's orderly and harmonic fellowship. The brilliantly bad examples set by Buckle and Comte and Spencer—the major rationalist-dogmatists of the profoundly naïve nineteenth century—are still part of the intellectual equipment of many of our bookwormy scholars. Logic, which represents what might be called the wholesale attitude toward phenomena struggles eagerly to hold its own against psycho-logic, that more experimental, piecemeal, humanly-centered, *specific* attitude toward problems upon which the newer concepts and insights in the human sciences now depend. The old emphasis upon universal laws and principles has been in large measure given up in behalf of experimental analysis of specific functions and dispositions as revealed in the *interaction* of dynamic human nature and vital social situation. The sweeping generalization is doomed.

Sociology suffers from the defect that its subject-matter knows neither beginning nor end. Like history it is loose and gossipy and journalistic-minded. If it is scientific, it is so largely in intention, partly in method, but very feebly in attainment. One by one, the problems discussed in the earlier sociologies have been taken over by the more specialized social sciences for more specific and illuminating analysis. When one realizes the variety and the extent of the subject-matter contained in Lester F. Ward's Dynamic Sociology: (astronomy, mathematics, biology, geology,

* Apropos of "Studies in The Theory of Human Society" by Professor Franklin H. Giddings, America's most distinguished Sociologist, Professor of the History of Civilization.

ethics, psychology, economics, sex, sociology proper) and beholds the latter-day tendency to devote a specialized department of inquiry to each of these disciplines and sub-disciplines, one gets a fair view of the breakdown of the older sociology and the interesting plight of the newer sociology.

For example, Professor Ross treats us to diverting books on Social Control, Latter-Day Saints and Sinners, Changing America, The Russian Revolution, Social Psychology, The Principles of Sociology. But a subtler division of labor among the social sciences has assigned the greater number of these themes to specialists in economics, ethics, anthropology, history, social psychology, journalism. Sociology as such tends more and more to become an inspired branch of journalism. And the fruitful work in social science proceeds from the researchers in anthropology, social psychology, medicine, humanized economics.

It is worth while emphasizing the wholesome havoc wrought among the human sciences by this revolutionary shift of emphasis from the wholesale aspect of phenomena to the specific analysis of them. Philosophy, until recently almost exclusively concerned with insoluble problems of metaphysics, has undergone a similar transformation. There is still a brave band of survivors who try to explain the inexplicable, to solve the unsolvable, to know the unknowable. But the vital energy of the philosophic-minded is increasingly devoted to problems lying within the field of psychologic approach and social solution.

Thus we witness the philosophic intelligence specializing in the thoroughly human problems of statecraft, international politics, pragmatic logic, social psychology, anthropology, vital analyses of what is knowable and modifiable in human nature and what is ameliorable in the social environment. Take the case of political economy with its rigorously logical devotion to laws and principles. What do we behold today? The almost complete abandonment of that mode of approach, a wholesale logical premise unenlightened by any specific psychological insight—and the creation of specialized inquiries to cover the vast field of economic enterprise; labor situations, accountancy, eco-

nomic interpretations, statistical investigations, individual and social psychologies, problems of control, key industries, etc., etc. Fruitful thinking in so vast and complicated a world is specific and specialized.

Has sociology as such anything to offer which the more specialized social sciences can not more effectively deal with? Or will sociology increasingly go the way of the older philosophy (metaphysics) and retain for its sterile portion the seminar discussion of theories of society which bear the same relation to the vital currents of life as Esperanto does to language-and-literature? Professor Giddings, brilliant summarizer and disciple of Spencer, writes sociology as if dogmatic rationalism were still the regnant creative mood in scholarship. His love of generalization coupled with his youthful enthusiasm for sociology as the fundamental social science makes him blind to the rather hollow pretentiousness of both the claims and achievements of his pet science (if science it be).

How much of Spencer's vast system of sociology, built on the grand scale and in the old style, survives? What with the specialized and specific revisions of the anthropologists, the revelations of the new schools of psychology, the delimiting of the scope of sociology proper, we observe how profoundly altered is the approach to social phenomena in our more critical and more human age. So, as one reads with pleasure and interest this scholarly work by America's foremost sociologist, one falls into the mood of wondering what its vital relation may be to the staggeringly human problems and cross-currents of our rapidly disintegrating contemporary civilization.

Take up one by one the baffling problems which the sociologist is accustomed to look upon as belonging especially to his field and observe who among our writers have shed most light on them. If we would the more penetratingly understand the realistic behavior of human beings in our society we go for instruction to Trotter, Wallas, McDougall, LeBon, Westermarck, Boas, Dewey, Veblen, Angell, Russell, Freud, Rivers, Watson, Ellis, Jung—to mention only a few of the analysts who give us fruitful insights into human

nature and social process. I doubt if there is one professional sociologist living today who has done creative work in the sense embodied in the writings of the aforementioned.

When we recall such inspiring names as Walter Bagehot and Benjamin Kidd and Herbert Spencer and Gabriel Tarde and Lester F. Ward, we are keenly aware of a shortage of men of creative vision in the field of sociology. The creative fire has been transmitted to the social psychologists. To read a work like Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct," is to feel the meaning of the revolution in values which social science is undergoing. A revolution that promises wonderfully for the enlightenment of mankind, literate and illiterate. Sociology, if it would save itself from the unhappy fate of academicism and sterility, had better reconsider its relation to the social sciences, to human nature-in-the-concrete, to life as it is specifically embodied in the customs, institutions and behaviors of modernity. Sociology is, as yet, neither a lucid nor a vitally humanized science.

The light we moderns seek is light on the crises in contemporary civilization; the obvious deterioration of life, the ominous signs of breakdown of long-revered faiths and moralities, the resurrection of superstition, the evil eminence of disillusion, the decay of civilized values. The sociologists are not vitally in touch with the life of our times. They do not feel any drastic urgency to speak radical and courageous truths concerning the *status quo.* They contribute no helpful wisdom on the distressing problems of war and peace, nor do they take a brave stand in behalf of those tolerances and freedoms and minority rights which they honor in theoretical analysis as the indispensable '*sine qua non*' of civilized progress.

It is disheartening, as one reflects upon the intellectual blind spots of scholars, to realize how wide the gulf that yawns between pretence and realization. Professor Giddings, by academic and professional pretence a champion of freedom of thought, the rights of conscience, the value of civilized behavior, gave himself heart and soul to the war enterprise, yelping as raucously as the rest of the pack of one hundred percent American patrioteers. No word of

protest was written by his authoritative pen against the mad wrong-doings of a nation in arms. The war found him no better prepared, intellectually and spiritually, than the host of his benighted fellow-citizens, to utter truth, to practice the civilized values of restraint and impartiality and reflective intelligence. Scholars too largely live in a world of delusion and pretence, a really infantile world of make-believe. A crisis in human affairs finds them behaving as irrationally as the most untutored and illiterate of men. And thereby hangs a tale (of woe).

It comes with a very bad grace from Professor Giddings, and with an astounding absence of a sense of humor (why are scholars so congenitally defective in the sense of humor?) to have him tell us in his chapter on 'The Mind of The Many' that:

"Scientific analysis of the conditions and processes of mob action can add nothing to the repugnance which calm-minded men feel toward collective outbreaks of the brute nature that still survives in man..... The only way to prevent the devastating consequences of epidemic madness is to multiply in the community the number of those men who habitually subordinate feeling to morale or to reason, and who, therefore, can not become a part of the combustible material of the mob spirit."

And yet, the attitude and behavior of our author during the war period, his allegiance to imperialism, his faith in the Darwinian conception of evolution as applied to the human scene, his frank latter-day opposition to all radical experiments among the masses that challege the privileges and prerogatives of the entrenched classes, are all so many eloquent evidences of the separation in his mind between the noble pretences of the scholar and the ignoble loyalties of the patriot and citizen. Will not Professor Giddings, as a truly eminent sociologist, write us an illuminating book on the part played by the educated classes in mob movements, especially as revealed in the Great War? How many of America's scholars remembered their dedicated loyalty to truth? How many Bertrand Russells and Romain Rollands did America's calm-minded group of scholars produce? Can any sociology be said to be humanly relevant and vital

which fails to illuminate these dark places in the life of reason?

As every honest critic knows, contemporary America is in the throes of a reign of regimentation which threatens to destroy all the subtler values of the mind and of the spirit. Our most urgent needs are *candid criticism and creative vision.* The mechanization of our life has gone too far. The mind of man is not sufficiently free, the soul of man not sufficiently alive and curious, in this regimented republic of ours. A scholar who pretends to be a wise counsellor to his own day and generation, must oppose his whole intellectual vigor and spiritual integrity to the prevailing forces of coercion and conformity that triumph even among the cultured when educated minds lack the grit to differentiate themselves from the herd mind. Lest we forget, be it repeated that the herd mind in America is as evilly potent among the educated as among the illiterate classes. Why are our scholars so pusillanimous?

The social philosophy of our author is heavily on the side of uniformity, team work, coercion, compulsive behavior, short shrift with the variant, the eccentric, the unique. This surrender to the mechanistic and type-conforming tendencies of our hideously commonplace capitalistic civilization he strives to ennoble and sublimate by much highfalutin analysis of what he technically refers to as "consciousness of kind". In a world torn by tumult and rocked by irreconcilability and the inescapable logic of class struggle, this conception of society as founded upon an overriding and triumphant consciousness of kind is obviously too simple, too abstract, to be realistically true or useful.

If mankind were inevitably driven into bonds and ties and mutualities by the sociological urge of consciousness of kind, we should long ere this have witnessed on earth a marvelous brotherhood of man sprung from the universal elements of likeness resident in the human species, for fundamentally in terms of instinct and impulse and yearning and desire, the human race is one. And yet, the troubled meaning of life emerges from the existence within the humanly habitable area of groups of people who simply refuse to recognize

each other as belonging to the same human species. Hence, the existence of racial and religious and economic and personal conflict which in cumulative force constantly threatens, and periodically succeeds in achieving, the disruption of human life and institutions.

The primary fact is conflict, irreconcilability, consciousness of unkind. The divisive forces constitute the major realities of life on earth and consequently the only vital subject-matter of the human sciences. Sociology becomes a vital social science only in proportion as it deals critically and courageously with the problems of discord of the various groups constituting society, for these are the very problems that render imperative the creation of sciences of amelioration: among which sociology should be foremost. Professor Giddings' sociology ignores the primary significance of the disharmonies of social life. His mind is too complacent, too optimistic, too abstract, in fine, too naïve. Those of us who appreciate the potency among humankind of the impulse-toward-differentiation yield our allegiances the more readily to philosophies of change, thus permitting the different-minded, the variants, the eccentrics, the unique ones (individuals or classes) to find some standing room on earth, to achieve their place in the sun... Because of limitations of space I cannot go more deeply into this significant problem in the theory of human society.

The final outcome of Professor Giddings' relapse into a dogmatically conservative mood is best exemplified in the following quotation (page 294) which sums up his present-day sociologic wisdom.

"Character cannot fundamentally be made over after birth any more than bodily constitution can be, but behavior, including moral conduct, can be improved until old age just as health can be. Intelligence regarded as mental power cannot be increased after birth, but its functioning can be speeded up and knowledge can be increased indefinitely."

The assumption that character and intelligence are "facts of original nature", while behavior and knowledge are facts of habit is a wholly arbitrary and scientifically undemon-

strated preconception. Such a point of view is congenial to the mind that sees the stratification of society into social classes as a division of human capacities arising from biologic differences. *It mistakes the transmission of opportunity for inheritance of native talent.* It therefore tends unconsciously to identify status with personal worth. In practice this means the possession by the rich of superior brains, the possession by the multitudinous poor of ineradicable incompetence. A thoroughly reactionary and scientifically discreditable viewpoint!

The divorce between character and behavior which our author sanctions, the separation which he institutes between intelligence and knowledge, are untenable psychologically and therefore sociologically. No man can draw such distinctions without laying himself open to the charge of playing into the hands of those pseudo-scientific befuddlers who seek to justify the iniquities of our social system by erudite quotations from science. What can it mean to say that character can not be made over after birth, or that intelligence regarded as mental power can not be increased after birth? Are these the mystic utterances of a soothsayer or the deliberate judgments of a scholar?

There is an intellectual blindness in scholars that troubles the dreams of the wise. Why is scholarship so much an affair of apologetics and rationalization?*

* The larger controversy of which these sentiments (or convictions) of Professor Giddings are representative fragments is neatly summarized in these clashing viewpoints. Professor McDougall, functioning *pro tempore* as anthropologist, asserts flatly: "Just as that peculiarity which enables a man to become a great mathematician (or a great musician) is certainly innate and hereditary, though we cannot define or conceive of what this hereditary basis consists; so also the development of the highest moral character only proceeds upon the basis of a hitherto undefined innate and hereditary peculiarity." To which Professor Tozzer, full-fledged anthropologist, lucidly rejoins: "There is no present evidence, physical, psychological or cultural, to prove that contemporaneous savages are fundamentally different in mind, body, or estate, from the sophisticated human product of civilization."

And Professor Dorsey appends this snappy sentence: "In other words, the whole contention of the 'Higher Cultures' crowd as to their innate moral character and intellectual capacity is bunk." I suppose no psychologist, "educational" or "applied," is sufficiently emancipated from his vested interest in Intelligence Tests (as they are humorously called) to feel any sympathy for the violently candid criticism of Professor Dorsey when he says in appreciation of Professor Tozzer's book on "Social Origins and Social Continuities": "His treatment of the Intelligence Test quackery is timely and should go far to end some of the feeble-mindedness of that craze."

*ENLIGHTENING THE EDUCATORS

A psychological defect that mars the human mind is the absorption in means as though they were ends in themselves. Institutions nobly begotten to fulfill dashing idealistic purposes are soon smothered in red tape; the idealism is choked off, the noble conception throttled in the mere mechanics of management. Human controllers, themselves but indifferently poor machines, too soon forget the inspiring ultimate end, too soon remember the immediacies, the all-absorbing practical means to realization.

The impulse to mystic fellowship creates the Church; the organized church straightway sets to work to mortify and mechanize the original generous impulse. Churchianity, the petrification of the spirit, automatically supplants Christianity, the life of the spirit. An ideal succumbs to a dogma. A similar ossification of the inner impulses affects and corrupts every human institution. Rigidity and automatism hold as in a vise the impetuous spirit of man. The impulse to protective love creates the home; the organized home sets itself the mechanical task of reducing to system and efficiency the varied, stray life of love. Satiety, the death of love, dutifully arrives to replace freedom, the coronation of love. A dream succumbs to a duty. The impulse to enlightenment creates education; education, systematized, alphabetized, automatized, routinized, turns monster and proceeds to slay sweet-faced enlightenment. Automatism, the executioner of education, usurps the destiny of Emancipation, the giver of light and life. A faith succumbs to a falsification.

Education has miscarried in the sense that enlightenment has been debauched by a false scale of values clamped down upon life by a monstrous regulator called Routine. The clumsy machinery of existence is the cruel, immortal foe of the joy-of-living.

Professor Sidis' book is the angry upgathered irrepressible protest of a sensitive mind, a protest that is at once ac-

* Apropos of "Philistine and Genius" by Prof. Boris Sidis, pioneer in Experimental Abnormal Psychology and Psychopathology, remarkable for his original researches.

cusation and prophecy. His sparkling, dancing fulminations like brilliant flashes of lightning from an unsuspecting sky pierce the medieval darkness of "modern" education, pierce and deeply penetrate all that is dense and dull and disreputable in the rayless education of our time. Fitfully and in tense moods of unequivocal passion, again and yet again, Boris Sidis plunges his envenomed blade of mordant satire into the *status quo* and the emotionally stupid defenders of mal-education as-it-is in the land of the charlatans. And the blood of the "educators" (may their tribe decrease!) turns to vapid water, tasteless and odorless and useless.

The sensitive Sidis cries out in the unresponsive halls of the myopic-erudite:

"I assume that you are especially interested in the development of personality as a whole, the true aim of education. I also assume that you realize that what is requisite is not some more routine, not more desiccated quasi-scientific methods of educational psychology, not the sawdust of college-pseudagogics and philistine normal school training, but more light on the problems of life. What you want is not the training of philistine, but the education of genius. The profoundest problem of life is the recognition of evil in whatever guise or disguise it exists."

The gripping theme of this little volume is almost invariably and unforgettably concerned with the problem of evil and its large legitimate place in a scheme of education, intellectually honest, adequate, emotionally vital, a scheme of emancipation conscious of the innate dignity of the free personality.

Throughout the tortured ages, school education has been a drastic, lamentable failure. The dramatic antithesis between school and society, between "education" and life, between erudition and wisdom, information and experience, culture and utility, bears accusive and sufficient testimony to the barrenness of "school" training. The major theories governing our educational routine are derived from a conception of society antedating the scientific-industrial revolution of the 18th century!

The presuppositions lying in the historic background of

our educational theorizings include the now outworn assumption of a permanent upper-superior-culture-caste; the permanent subjugation of a majority lower class to the privileged parasitisms of the upper class; the prenatal foredooming of the masses to a life of allotted drudgery, unchecked spawning, and cheap, lowbrow felicity—in brief, the assumption has been knavishly accepted that the finest achievements of culture were fated by some law of privileged survival to be perpetuated only among the predestined minority-elect. Until John Stuart Mill's generation, school education had been in reality the pastime of the parasitic, the plaything of an irresponsible caste preoccupied with the pursuits of excess profits and surplus prestige. And humanity go hang!

Today there is a somewhat different story to tell, a very different account to render. Education is visibly growing to be a specialized way of discovering goals of dignified destiny for the *quondam* disinherited; a research magnificent in ways and means of altering social destiny in behalf of the greater nation—the poor: whom we shall *not* always have with us.

The New Education will be essentially sociologic. That sociology, grounded in a philosophy of social science, will ponder as its central query, this pro-human problem: By what devices, mechanic and psychologic, can a purposeful education hope to liberate the nations of self-deluded men from the appalling consequences of their self-duperies. The first persistent self-delusion which the new education of radical disillusionment must destroy utterly is the delusion that the way to live life satisfactorily is to ignore blindfoldedly the manifold evil thereof!

In relation to the vivid problem of evil, the most pertinent perplexity affecting the philosophy of education is this, I believe: How shall we make evil positively significant to the young mind, generally abnormally idealist, without either arousing an excessive interest in self-righteousness or stimulating an unbridled curiosity in perversity and pruriency; for let it not be denied that the dramatic and saliently human problems of evil are saturated with a feverishly sexual in-

terest, the most shockingly explosive stuff innocently at rest in the brain of childhood.

Professor Sidis sheds but a scant and wavering light on this specific dilemma. Even such reputable psychoanalysts as Ernest Jones are intellectually sterile when they attempt to vitalize the educational value of a discriminating knowledge of evil. The astonishing truth is that having lived in a world of familiar duplicities, surrounded on all sides by amiable hypocrites, we simply cannot suddenly create out of non-existent virtue a whole philosophy of honest, critically reputable conduct. The shame-ridden past weighs too heavily upon our cracked, decadent consciences. We are not fit to teach truth: we have never lived it; we have never known how.

Pretence is the best half-way compromise-idealism of which our duplicity-laden souls are capable. And pretence, that is, infantile idealism, is exactly the type of soothing morality we ladle out to the pre-adolescent. Somehow, he survives as well (or as atrociously?) as his elders, similarly mal-treated in their day. Education is a series of eccentric circles—most of them rather vicious.

We shall never achieve a truthful insight into the duplicities of morality--sexual, social, political--until we have found a powerful, true explanation for a callous contradiction like the following.

"The very men who looked down with delight when the sand of the arena reddened with human blood, made the theater ring with applause when Terence in his famous line proclaimed the brotherhood of men."

Who can understand the irrationality of Homo? Who can teach him wisdom?

THE INTELLECTUALS AND THE CLASS STRUGGLE

My dear Professor G:

The other afternoon at the Hollywood Library I happened to be fingering several of the thoughtful magazines and reading some fine things in The Dial, The Atlantic Monthly, Harpers', Poetry, Open Court,.. I looked around for my old friends, the Professorial Magazines, and found the Political Science Quarterly. Your article, A Theory of History, attracted and intrigued my attention. I continued to be delighted with the poetic quality of the style, its almost transparent lucidity. It is amazing that so ripe a scholar can contrive to write so freshly, so simply, so dramatically. A most readable article (considering the nature of Highbrow Journals)!

For some time I have been gathering material for an article, Qualitative Analysis in History. My intention is to show that the large ineptness of history-writing is traceable to the unphilosophic nature of the historian-mind. These two types of mind are almost diametric opposites: the philosophic mind over-qualitative, the historical mind over-quantitative. Do you happen to be acquainted with Prof. M. R. Cohen's illuminating article on History Versus Value (Journal of Scientific Method, Philosophy, and Psychology 1916)? I am impressed with that point of view. Historians lack a philosophy of values. Philosophers lack the values of history. Is it not so? The historians are like the biologists before Darwin: assiduous pilers-up of mountains of facts, higher, ever higher, a sort of scientist's Tower of Babel, a wonderful heap of confusion arriving nowhere. The quantitative delusion run mad! Only a fruitful philosophical conception like evolution could bring a certain qualitative order out of quantitative chaos.

The approach to history of our learned historians reveals a mental attitude that is really a Fetichism of Facts. By Qualitative Analysis I mean, for example, such essays in interpretation as Shotwell's The Religious Revolution, Beard's Economic Interpretations, Dewey's German Philosophy

and Politics, Veblen's Germany and the Industrial Revolution and his An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace, Nordau's The Interpretation of History, Boas' The Mind of Primitive Man, Lenin's The State and Revolution, Lévy-Bruhl's Les Fonctions Mentales dans les Sociétés Inférieures.... Well, Sir, it's not my intention to review my essay (which if it ever gets completed I shall ask you to read) but your stimulating theory of history.

It seems to me that *a priori* there are imaginable as many vital theories of history as there are aspects of man's nature. Interpretations religious, sexual, political, economic, sociologic, psychologic, artistic, philosophic. By aspects, I mean dynamic, vitally functioning aspects. Kidd's Social Evolution, Freud's Psycho-Analysis, Bagehot's Physics and Politics, Wallas' The Great Society, Marx's Capital, Ward's Dynamic Sociology, Trotter's Herd Instinct, McDougall's Psychology, Dewey and Company's Creative Intelligence—what are they all but attempts, interesting and brilliantly inadequate, to derive qualitative meaning from quantitative experience (history).

Nor have we mentioned the educational and anthropological and mechanistic interpretations. Etc.! Does that mean—as Prof. Seligman contends in his valuable book on The Economic Interpretation—that wisdom consists in not choosing any one in particular as overwhelmingly significant? That spells "nihilism" in social philosophy. How many of these possible explanations of "history" have played a predominantly vital role in the evolution of mankind? Only two: the religious interpretation and the economic. And in our age only the economic view counts vitally, overwhelmingly.

For instance, in your essay, all the episodes and adventures (as you like to call them), all the transpirings and combatings are vital because of their economic motivation and meaning. Group *struggle;* class *struggle*: what are they but economic functionings? In truth, Prof. G., it is not easy to perceive the pivotal distinction between your two categories. These group-struggles you refer to are cross-sections of the fundamental class struggle your clear analysis so plainly

discovers in every historical period. Your Theory, it then appears, is a delightful footnote on the Economic Interpretation.

Let me be more specific. You say that the kernel of your theory is this: the urge to adventure is the cause of history. When you think of "adventure", do you think of masses of starved and deprived men wandering in desperate search of food and secure anchorage? Doubtfully. And yet, surely, that is the kind of "adventure" the races of struggling men have had hideously to undergo. The very concept, adventure, is a margin-of-leisure notion: exploration and research undertaken by men relieved of the struggle-for-sheer-existence, men endowed with a margin of "free will" for the pursuit of non-utilitarian goals. To think of the pain-racked migrations of uprooted and brutishly needy men in quest of the most elementary necessities of life as being possessed of the "urge to adventure" strikes me as grotesque and far-fetched. Your use of the concept "adventure" is surely idiosyncratic and romantic. Not, it seems to me, an historical use! Your behaviorist theory reduces itself in practice to an economic interpretation of history set in a framework of psychologic phraseology. Though, in truth, at the very point where you begin to hint at great implications of the new vision you come to a dead halt (the privilege of the short-story writer!) and leave the reader metaphorically up a tree.

One knows how a religious or an economic theory of history can affect (and effect) integrations and reintegrations and disintegrations of men. How does a behavioristic theory function? What pragmatic value inheres in it that is absent from theories already known? Of course I ask these questions in a spirit of detached inquiry, not in a mood of challenge. Isn't your theory too broad, by its very nature lacking in specific point? I hope you will write a Part Two, elaborating the points that specifically differentiate your conception from all others (vital or moribund). Isn't Sociology the study of men's behavior in society? Why not call your view a sociological theory of history? Or is it assumed that the urge-to-adventure is primary, the funda-

mental impulse which gives rise to these secondary elaborations, social groupings?

Isn't there something queer (unrealistic) in a conception of history as Adventure when we recall how vast a portion of the human race has known only a *static* existence? Peoples vegetate and dig-in and stagnate and rot in the self-same areas for unconscionable periods of time—until, in fact, some irresistible force like a glacial inundation or hunger or invasion drives them *against their will* to migrate, that is, to adventure forth in quest of new areas of security. I would venture the suggestion that it is nearer the psychologic truth to assert that the cause of history (using the concept "cause" in a limited and specialized sense) is the *urge-to-security*. Adventure is but an incidental mode of experience consequent upon the fulfillment of the basal desire for security. Your theory of history—may I suggest—is too romantic to be adequately true—considering the bitter and drastic and elemental realities it pretends to render an explanation of...

You remember where you wrote: "So modern history arrives at noon. Capitalism exploits invention and revolutionizes industry. A wage earning proletariat, descended from emancipated serfs, becomes in its turn 'class conscious', and Karl Marx makes the epochal discovery that class struggle impends in history."... Isn't it rather late in the day for this bit of irony? If Marx's "Discovery" that class struggle "impends in history" is really so trivial and self-evident, how shall we account for the incredibly momentous influence upon modern history, economics, sociology, etc. of the *Marxian* philosophy of social evolution? Of course we know that Marx was not the first analyst to note the existence of class struggle—as Darwin was not the first biologist to "discover" the existence of natural selection. But Marx was the first social scientist to explain: (1) the class struggle as inevitable in a society constructed in certain materialistic ways; (2) its relation to the nature and function of the State; (3) its relation to social progress; (4) the specific methods of ushering in a form of society in which class will not exist (in the historic sense)... *Vide*: Lenin's wonderful

pamphlet: "The State and Revolution!" At any rate, the Marxian conception of the class struggle (and no other!) has revolutionized a world's thought and action. As, more recently, the Bolshevik revolution has demonstrated with lightning lucidity. *Nicht wahr?*

I gained the impression from your essay that you still have faith in democracy—what you term Social Individualism. In the light of the revolutionary changes in the world's affairs resulting from the Great War (and the Great Peace!) how can a realistic-minded sociologist fail to note the deep import of such facts as: the breakdown of parliamentary institutions, and what is more important, the collapse of the workers' faith in such institutions; the increasingly effective and frequent use of Direct Action; the complete conversion of the pseudo-democratic State, with its long-workable pretence of Impartiality, to an out-and-out Capitalist-Imperialist State; the intensification of the class struggle the world over; the publicly exposed incompetence of the Capitalist and more especially of Capitalism—it is about 25% efficient, says Veblen; the vicious bond between the search for maximum profit and the capitalistic need for practising sabotage (Veblenian thesis); the latter-day realization of the strategic importance of key industries; the correlative realization of the revolutionary power of militant minorities; —these are among the disillusions and the discoveries which undermine irreparably our old faith in democracy as a possible equilibrator of social energies—of classes in conflict under the auspices of a public-minded State acting as umpire or harmonizer! Gone, the days that are no more! Marx understood. Why are we so gravel-blind? Ours is the Age of Disillusion—and Revolution. Thanks primarily to the Great War and the Great Peace. Class Struggle Impends!

Your essay begins with a reference to the present state of the world as being intellectually muddled and morally bedeviled. Very true. It would be a real service to the Younger Generation—an indispensable prop of civilization—if you should write a book on: Civilization at The Cross Roads: a summary of the history of civilization and a prophecy. We

in America more particularly are weak both in our appreciation of the value of Theory and in our knowledge of Social Science. We need knowledge—and wisdom. Our American intellectuals are not contributing much that is noteworthy to either branch of learning. Are they?....

Well—to change the subject—your friend Linville is out. Twenty three years of service—and what a disillusionment. You remember James Mill's comment, quoted by John Mill, that the theory of education always lags far behind the general progress and the practise is even more backward than the theory. When you ask who are America's educators (vide: Sidis' "Philistine and Genius")—ye Gods—is there one of supreme importance? Before the War, Dewey. Today—?

Liberalism bankrupt. Democracy a myth. The State a despotism. Education a sham. The Church a fraud. The Press a charlatan. The Higher Learning a powerful prop of the *Status Quo*. The Dark Masses—? *Qui vivra verra*!

Sincerely and cordially,

Los Angeles,
Feb. 1921.

SAMUEL SCHMALHAUSEN

*THE VESTED INTERESTS IN EDUCATION

Thorstein Veblen is the most unique intellectual in America. He violates all the traditions and taboos that have been the historical accompaniments of the professorial caste. He is intellectually honest (the rarest quality in man, ancient, mediaeval, or modern); he is direct and incisive; satiric and shrewd; mordantly penetrating and wise; in short, the very antithesis of the proverbial professor. He enjoys the unfortunate distinction of being a thinker.

This recent book of his is as brilliant as it is profound. Its charming and grotesquely original footnotes and parentheses add a touch of comedy-relief to an elaborate narrative and exposition of the follies, foibles, fallacies and fumblings that characterize and quaintly beset the "higher" learning in America.

There is little inspiration or wisdom in the Higher Learning in America! Especially in the human sciences. Or, more accurately, there is no continuing wholesome incentive among the professorial savants for the creative enterprise of dispassionate and untainted scholarship.

Veblen's book is a complex analysis of the conditions in the business world that account for the insidious corruption of the sources of scholarship and learning. The competitive schemings and trickeries and sleights-of-hand that fetch the golden fleece in the outdoor world of rivalry and chicane have insinuated themselves into the management, spirit and conduct of the republic of learning.

Truth and the unflinching logical pursuit thereof have

*Apropos of Thorstein Veblen's remarkable book "The Higher Learning in America: A Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men." It is interesting to recall that ex-professor Beard, in his sprightly review of Veblen's book, used as his title: The Hire Learning! Which brings to mind the mordant scripture of a certain Arthur Schopenhauer, to wit, "He who holds a professorship may be said to receive his food in the stall; and this is the best way with ruminant animals. But he who finds his food for himself at the hands of nature is better off in the open field."

been degraded to the sordid quest for apologetic dogma and pseudo-commercial status, alike among trustees, academic executives, coterie of assistant manipulators ("deans") and the generality of the teaching personnel. The university has been degraded to the low level of a competitive business enterprise. Show-off and statistical glamor and decorative magnificence have usurped the place of humility, culture and the comradeship of sincere equals in a republic of learning.

It will be easy for the hotheaded utilitarian to misunderstand Veblen's doctrine of irresponsible scholarship. Even so acute and well-informed a reviewer as Harold Laski confessed his fear lest Veblen's too lonely ideal of a shut-off scholarship conduce to that esoteric frame of mind which was the bane of the barren scholarship of the ages of haughty-culture. To me, it seems perfectly clear that the very best refutation of that doubt lies in Veblen's own realistic contributions to modern thought and criticism. As I understand it, Veblen's ideal of irresponsible scholarship is based upon the assumption that the unhampered and unprejudiced pursuit of knowledge leads inevitably to conclusions at once drastic and revisionary in relation to the pet preconceptions that blindly underlie the current scheme of use and wont.

If America's professors set out logically and courageously to seek the deepest truths of which their analytic insights were capable, the chances are that their findings would be highly destructive of the whole traditional scheme of current habit, thought and behavior. Irresponsibility, logically conceived, is the only attitude of mind appropriate to the critical pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. Veblen's own dispassionate conclusions are at once a justification of his ideal-of-detachment and of the inevitably radical nature of the unprejudiced thought-process. *Honest thinking is itself a revolutionary process.* What taints the premises and presuppositions of the average professor's conclusions is that half-analyzed body of current traditions (shot through with the "philosophy" of profit-and-prestige) which lies in the background of his conventionalized thinking. Only when he has corrected the bourgeois bias of his mind is the average professor intellectually prepared to reach out beyond the

current scheme of profit and prestige toward the untainted truths of science. Business, and its sham ideals, is the arch foe of science.

A meaty excerpt from the powerful concluding chapter entitled "Summary and Trial Balance" will give the unacquainted reader a foretaste of what is brilliantly in store for him if he attacks the book as a whole.

"To the faculty, the presidential office is a business proposition, and its incumbent is chiefly an object of circumspection, to whom they owe a 'hired-man's loyalty'.

"It is toward the outside, in the face of the laity out of doors, that the high fence—'the eight-fold fence'—of scholarly pretension is to be kept up. Hence the indicated means of its upkeep are such as will presumably hold the (transient) respect and affection of this laity—quasi-scholarly homiletical discourse, frequent, voluminous, edifying and optimistic; ritualistic solemnities, diverting and vacant; spectacular affectations of (counterfeit) scholastic usage in the way of droll vestments, bizarre and archaic; parade of (make-believe) gentility; encouragement and (surreptitious) subvention of athletic contests; promulgation of (presumably ingenuous) statistics touching the volume and character of the work done.

"It is only by keeping up these manifestations toward the outside, and making them good in the esteem of the unlearned, that the presidential office can be made to serve the ends of the board of control and the ambitions of the incumbent; and this large apparatus and traffic of make-believe, therefore, is the first and most unremitting object of executive solicitude. It is the 'place whereon to stand' while moving the academic universe. The uses to be made of the standing-place so achieved have already been set out in detail in earlier chapters. They center about three main considerations: Visible magnitude, bureaucratic organization, and vocational training."

The average academic executive is a polished flunkey primarily interested in power and prestige, first for himself and incidentally for the university he manipulates. The only concern which is irrelevant to his interests is the dispassionate pursuit and cultivation of scholarship. He is in reality a corporation executive, appointed by a board of profit-grubbing respectable citizens, who promise to keep the

corporation of learning a going concern, provided it can produce "results." The academic executive corrupts the republic of learning until it does produce results.

The results are: one, the introduction of competitive business practices, including departments of advertising and publicity, and the salesmanlike conduct of the several departments which employ the modern department store technique in "getting" customers; two, the substitution of the sweat-shop system of scholarship for the creative and co-operative pursuit of sincere knowledge; three, the reduction of the teaching body to acquiescent underlings who meekly dance to the tune called by the academic executive; four, the subordination and humiliation of undisciplinables—to borrow the term William James applied to spontaneously sincere thinkers like Davidson, whom he could not get into Harvard because that corporation of learning feared to harbor a heretic—the handful of genuine professors who will not prostitute their high calling to the cheap purposes of a notoriety-seeking president; five, the commercialization of the university by special catering to the dawdling young gentlemen and playful young women of the well-to-do classes who attend a university much in the same spirit and for the same reason that they attend any other entertaining social function....

Veblen's conclusion is simple and revolutionary. He calmly advises that this maladministration of the republic of learning can be rectified only by adopting his heroically appropriate solution:

"All that is required is the abolition of the academic executive and of the governing board. Anything short of this heroic remedy is bound to fail, because the evils sought to be remedied are inherent in these organs, and instrinsic to their functions."

There is little inspiration or wisdom in the Higher Learning in America, especially in the human sciences, because there is only one Veblen.

A STUDY IN HUMAN NATURE

In 1916 Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson wrote an illuminating essay entitled "The War and the Way Out." It is interesting to study the rationalist psychology of his analysis in the light of subsequent events. Among all the writers on international affairs Mr. Dickinson may perhaps be said to be least concerned with those aspects of our human nature which are essentially irrational. Hence the appropriateness of a criticism that seeks to differentiate between the logic of rationality and the psycho-logic of irrationality...

It is not easy to *explain away* the hectic actions of men if you presuppose that large irrationality which perverts intellect to the baser purposes, made so terribly manifest in a crisis such as the Great War. It is easy to explain the "way out" of bloody mischief-making if you assume rationality to be the normal inspiration of man's conduct. My quarrel with rationalists like Mr. Lowes Dickinson is on this vital issue: Can a man's rational reply to a nicely-worded question be accepted at its face value? In other words, does a rationally-grounded assertion have any equivalent value in sub-conscious motives? I think not. Let us see.

The thesis—that rational motives are not the propelling forces in man's conduct—will suggest viewpoints very different from what the quietist loves to believe is the truth about life. What is a rational motive? Any motive surrounded by so many thought-out pros and cons that *immediate action is thwarted.* What is an irrational motive? Any impulse to action which finds immediate execution indispensable to its continuance. The salient difference, psychologically, between a simpleton and a thinker is a difference in complexity of motive. Complexity by its very nature thwarts action. There is so much to think about before leaping. Simplicity has no alternatives. Its consciousness must be naïvely ideomotor. Cerebrally aroused, it must act, for it has no detaining resourcefulness to re-absorb natural impulses. "Irrationality" hints at the obvious truth that intellectual complexity is rare in mankind. The inherited impulses to action are deeper a millionfold than the belated impulse-to-reflect.

Tragic past experiences do not make simple men more wise; they only make them more bitter.

Will thoughtfulness ever become the common attribute of whole classes of men? If it does, the impulse-to-action, most dramatically realized in war, will have met its psychological Waterloo. If mental complexity is beyond the attainment of mediocre men, the impulse-to-quick-action will rise and recede and flow and ebb and mount and fall with the tidal changes in the levels of intelligence. War will be an eternal possibility for men-of-action.

With this scrap of reasoning as a preamble, let us analyze Mr. Dickinson's declaration of "peace on earth and good will to men."

> "War is made—this war has been made, not by any necessity, any law beyond human control, any fate to which men must passively bow; it is made because certain men who have immediate power over other men are possessed by a certain theory."

Does a mere "theory" held by a few upper-class potentates contain such immeasurable fascination for millions of lower-class men that its simple enunciation serves to evoke the marvelous loyalty of belligerency? Can a theory be so omnipotent, magically swaying the conduct of those who actually suffer by its adoption? Most strange. And if most strange, an equally strange elucidation is needed to reveal the magic of the theory. That explanation cannot be discovered in Mr. Dickinson's essay. His account is so delightfully simple, one has no desire to disavow its validity. It is so clear and rational and so nicely developed to climax and conclusion, it is almost sacrilegious to mock its dogmas... "War is made, not by any necessity of nature, any law beyond human control..." *That depends upon what one means.* If 'nature' includes human nature, and if by human nature we understand a bundle of instincts, impulses and habits so inextricably inwoven in sub-consciousness that not even lifelong reflection can avail to curb and direct all of them as one wishes, we may venture to prove the theorem that war *is* made by a necessity of nature. *What is war?*

War is the only known exercise that releases to the full

man's vindictive passions. These vindictive passions permeate his brain soaking through every welcoming cell as blood saturates a sponge. Our heritage is blood-soaked. Every nerve and fibre in the human machine bears the taint of murderous strife. Man is a fighting animal. War is the glorious lunacy it is, because it permits passion the license and indulgence passion instinctively craves. War releases the vindictive impulses of man. The cost of war is the crazy penalty man has to pay for a vicious inheritance. In view of this analysis, what inept misinterpretation to assert that war is not made by any necessity of "nature". Man doesn't control his instincts; his instincts tyrannize over and passionately control man.

Hence no governmental theory of state-enmity, no dictatorial diplomacy, no mere commanding from monarchs could avail to drive millions of "peaceful" citizens to slaughtering one another unless deep in the blood-soaked brains of the fighters uncontrollable passions were inbedded straining for the vindictive freedoms of war. Any explanation of war which places the blame for conflict outside of the passions of the fighters is at least half wrong. A governmental or a capitalistic or a militaristic theory of war may adequately explain why a few potentates possess too much power; or why capitalists need expanding markets; or why war-lords love the glory of combat. It does not adequately tell us why millions of "peaceful" citizens, with no *apparent* ill-will toward one another, respond so ecstatically to the call to arms!

Suppose these omnipotent governmentalists were to issue a call to the soldiery—the "flower" of the nation—to enlist in a scientific war: a war against disease. Would the nation be roused to memorable heroism? Why not?

War frightens the soft imaginations of children because, being children, they view life dramatically, white and black, good and evil, peace and war, love and hate. This juxtaposition of values does not commend itself to ripened intelligences as a faithful picture of reality. War and Peace are not true antonyms. Peace differs from war essentially in one human particular: in times of peace, villainy is broken up,

as it were, into so many fragments, so distantly removed in time and space, that the common imagination cannot visualize the far-outspanned reaches of evil-doing. But war is more obvious and graphic and compact. It dramatizes the villainies of peace so relentlessly that we are terrified into protesting against the evil that men do. War is a living hell; piled mountain high, where every mortal eye can perceive them, the writhing brutalities of human beings bear witness to passion's sway. *Peace is a hellish living* for those same humans. Evil is rampant, on a slightly diminished scale. Even in so-called Peace, villainy and enmity are everywhere, corroding the heart of existence and poisoning men's passions.

Suppose a miracle were to annihilate space and time so effectually that the manifold corruptions thriving in a period of thirty year's *peace* could be gathered up and compactly built into a human pyramid, black and ominous like the thing of evil it actually is. Wouldn't we all stand aghast at the colossal carnage wrought by the enmities of men, *in time of peace?* Why be so shocked at the revelations of war? Are they so different from the accustomed behavior of pugnacious men? Only the puerile mind can see in war the damnation and pillage it blindly overlooks in eras of so-called good-will. It is not war human beings find unnatural. Oh, no. It is only peace that is unnatural. It is untrue to state that the enmities among men "do not occur because they belong to different states." That's exactly how they do occur. Enmities are such ferocious forces because they are pent-up in irrationality. They are untamable, unreasonable, whimsical.

The Germans hate the English, whom they have never met; —acquaintanceship thaws aversions and engenders amity! The English hate the Prussians, whom they have never met. The Americans hate the Chinese and Japanese whom they have never known. And so on. Men hate deeply because their own sense of superiority is thereby expanded. *How are we ever going to curb that passion for special self-distinction?* We hate irrationally. That's why war is an eternal possibility....

"The governmental theory holds that States are the great realities, and that they are natural enemies. My reply is that States are unreal abstractions; that the reality is the men and women and children who are members of the States...."

Let us agree with Mr. Lowes Dickinson that states are "unreal abstractions"—though the full meaning of that grotesque phrase is hard to decipher—and that the people are the great realities. Suppose these beloved people find joy and self-expansion and vicarious greatness in thinking of "their" state as greater and more glorious than any other state. Doesn't familiar experience prove that a little ten-dollar-a-week clerk, who does the filing for a big business firm, tastes the eucharistic joy of "bigness" when he speaks of "*our firm*" as having done a larger business than any competitor in the field? How much does poor he profit in dollars and cents by that prosperity? Yet that make-believe self in him will have its histrionic thrills. A part to play in life: That's what man's soul craves. Now the citizens of a nation—"The great reality"—feel themselves individually insignificant and overlooked. They ache for distinction. Here's where the State steps in and cleverly exploits a human weakness.

The State, awe-inspiring, powerful, glorified, creates the theatricalism of patriotism which subtly binds every loyal heart to the protecting mother. The people, like the little office man, learn to speak of *our country.* The joy of self-expansion has been attained. The people gladly pay the price of their thrilling loyalty. The moment I have declared my love for "my country", I have sealed a bloody bond. I have promised to achieve distinction for myself and my State. Human beings achieve their costly distinctions by exclusiveness. They know no other way of feeling important. Hence their attitude toward the foreigner is antipathetic. *Antipathies are sources of self-distinction.* The white race hates the other-colored races, black, brown, yellow; that is, it purchases its superiority by antipathy. The law of exclusiveness is of the very texture of human fellowship. Most calamitous fact—but a fact nevertheless. *States are natural enemies* in the tragic sense that the mem-

bers of each state must have enemies to feed their vanities upon. There's a truth worth pondering, Mr. Rationalist! Don't hold the "people" in such sentimental respect and you will understand them better.

"Ask any of these men who, without a word of warning, have been torn suddenly from their homes, their occupations, their friends and wives and children, whether they would choose, if the decision rested with them, to sacrifice all that they hold dear, and to destroy, so far as in them lies, all that is held dear by all the people of a neighboring nation, in order to aggrandize the French or the German State—ask them this, and what answer would you get?"

Yes, ask any one of the human wretches crazed by the war lust whether he would 'sacrifice all he holds dear and destroy all that is held dear by all the people of a neighboring nation"—for the glory of the State! The very posing of the question is pure rationalist folly. How many persons ask and answer rational questions rationally? If a man did honestly admit that he was going to war with malice prepense, a hater of foreigners, a lover of strife, why, he would be called a diabolical murderer. That title is not pleasing—not even to murderers. But let him prate of duty and civilization—he understands neither and doesn't care to—and he can ravage and destroy and crucify to his heart's delight with an easy, peaceful conscience. *That dual recompense man seeks here below;—To fulfill his vindictive passions without sensing the terror of the wilful murderer!*

War solves the greatest of all human dilemmas. It supplies the masks for murderers. Men do as they instinctively please, and feel, to boot, the sanctified security of crusaders fighting for the recovery of holy grails. The State plays its mock-heroic part in this cupidinous copartnership by surrounding vicious impulses with the approval of glory and of patriotism. Thus the State protects common murderers (the soldiers doing their duty) in their assaults upon the enemy. The State can dignify butchery. Individual men cannot. The State and its fighting citizens have much in common. Of course, you can't expect individuals in their

calm, rational, unoppressive moods to speak like murderers. No man, no matter how vile his impulses, enjoys the thought of being pointed out as a brute. But give that same man a more clandestine and more subtle opportunity for the expression of his hectic passions of hate and envy and pride —and war does not terrify him in the least. Let us bravely gulp down that bitter knowledge of human nature.

Can't the well-meaning Rationalist *realize* that the very word "choice" is a jarring irrelevancy in a discussion of irrational impulses? Isn't it abundantly evident to the thinker that war is the dramatic outburst of instinct, while an explanation of war is the outburst of reason; and that reason never adequately recapitulates instinct's vagaries? If you rationalize man's consciousness, you do achieve a simple, coherent account of his conduct. What value has an account which omits all mention of those ancient instincts from the collision and collusion of which, human friction, including war, is periodically precipitated?

If it isn't pellucidly obvious to observers that good intentions, sweetly pledged in pacific moods, have no necessary or vital relation to the passionate conduct of Mr. Man *in a crisis*, then wisdom remains indeed a futile blunderer... For example: on his wedding day, buoyed up by is answerable in it by an analysis of man's *irrationality.* ly promise to treat his spouse tenderly, lovingly, sympathetically. Everyone knows the tragedy of good intentions— and of marriage. We all make a mess of life. Some are more expert than others: some corrupt it irremediably. Everyone knows that we are simply incapable of the sustained devotions of the few perfect hours. Friction, confusion, enmity, misunderstanding, domestic wars, are the recurring incidents in the vitagraph of fellowship. Ask any man in his exhausted moments of serenity whether he harbors illwill toward bird or beast or man. He honestly believes (at that sublime moment) that he loves the whole living universe. But he doesn't. An hour later he will be roundly abusing the servant girl for her damned ignorance or bullying his wife for her incompetence. *Men's rational decisions are not to be taken too seriously.* We are all adepts in sweet inten-

tions but horrible bunglers in actual contentions. Irrationality is deep in the human make-up.

The Rationalist's ignorance or wilful disregard of the brutish instincts that devastate man's mind is nothing less than astounding. He wants to know whether the dear people, if interrogated *one by one in their sane and calm moments*, would willingly plunge Europe into war for the sake of gaining territory for their State? The query is meaningless. I have explained why in another place. The rationalist attitude is, however, so inspiring and even natural, in our philosophic moments, that I shall dwell a little longer upon its futility.

Ask a manufacturer, *in his sane moments*, whether he would deliberately poison a nation with adulterated food? What would he say? Ask a trust magnate, in his *calm* moments, whether he would premediatedly plan to plunge a whole industry into paralysis and civil war? What would he say? Ask a politician whether he would willingly deprave a whole community by supporting houses of prostitution? What would he say, in his serene moments?

As an executioner, in his sane moments, whether he would —if the choice rested with him—hush the vital throb in a human being because it is legally "right" to murder a murderer. What would he say? Ask a father, in his reflective moments, whether he would willingly corrupt his wife and pollute his children's blood by communicating the syphilitic taint to them. And his reply? Ask the doctor, in his moods of remorse, whether he would choose to exploit the credulity and ignorance of his patients. What would he say?

Ask any person—no matter how devilishly guilty of mischief-making—*in his saner hours*, whether he isn't ashamed of his brutal conduct toward his weaker fellows, what would he say?.... Man lives by cunning and robbery. The State, *which is Man without any conscience at all*, lives likewise by cunning and robbery. Hence the State is a necessary thing... Some day Man and the State will exist for finer purposes. So we dare presume!

Rational questions evoke rational answers. Neither ra-

tional question nor rational answer is reliable. *War cannot be explained by rationalist psychology.* Mr. Lowes Dickinson—to choose the most detached of the rationalists—has failed in his analysis. Men are capable of doing crazier and more malicious things than he (sweet philosopher) is aware of. Machiavelli is terrible because he makes us see ourselves as we really are. Men don't relish that experience. Rationality, like truth, is a foreign language to mankind.

"No more! No more! And never again! You rulers, you soldiers, you diplomats, you who through all the long agony of history have conducted the destinies of mankind and conducted them to hell, we do now repudiate you. Our labor and blood have been at your disposal. They shall be so no more. You shall not make the peace as you have made the war. The Europe that shall come out of this war shall be our Europe. And it shall be one in which another European war shall never be possible."

Beautiful, most beautiful sentiments. Would that they were less rational and more real! There will, unfortunately, be many another European war. War leaves the same vicious, ineradicable taint in the bloody traditions of the survivors as life leaves in the instinct-bound brain of man. The arduous task of curbing impulses is not yet within the capabilities of mere man. For centuries, untold centuries, men will continue to hate and compete and fight because these disciplinary exertions are *the only known outlets for their prides and prejudices.* Every thoughtful man is truly sorry we are not more perfect creatures, in love with goodness and amity and fraternity and peace. But here we are, vicious victims of heritages that lie too deep for common control. War will not cease from the earth—so soon. At least, so it hideously *seems.*

The sweet dream of peace is a deeper illusion than the glorification of war. Nothing in human longing is to me so touchingly pathetic as our ineffectual desire for the amities our hot impulses repeatedly nullify. We desire peace but we are not satisfied by its exacting tameness. We gladly applaud grandiloquent appeals to our finer nature; our very applause betrays the savage lurking in our hot souls.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson touches the final stop in his resounding diapason of good intentions when he writes:

"I appeal to his common sense, his conscience, and his heart... Is it tolerable for a decent human being to pursue this advantage at the cost of other human beings, by means of war as war has now been freshly and vividly revealed to me?"

We sadly reply: there is no act so hideous as to be beyond the capacity of man. Incest, rape, prostitution, infanticide, fratricide, homicide, political wars, religious wars, commercial wars, exploitation, robbery, theft, cunning, trickery, larceny, treachery—wrong-doing, wrong-doing, wrong-doing!.... man has lived by brute strength and by brute wit. He hasn't known how to do better. (Don't condemn. Don't praise. Pity. Understand. And best of all, don't expect too much). The god in man is weak, the brute, strong. The brute knows no appeal to "conscience, reason, common sense and heart." It is not only tolerable for "decent" humans to pursue their personal advantages at the terrible expense of other humans, (every day's business activity dins that truth into our heads), *they build laws, customs, moralities, and universities to sanction, justify, legalize and glorify that very brutal relationship.* Man's inhumanity to man makes a few countless thousands mourn and other counted thousands rich and powerful and self-important. The powerful will not yield up their advantages. And what is more tragic—the defeated "countless" thousands seek *those very advantages.*

Mr. Lowes Dickinson can ask a remarkably good question:

"How is it that such men, (the leaders of governments), victims of illusion, have been able to involve millions and millions of men in universal massacre....?"

This essay is an attempt to straighten out some of the perplexities implied in the question and to answer whatever Mr. Dickinson's diagnosis is amazingly ineffectual because it treats man as a rationalist.

What does a thinker mean by speaking of war as an illusion? He surely must mean that the costs are greater

than had been anticipated and that the results are less satisfactory, to vanquished and victorious, than had been prefigured in imagination. Admitted! But suppose, still loyal to our philosophy of irrationality, that the poignant tragedy of existence lies exactly in this truth: that *illusion is indispensable to Man's nature.* Illusion at bottom is the vanity of superiority. No living thing that aspires is capable of shaking off the fascinating thralldom of illusion. How many honestly wish to? How many are even critically conscious of their enchaining illusions? The mother wants her child to be a king amongst men. He will most likely be a factory slave. Alexander wants more worlds to conquer and dies like every other vain mortal unacquainted with his own foibles. Ozymandias of Egypt seeks to immortalize himself in marble but nothing remains except the inscription to mock his huge folly. Mr. Average Man wants to be immortal and spends an hour every week begging God to grant him that special privilege....

Every youth is sure he is meant for great things. At thirty, he has ceased striving, aspiring, dreaming. He has become disillusioned. But every newcomer in life repeats the experience, for we believe in none other as we do in ourselves. We can't help it. Everywhere and always illusion, illusion.

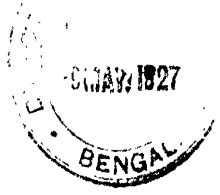
What if it be found that war is that thrilling illusion of superiority, for the indulgence of which, irrational creatures will light-heartedly offer their blood and substance? What if to common men war's illusion is more appealing—*and it is*—than reflection and reason and calm delight and good will? What if illusion is the only "reality"? A disconcerting query! *Suppose* the only ineradicable reality is illusion itself? What shall we then say of man's passion for war and for thrills?

Illusion feeds the sentiment of worthwhileness. If war is an illusion, doesn't that fact explain, as no rationalist analysis can, the heart of our difficulty? Being an illusion, war thrills and captivates and challenges and expands and glorifies as only illusion can! What do the rationalists say? Isn't it self-deluding folly to assert, as the sweet-tempered

Dickinson does, that war is not relevant to life's purposes? *Whose life's purposes?* The common man's? Suppose his life appears to him to have no conscious purpose? He is a creature of routine, a victim of hazards, of accidents, of whims, of fair weather and foul. Suppose war *does seem purposeful* to his starved imagination? For after all, what is purposefulness to the average man but the fixation of his energies upon some glittering goal? When something startling is imminent, purpose leaps into consciousness. To mediocre souls, the crises of life seem most purposeful.

War is the most dazzling of these crises. War captivates man's vagrant attention, stiffens his backbone, braces his will, and envelops his hectic brain in a vivid purposefulness. War (the great illusion) is the great reality. Irrationality swamps rationality; man's passions swamp his good intentions; the thrill of war outclamors the gentle dream of peace;—man appears to be *living*! War *is* the great illusion. But, saddest of truths, illusion is the great reality.....

So it doth appear in disillusioned sober truth, my brother rationalists.



REALIZATION IN LITERATURE AND IN LIFE

(*A Philosophic Footnote*)

Several years ago I remember reading in Bernard Shaw's Dramatic Opinions—and with what astonishment—a remark that was veritably a revelation. In substance it was this: at a performance of an Ibsen play (Ghosts?) it flashed into the mind of Shaw that the relentlessly truthful depiction in drama of human imperfection must be indeed a torturing experience to those among the spectators who beheld the finger of guilt being pointed at them. He had not realized, then, the nature of disillusion, his own soul being so innocent of passional experience! I wondered whether it was possible after all that the Shavian relentlessness were due to the author's naïve conception of the life of the passion-haunted, of the multitudinous victims of impulse and remorse. And so indeed it may have been. A great dramatist unacquainted with the life of the emotions! For, be it noted, in none of the plays of Bernard Shaw is there present that sense of pity which distinguishes the profoundest drama and literature (and life).

I played with this audacious surmise—the feeble human capacity for Realization, even among the great—reflection linked to reflection, when I hit upon a theory to account for the intellectual (or emotional?) blind spot in seers. If the theory is meritorious, it will be seen to apply to the age-old controversies among the cognoscenti, such as, the relation between Literature and Life, Romanticism and Realism, Life and Art, Illusion and Truth... The validity of the theory depends upon a perception of the profound difference between ***Realism*** and ***Realization***.

Realism is the dramatization (not necessarily in drama!) of portions of experience. Realization is the ***consciousness*** of the relation between the segment of dramatized experience and one's own code of behavior, that is, one's "philosophy of life". Life is essentially realism. Literature is essentially realization. The crudest melodrama and the subtlest work of Art have in common a creative desire to convert life into literature, realism into realization... To employ

the philosopher's phraseology, Realism deals with *Existences;* Realization deals with *Values.* A profound distinction! The philosophic validity of the distinction emerges from the fact that the flow of experience—the raw material of realism—does not yield up its meanings automatically, "naturally". The transforming medium of the interpreting mind is necessary to the conversion of experience, that is, *Existences* into meaning, that is, *Values.* The psychological gulf that lies between the two can only be spanned by the Creative Intelligence.

Evil, in *existence* (note the word!) since time immemorial does not affright man; certainly its existence has not chastened him nor refined nor disciplined nor christianized. But the *portrayal* of evil in Literature has, since time immemorial, roused him to furies of rebellion, retaliation, passionate denial, evasion and concealment. And in proportion as that haunting portrayal has achieved, and deposited in his imagination, subtler and profounder forms of Realization, his reaction has, *pari passu,* increased in furor and in fierce denial, until a whole religion of rebuttal and evasion was developed—the Cult of Puritanism—to frustrate the aims and consequences of Realization, more particularly as embodied in modern literature. Literature *is* more real than reality. Realization more poignant than *Realism!*

What was the fate—at least during the tense period of "conversion" from old loyalties to new—of the authors who dared create such masterpieces of Realization as "Ghosts," "The Father," "The Awakening of Youth," "Mrs. Warren's Profession", "Damaged Goods", "The Weavers", to choose from the field of Drama alone? The realities underlying these poignant dramas were familiar enough and quite universal. As ancient as the hideous history of man. Why, then, the venomous hostility to their penetrating portrayal in Literature, of the literate and the illiterate—always a united brotherhood in arms when the Creative Artist, a little absent-mindedly, flings the dynamite of Realization into their Temples of Make-Believe.

The realities which, as sheer existences, impinge but very

lightly on man's conscience—thanks to the protective functions of habit and self-delusion and "caste"-consciousness —become unendurably real, haunting, memorable, livid with personal meaning, when the black magic of Realization weaves its spell over Reality.

Do men fear life? Or death? Or War? Or Evil? Or Folly? No. They fear knowledge of life, realization of death, truth about war, candid perception of evil, revelation of folly!

"Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence, as unmoved as if he were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man." Bertrand Russell's philosophic dictum illuminates the theory of Realization brilliantly.

Men love Realism. They abhor Realization. That's why they lavish their affection upon Melodrama—realism built upon a falsification of values—and vent their wrath upon Drama—realism built upon a *revelation* of values, of varying degrees of disillusioned candor.

Melodrama—detective stories, moving pictures, dime-novels, a majority of the "legitimate" dramas, mythology—satisfies the heart of man (Art for Heart's Sake!) by catering to his sense for Realism and leaving his capacity for Realization unawakened. That's the key to the history and the psychology of the conflict, never-ending, between the Creative Artist and the Public—including the lesser Artists; between Literature and Life; Truth and Illusion; Realization and Realism.

In Art for Heart's Sake, Mr. Average Man's conventionalized emotions are stirred, his morality flattered and exhilarated, his conscience reaffirmed, his "philosophy of life", concretely, his code of personal conduct, unchallenged. He

goes on his way rejoicing. But the works of Realization, embodied in Creative Literature, are more, infinitely more, exacting and less indulgent. For a good reason. Realism, subjected to a philosophy of Values, proves itself a shabby and shoddy thing, a thing of spiritual shreds and patches, gross and incredibly evil.

Ibsen, Strindberg, Nietzsche, Butler, Brieux, France, Shaw, are not Realists merely—as are Galsworthy, Masefield, Barrie, Chesterton, Hauptmann, Schnitzler, *primarily* —but, speaking more accurately and philosophically, Realizationists. In other words, disillusioned seers, probers and *revealers* of Reality.

If a seer, either because of congenital limitation, or social status or philosophic bias, or personal eccentricity—for example, Chesterton, Wells, Bennett, Dunsany—derives his abiding inspiration from the "common" mind, his Art will at its best achieve a high degree of photographic integrity, that is, Realism, but a comparatively low degree of interpretative integrity, that is, Realization.

The creative Artist must be a law and a philosophy and a faith unto himself. As Ibsen, the profoundest of all dramatists, taught.

The ancient distinction (how mischievous and sterile withal!) between Romanticist and Realist was not wisely conceived. Romanticism is as legitimate and natural and humanly relevant a phase of Reality as Realism. Primarily they differ in their theories of selection. The one, temperamentally so inclined, selects sentimental portions of reality for dramatic portrayal; the other, temperamentally so inclined, selects analytic portions of reality for dramatic representation. No doubt, the greatest artists, like Shakespeare and Goethe, select both types of reality for artistic presentation.

The true, the meaningful distinction lies between the Realists and the Realizationists; the photographic and the interpretative philosophies of Reality. For example: Walter Scott was the pure romanticist: a moving-picture realist. Charles Dickens was a pseudo-analytic realist: melodrama

with a purpose. George Eliot was a genuinely analytic realist: drama with a purpose. All of them Realists—but with a differing and varying capacity for Realization!

To probe the nature of Reality, to get under the subcutaneous tissue, so to speak, of Reality—one must be philosophic-minded for that kind of psycho-analytic realism. Scott was a simpleton: witness the naïveté of his insights. Dickens was a sentimentalist: observe the melodramatic nature of his wisdom. Eliot was a philosopher: albeit heavy-hearted and Spencerian: study the analytic and probing quality of her perceptions and revelations. Can we not trace the evolution of literature through its three astonishingly vital phases of romantic delusion, realistic delusion, and disillusion: the Scott-Dickens-Eliot-Ibsen cycle—by applying the philosophic test of Realization?

What, pray, fundamentally differentiates Shaw from Shakespeare? As a Realist, Shaw is but a poor amateur. As Shakespeare is the unequalled master. Think of the multitudinous characters in Shakespeare, the sense of life, color, poetry, pageantry, movement, the amazing photography and realism of it all. One is minded to quote the famous catalogue of Polonius: "'. . . .tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral"... Marvelous and unrivaled Realism! As for the quality of Shakespeare's Realization—let the modest St. Bernard speak for himself:

"There are moments when one asks despairingly why our stage should ever have been cursed with 'immortal' William, pilferer of other men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt, his incredible unsuggestiveness, his sententious combination of ready reflection with complete intellectual sterility, and his consequent incapacity for getting out of the depth of even the most ignorant audience, except when he solemnly says something so transcendently platitudinous that his more humble-minded hearers cannot bring themselves to believe that so great a man really meant to talk like their grandmothers. With the single exception of

Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. The intensity of my impatience with him occasionally reaches such a pitch, that it would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him, knowing as I do how incapable he and his worshippers are of understanding any less obvious form of indignity...".

Adjudged by the supreme test of Realization, Shaw is greater than Shakespeare and Ibsen is greater than Shaw. As, in unwitting verification, the reactions of Mr. Average Man amply and superabundantly attest! Mr. Average Man delights in Shakespearian realism; no longer does he fight shy of, deride, or feel unequal to, Shavian realism; but the Ibsenesque realism—Realization at its starkest and deepest—he will not yet tolerate, for that way lies "death". Death to his inner life, the buried life of pretence and duplicity and infantilism.

Be it borne in mind that Ibsen was the very first of the Creative Artists to make Realization the supreme test of the quality of Literature. Shaw, as dramatist, is, in sober truth, closer to Shakespeare than he is to Ibsen. Hence, once they "get wise to" his brand of mock-heroic humor, the incorrigible multitudes flock to him. Ibsen? The multitudes honor him by silence and the sweet solace of oblivion.

The psycho-analytic key to the momentous distinction between Realism and Realization may be found in this *aperçu* of Dr. Ernest Jones:

"We are beginning to see man not as the smooth self-acting agent he pretends to be, but as he really is—a creature only dimly conscious of the various influences that mould his thought and action, and blindly resisting with all the means at his command the forces that are making for a higher and fuller consciousness."

Life is not self-explanatory. Reality is not *real* until it has been dramatized, *re-created*, by the imagination of the most sensitive and the most deep-seeing: The Artists and the Philosophers. Sometimes—and this is rare—by felicitous coalescence, the Artist-Philosopher. In the light of the theory of Realization, it is not difficult to understand

why the mass of men can endure Life but not Philosophy. Realism but not Realization! We can the more adequately apprehend the half-obscure struggle of the mass against the ikon-breakers. They yearn for Illusion, which is the theatricalism of reality, in lieu of Truth, which is the revelation of reality, its disillusion, its realization.

To cite instances from our own age only, why have the novels of Hardy (in their great day!), Sudermann, Moore, France, Dreiser, literally had to fight their way into the conventional consciousness? The realities they explore and illuminate are among the most familiar as they are among the most human experiences flesh-and-blood are heir to.

Is it Realism the puritans-in-literature protest against? Hardly. They accept, as classics, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Henry James, Mark Twain, Howells, Wells, Conrad, May Sinclair, (and Whitman?). They protest—alas! they protest too much—against certain mordant and shameless and unforgettable Realizations vouchsafed us by the Artists whose subject-matter is Human Nature-in-the-unmitigated-concrete.

Why have such probing books as "Love and Marriage", "Love's Coming of Age", "The Psychology of Sex", "Woman Under Socialism", "The Interpretation of Dreams", "Woman", each in its tortured turn, been looked upon as immoral and worthy of the Index, while the facts, sentiments, and implications of the texts have always been recognized as constituting the very stuff of *existence?*

How explain the state of mind which fusses and fumes over the publication of such significant works of wisdom but remains strangely reticent in the presence of the self-same facts, sentiments, and implications melodramatized in meretricious "movie", novel, poem, or "legitimate" drama? Is it Realism the minds of self-righteous puritanic men and women eschew? Or *Realization?*

Men permit prostitution: they will not permit "Mrs. Warren's Profession". Men sanction war: they will not sanction "Under Fire." Men tolerate sexual folly: they will not tolerate "Psycho-analysis". Men accept vice: they

will not accept "Damaged Goods". Men look indulgently upon the frauds of the Journalists; they will not look so indulgently upon the "Brass Check."

Life—Realism—Delusion; you cannot appease the mass-appetite. But Literature—Realization—Disillusion; they'll crucify you, O Lover of Wisdom! Do you not recall these probing lines, written as a footnote, at the close of William Ellery Leonard's powerful poem, "The Lynching Bee":

> "(You cringe and shrink?—
> It makes your own eyes in their sockets ache?
> O squeamish listener, but think
> It's all a midnight dream, and no one is awake;
> And in the morning, with the bobolink,
> We'll see together, you and I,
> The flowers, the fields, the sun, the sky,
> And the magnolia blossoms, white and pink.)"

Literature as escape from Reality! A new day dawns. In that day Literature will not be escape and evasion, but realization and fulfillment!

Another interesting problem illuminated by this theory is involved in such a question as this: How shall we explain the circumstance that great dramatists like Shakespeare, Strindberg, Ibsen, Shaw, create characters whose wit, wisdom, eloquence, and poetic sensitivity render them as inspiring in Literature as they are non-existent in Life? As to the genuinely poignant reality of these "unreal" characters there can be no doubt. As every lover of literature is aware. In his wonderful essay "Blaming the Bard", Shaw writes:

"But I am bound to add that I pity the man who cannot enjoy Shakespeare. He has outlasted thousands of abler thinkers, and will outlast a thousand more. His gift of telling a story (provided some one else told it to him first); his enormous power over language, as conspicuous in his senseless and silly abuse of it as in his miracles of expression; his humor; his sense of idiosyncratic character; and his prodigious fund of that vital energy which is, it seems, the one differentiating property behind the faculties, good, bad, or indifferent, of the man of genius, enable him to entertain us so effectively that the imag-

inary scenes and people he has created become more real to us than our actual life—at least, until our knowledge and grip of actual life begins to deepen and glow beyond the common. When I was twenty I knew everybody in Shakespeare from Hamlet to Abhorson, much more intimately than I knew my living contemporaries; and to this day, if the name of Pistol or Polonius catches my eye in a newspaper, I turn to the passage with more curiosity than if the name were that of—but perhaps I had better not mention any one in particular...."

If Realism be our guide, how can we resolve the contradiction, for these enhanced and glorified characters do not strike us as being unreal. On the contrary, they are more real than reality. What attitude toward life, unconsciously held, intuitively felt, *compels* the great Artist to employ what is dramatically the illusion of super-personality? We say it is his artistic genius. And we say rightly. Is it not, however, more enlightening to think of it as *his capacity for-Realization* by virtue of which he belongs in the unique category of Creative Artist? It is as though the Creative Artist breathed into his all-too-human (and therefore mediocre) characters some of the divine fire that burns so exquisitely and so rapturously in his own sensitive soul.

We catch the intimations of George Moore's philosophizing when he says:

"'But does not passion render us speechless?' Lantern asked. 'I think it does, Lantern, in real life, but we cannot carry real life into Art'. 'Why not?' said Lantern. 'Because Art, Lantern, is Art, and life is life. In the legend of The Ring, the beauty of Brunnhilde rendered Siegfried speechless, but Wagner did not follow the legend, he wrote the exultant duet, leaving Reyer, an inferior writer, to allow the lovers to stand mutely gazing at each other, like Mr. Galsworthy's lovers.' 'It all depends,' said Lantern, 'which you prefer—the realistic method or the romantic.' 'But I do not prefer either, for I do not distinguish between the two, Lantern. Wagner was romantic to the finger tips, he was a realist from the crown of his head to his heels, and the difference between him and Reyer was that one man was a genius and the other—well, a man of talent, if you like'."

Art is Art, and life is life. Profoundly true—if we un-

derstand philosophically, which means creatively, in the Artist sense, what Moore's distinctions body forth.

The function of Art is to intensify perception. Viewed from the angle of an illiterate perception, Melodrama is real enough! Life is essentially, as raw material, melodrama: the realism of episodes of conflict and confusion, a human chaos unredeemed by the transvaluing magic of Art. Realization is Awareness of life as perceived through the subtle-sensitive eyes of Art.

Life is Realism. Art is Realization. Literature is more real than reality.*

* Interestingly enough, an article entitled, "British Play Censor Again Uses Veto," appearing in the August 16 issue of the New York Times (1925), contains the following naive dialogue which reveals rather pointedly how the conceptions of realism and realization play their subtle "unconscious" role in human evaluation:

> Mr. Harcourt—It was noticed in the press, in fact, nearly every newspaper in the Kingdom said that one of the most immoral incidents in "The Devil" was almost identical with one of the incidents in "Monna Vanna"; and yet you considered that "The Devil" was not immoral and "Monna Vanna" was?
>
> Mr. Redford—I should say that there was not the smallest analogy between the two plays. The one is a literary work and the other a flamboyant, lurid piece of stage business.
>
> Mr. Harcourt—The literary work is censored and the flamboyant piece of stage business is passed. Is that your condition?
>
> Mr. Redford—(No answer).

"A similar comparison was made between another pair of plays. Both dealt with the problems of prostitution; one was vetoed, the other passed. These two plays were "Mrs. Warren's Profession" by Bernard Shaw, to which a license was refused, and "The Christian," by Hall Caine, which was passed and played to crowded houses. As with "Monna Vanna" and "The Devil," Mr. Redford was unable to express in words the method by which he had considered one play to be fit for license and the other unfit."

The enlightening article from which these excerpts are culled concludes with this paragraph:

"So 'Damaged Goods' can pass the censorship [at last] and 'Desire Under the Elms' can not. Which goes to prove to the satisfaction of some folk that the Lord Chamberlain may be ranked among those contortionists who, while straining at a gnat, are yet able to swallow a camel."

O Tempora, O Mores. . . . .